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Win-the-War Magazine

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1918

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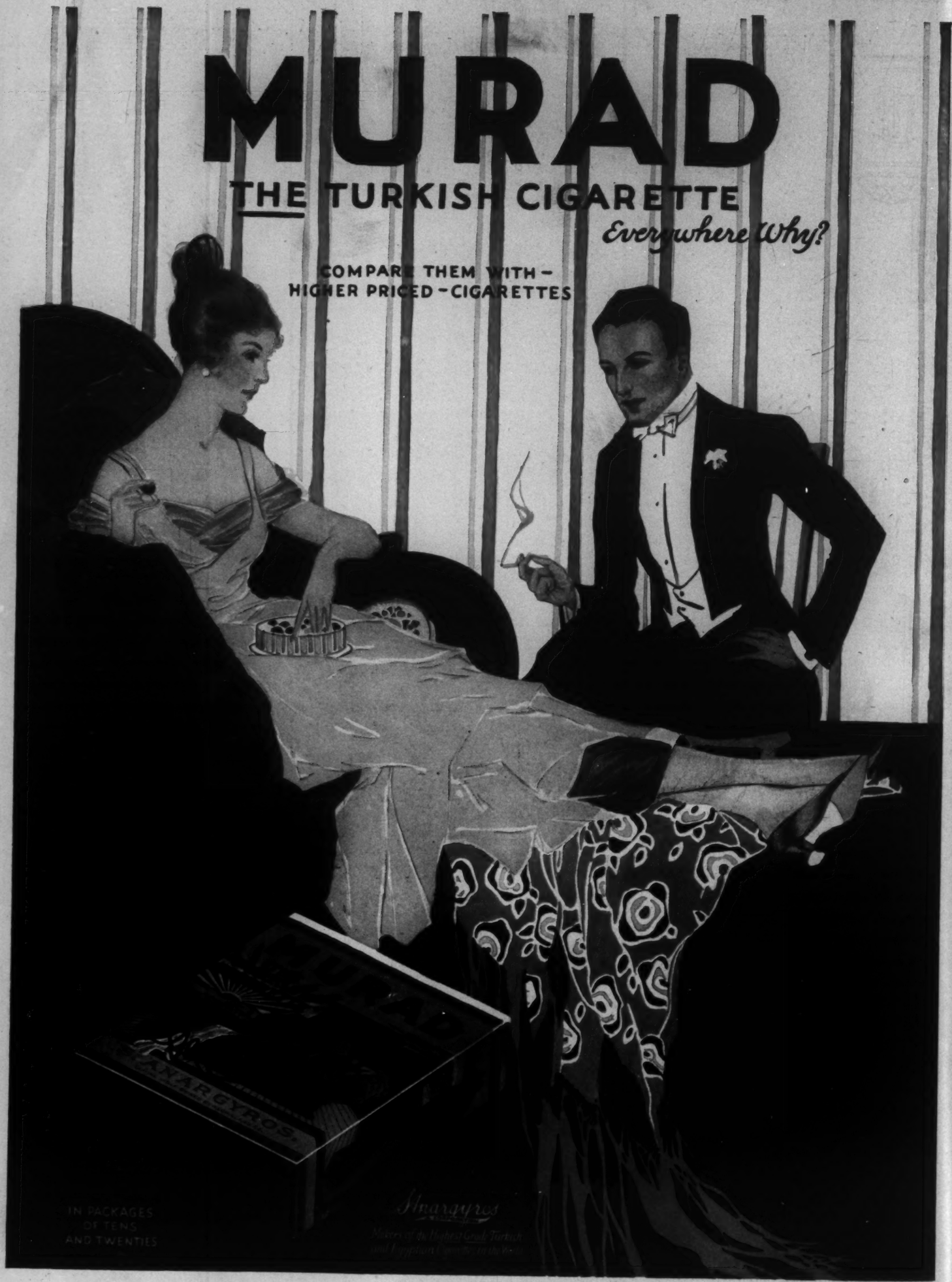
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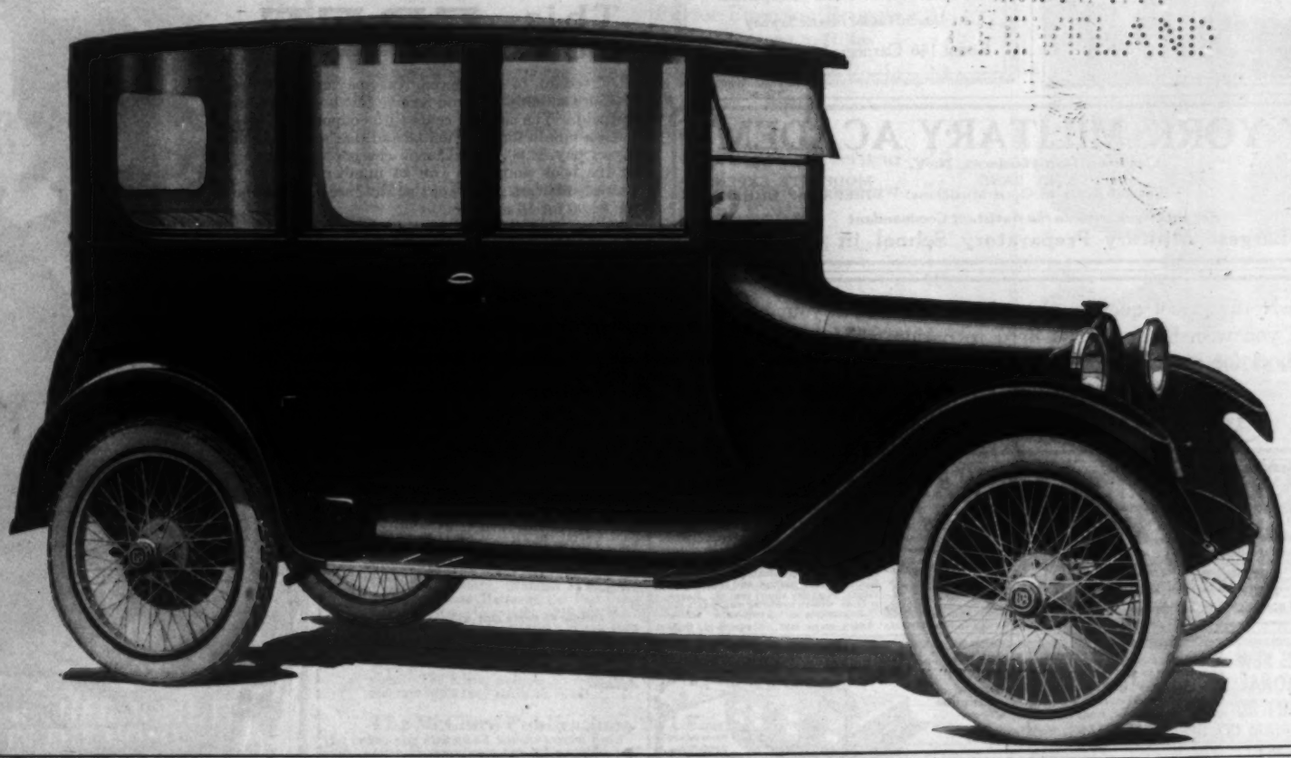

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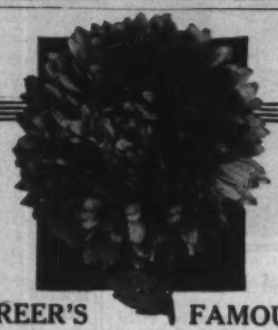

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McClure's Magazine is published on the 15th of the month and should reach every subscriber on that day. But such is the terribly congested condition of the railroads at present that delays in the mail service are inevitable. If your copy does not arrive promptly do not assume that it has been lost in transit. Wait a few days before writing to us. By that time it will probably be in your hands.

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Volume 50
Number 6

McCLURE'S

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

APRIL
1918

The Woman Behind the Soldier

by

Mary Roberts Rinehart

IN any discussion of the general attitude of our women to the war, it is necessary to take the best and the worst, as well as that vast class which comes under neither heading. This is unfair to the best type of American woman, more than fair to others. But in the main it is just. It strikes an average. And it is the average woman in whom we are interested.

For some months I have been making observations on the attitude of women toward this war. In army camps, in cities and small towns, in the far west, the middle west and the east; the farmer's wife, the woman on the ranch, the clerk's wife, the laborer's, and the woman of leisure and wealth. And it is only fair to say that the investigation, while bringing out much of lofty patriotism and high courage, has not been entirely satisfactory. The average has been low.

It is not difficult to understand. Of woman, war demands only sacrifice. It gives her no great adventure, no drama, no kaleidoscopic change from the humdrum things of home. And to support her in this sacrifice there must be something which there has been little to keep alive since the flaming days of the Civil War — love of country.

The call to arms for a man is an appeal, not only to his patriotism but to his manhood. It strikes to the very fundamentals of his life. But the call to arms for a woman asks of her sacrifice for an ideal — and in this country, an ideal almost forgotten until now.

Patriotism is an emotion that grows by sacrifice. It is not until we know its cost that we realize our love of country. So women must make their sacrifice first, and having given up to the country the men they love, find that *they* are the country. For nations are people, not the land on which they live.

So the development of the spirit which must see the war through has been slow among women. It is always slow. It is sometimes said that the women of France rose immediately to their emergency, and sent away their soldiers with high courage and a smile. And this is true. But this patriotism of theirs was not of a day or a month. It was the result of forty years of waiting. For forty years they had faced the inevitable. They were born and grew up to sacrifice.

We have had no such preparation.

Photograph by Harris & Ewing

MRS. RINEHART has two stars in her service flag; therefore she has a right to speak to the women of America. This article comes from her heart, and it will be widely discussed. Coming in May: "Slandering the Red Cross," by Gelett Burgess

THIS is not a defense of the average American woman's attitude. Nor is it an attack. It is an analysis. And as an analysis it shows certain facts that would be disheartening, if we did not realize the ability of women to rise to great crises, once they realize that crises have come.

I receive thousands of letters from women, women I do not know. In the vast majority they come from mothers who have willingly sent their sons to the war. Now and then comes one from a mother either sullen or openly rebellious, but these are in the minority. The woman who is failing her country does not write about it.

Yet — I find many women failing the country. For this is no time for half measures among women. Passive resignation is but little better than open rebellion.

What, then, of the great mass of women in this country today, the rank and file? What is their mental attitude? Are they behind the war? Are they satisfied of the justice of our entrance into the war? Are they learning anything from it? Has it widened their horizon, or narrowed it? Are they resigned, actively discontented, or openly rebellious? Or do they stand ready, as a class, to make the ultimate sacrifice?

Investigation is not easy. It is not popular to decry the war. As a people we are prone to adopt a course of action, and by adopting it, consider that we have justified it. In other words, if we do a thing, it is right. And pacifism is a word we fear almost as much as we fear the word sedition.

But in small gatherings, in confidential talks, in much traveling, the facts become potent. And because the attitude of many of our women toward the war may quite conceivably affect the *morale* of the army to its injury, may even indeed force us to compromise and an inconclusive peace, the matter becomes one of national importance.

Briefly, the higher the intelligence of the woman, the more I have found her ready to do her part, whether that part consist in sending away her men with a smile, buying Liberty Bonds, working for the Red Cross and the various relief organizations, or making intelligent efforts to conserve waste.

And by intelligence I do not mean culture. I have found almost sublime sacrifice among women to whom already daily and hourly sacrifice was their rule of life, and I have found the grossest selfishness among women who are giving freely from large incomes, because it is the thing to do, but who are withholding, by every means in their power, their husbands and sons from service.

There is one thing that will win this war, and one thing only. Everything else is subordinate to that, tributary to that. And that one thing is a great army in the field.

But behind that army must be something else. Money? Supplies? Ships? Intelligent direction? Of course. They are a part of the army equipment. But those we may take for granted. Whatever our delays and early failures, they will come, and in abundance. The one thing which we must learn, and learn quickly, is that behind any army must stand the people, not the men only, but the women. A solid and courageous phalanx of wives and mothers.

It is unwise to minimize the influence of the woman at home on the soldier in camp or at the front. Sometimes I think women themselves do not realize the influence. The trenches are not long days and nights of excitement. They are endless boredom, broken, after weeks or months, by activity. And during those dreary times of waiting the soldier thinks back. He does not think ahead. Life is too precarious. He lives in the past — in his memories — and in his letters. And he thinks of his women, his mother, his wife, his sister, his sweetheart. He wants encouragement, too. He is doing a big thing — not that he calls it that. But it is true, and he knows it. He is living the greatest days of his life.

And he wants his people behind [*Continued on page 32*]

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A picture of a peaceful hour at the War Office.

Washington

by Franklin P. Adams

THERE are those who say we were not prepared for this war. They do not remember, as they make their foundationless charges, that General H. L. Scott—Brigadier General Scott he was then, *eheu fugaces!* — on the morning of February 23, 1915 (the date of the anniversary of the birth of Samuel Pepys, a man who kept a diary about a war), called his stenographer to him, and clearing his throat, dictated General Orders No. 10, as follows: "Officers of the Army capital A will refrain comma until further orders comma from giving out for publication any interview comma statement comma discussion comma or article on the military situation in the United States or abroad comma as any expression of their views on this subject at present is prejudicial to the best interests of the service period."

On February 23, 1915, I was in Emporia, Kansas, and Will White was showing me the composing-room at the *Gazette*, as he had just put in two new machines and was a little proud of them; and General Scott was in Washington; so it is as clear a case of telepathy as I know of. General Scott may protest that he didn't have me in mind at all when he wrote that paragraph, but I can think what I like, even if I am in the Army. He shot the paragraph — and as an ex-paragrapher I commend it as a perfect paragraph, though a trifle lacking, toward the end, in the element of surprise — and three years later it falls to earth, grazing my scalp in its leaden descent.

Still, as Mawruss Perlmutter says, orders is orders. General Orders, especially G. O. No. 10, is even more so. Mutely, and as a soldier, I obey. And I offer a prayer that my errant pen shall not stray into the forbidden path (*cf* G. O. No. 10).

Orders from a magazine, however, are binding, particularly when they come by telegraph. "Write an article on war-time Washington," telegraphed the editor of McCLURE'S. "Thirty-five hundred words. Am sending artist." And so I must refrain (*cf* G. O. No. 10) for thirty-five hundred words.

At present, they tell me, my envious friends who write me from the secular world, Washington is the biggest city in the universe. I am too busy to argue; I am too busy to agree. The eyes of the world — and

When our brave Allies stand for "The Star Spangled Banner"

I wonder whether they could pass the visional test these days — are said to be on us. I suppose they are, but I am too busy to let that make me feel self-conscious. We are all too busy for anything but work. After you have been here two or three months, you meet a major on the street-car. You knew him when he was only a prosperous attorney, or a big wool-buyer. "Dear me!" you exclaim, in the rough, uncouth speech that we of the Army fall into the habit of using, "I didn't know you were down here. How long have you been here?" The chances are that he has been here a month longer than you have. You haven't met, because you both have been too busy.

And you are busy for this reason: You come down here to take a job. You find, before a week has ended, that the harder you work the better you do the job. You realize that the better you do the job the more decisively and quickly our side will win the war. And so you work harder than you ever worked before, when, perhaps, you were a merchant prince in Babylon. And the harder you work the more work you do. The more work you do the better your work becomes. The better your work becomes the harder you work. . . . And that, I state with prideful authority, is the spirit of war-time Washington. Answering the query of those who ask us, who are stationed in Washington, "Just what is the situation?" I should say that work and earnestness are our greatest national assets, and that we have them in abundance.

Visitors to Washington should observe the heads of officers. Most of us need hair-cuts. We'l, I remember when I was a member of the comparatively leisure class that a hair-cut, not counting the time the barber took in finding the hand mirror to let you see how it looked in back, just as though, if you didn't like it, it'd do any good to say so, consumed twenty minutes. It isn't true that we in Washington don't have twenty minutes that are our very own, but it is true that ever so many of us don't have the twenty minutes until late at night, after the barber shops are closed. On Christmas Eve, imbued with the devil-may-care holiday spirit, I took some time off. I stopped working at 5:30, and got a hair-cut. I didn't work that evening, either. I just sat around, chattering frivol until ten o'clock; and I felt like a slacker. In our office, we all worked Christmas and New Year's Days, and — but I must not forget General Orders No. 10 (*q. v.*).

So, you see, when a magazine sets an officer to write of war-time Washington, it is like asking a pitcher to write a running story of the game. In the interests of truth, I must confess to McCLURE'S that it has bought a gold brick. Observe the phrase "a gold brick." If I had time, I should spend three days, if necessary, casting about, until I found it, for a less hackneyed phrase than "a gold brick." Think of me saying "a gold brick" if I weren't crowded for time! I make this confession of swindling McCLURE'S in fairness to the magazine. Don't be harsh with it. It is used, I suppose, to expecting phenomenal things of me, and it ordered the story in utter good faith, cherished reader, as a treat to you. And I suggest that in reading a third-rate piece of mine, the reader, these stressful times, is doing his iota. At some later day, if I have time, I must, if I think of it, write an essay showing that readers, in reading censored news and foregoing fiction, are helping to eliminate the menace of Prussianism. Title for essay: Dulness Will Win the War.

Speaking of verbiage, there are two usages I stand against. I refuse to incorporate them in any letters I dictate. Admitting the convenience of the participial beginning, such as "Referring to your letter of January 25, 1918," I refuse to sanction "the same" and "the above." I never have found an instance of "the same" being an improvement on "it." As to "the above," I'd wear buttoned half-shoes or put nutmeg in apple pie rather than use it. . . . One imagines how Wordsworth might do it these efficient days:

Jan. 25, 1918

To Mortuary Officer, Lake Division
From William Wordsworth
Subject: *Lucy Gray*

1. Referring to *Lucy Gray*, Dove Springs, who died at 8:45 p.m., Jan. 24, 1918, subject was fair as a star in the above heaven when only 1/12 doz. stars is shining in same.
2. Subject buried this day, 7:15 a.m.

William Wordsworth
1st Lt., S.C.

Doing their knit

But we have our high moments of merriment in Washington, too. General Blevitch, noted far and wide for his ready wit, was standing the other day at a newsstand, glancing over the January magazines. As there is no General Blevitch, I may add that he had just bought a copy of McCLURE'S. Up sauntered Admiral Benchley, who accosted the General with a bluff "Good evening!"

"Good evening, Admiral," was the General's reply.

Everybody here trying to get a line on Baker

in Uniform

Illustrations by Seddie Aspell

"Have you seen the January number of *Cosmopolitan* and *Everybody's?*"

"Why, no," said the wizened old seafarer, truthfully.

"Well," said the General, "One has a 'Fable in Slang,' and the other has 'Leave No Wounded Behind,' by Will Levington Comfort. I think these magazines should be denied the use of the mails, for violating the Espionage Act."

Seatless day on the way to Washington

"How is that?" asked the Admiral, little witting that a trap was being set for him.

"Why," answered the General, whose wit is of the hair-trigger variety, "because they give Ade and Comfort to the enemy."

Turning to lighter themes, there is politics. Thanks to G. O. No. 10, I may not write about such matters. Not that I should know what to say if I had untrammeled sway. I am not versed enough in politics to know that a few men may attack a few other men just because they are members of an opposing party. I am so unskilled in such things that I cannot grasp why, as members of the Yale and Harvard football teams are members of the same army — but G. O. No. 10 is a brittle thing. Besides, an officer gets no time to attend the sessions of Congress; and how get an understanding of affairs otherwise? Of course, there are the newspaper men. Now, I do know some newspaper men in Washington, and they would be glad, I am certain, to tell me what happens, and, perhaps without being even asked, would interpret the happenings for me. But I do not see any newspaper men. Since I have been in Washington, I have met only three: the boys who collect monthly for the *Post*, the *Star*, and the *Times*. And if the collector for the *Times* should read this, I should like it known that the *Times* is delivered irregularly, and that unless I get the paper every day I will not pay next month's bill. Newsstands are few in Washington and street newsboys are amazingly infrequent. . . . I have an opinion of the Washington newspapers, but G. O. No. 10 says, with prophetic lucidity, that I will refrain.

But they do lay stress on society doings in the Washington papers, especially these days. On January 14, the trains into Washington were unusually late, which, I may animadvert, is no faint praise. The train bearing the members of the "A Successful Calamity" company from Pittsburgh didn't arrive at all that day, so the opening performance at the Belasco was called off. But next day's *Times* announced: "Rear Admiral and Mrs. Frederick Robert Harris were hosts last evening at a theatre party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Baruch, when they occupied two stage boxes at the Belasco." They did nothing of the kind, and the Washington *Times* had no right to say they did.

Let us be just to the Washington newspapers, however. They print more news than the Washington residents — active, non-resident, and honorary — are willing to read. We don't read the papers down here. Perhaps that is because by the time we see the story in the paper it is Old Stuff to us — to us who are popularly supposed to be On the Inside. I have no wish, as I may have hinted, to fracture G. O. No. 10, but I violate no confidence in stating that my first knowledge of ever so many occurrences has been gleaned from the newspapers.

One of the historic spots in Washington

Not that Washington does not read. Has it not 34 Government libraries and many others, public, church, and university? And I have seen two bookstores here, and the one newsdealer (out of 27 asked) who didn't say "No, seh, I reckon we don't keep that," when I tried to buy a copy of the *Bookman*, couldn't sell me one because his stock of *Bookmans* was all sold. And from April 1st to November 1st, at least 42 books were sold in Washington. The *Bookman* prints no list of Washington's best-selling books for November or December. It would be interesting, I thought, to ascertain the literary taste of war-time Washington. April's best-selling book was "Mr. Britling Sees It Through;" May's "The Hundredth Chance;" June's, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through;" July's, "The Red Planet;" August's, "The Dark Star;" September's, "The Red Planet;" and October's, "Christine."

Now, is that not significant? Is that not indicative? All right, then: significant and indicative of what? To even my analytic mind it is indicative of nothing except that last April more copies of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" were sold in Washington than of any other book. I confess it was a disappointment, that investigation. I expected to be able to tell, from those statistics, which I went to much trouble to exhume, much about the literary taste of war-time Washington; from that I thought to deduce the length of the war. (Subject for another essay: Has a War Also Breadth and Thickness?)

Washington does go to the theatre, however. It takes its cue from the President, who goes to the theatre to be amused. "There is enough sadness in real life," says Washington. "When I go to the theatre, I want to have a good time." And so the Ziegfeld shows and the Winter Garden shows and "Hitchy Koo" turn 'em away, while there was lots of room at the Barrie playlets last November.

Having a riotous time

Which is no more than to say that Washington is an American city. Those whose fiscal day ends at 4:30 tell me that the concerts are always attended to capacity. The concert's the thing. A Washington first night, however, is nothing but a Monday evening. I attended a first night with the gifted artist who drew the pictures for this story; and after the play — the only Night of Riot I have had — we went to the Willard for drink and provender.

Now I cannot raise a sincere ululation or sing an honest threnody on the passing, from the District of Columbia, of Wines and Liquors, Ales and Beers. I don't care. The enthusiasm for drink is largely sentimental — and the sentiment is false, too. The sorrow for its passing is also sentimental. If you doubt it, notice in Washington, alleged birthplace of the old-fashioned cocktail and the rickey, how they serve the alcoholic simulants. The substitutes for beer

are served in the conventional glassware and crockery of an elder, more alcoholic day; the aerated cider in coolers, from gold-foil bottles that look and sound like champagne reservoirs. They have the beeric glasses yet. . . .

How else Washington amuses itself I do not know. One day last summer the score was 14 to 2, in favor of Detroit, ninth inning, two out. In New York, nobody would have remained to hear the death-rattle of the home team. But in Washington, nobody — not even the celebrated "straggling few" — got up to go. I observed that the Washington fan was a good sport; he didn't concede the game until the last man was out. "Good sport nothing," said Tad, a cartoonist — or, as he might prefer me to say, the cartoonist. "These guys stick around as long as they can. They've got nowhere to go when the game's over."

That is not strictly true. Persons who are interested in Interesting Things and Places — the Sight-Hounds — love Washington. They may stroll through the Library of Congress, and see the tablets with the names of illustrious authors, and be cheered by the realization that most of the names Not Born to Die belong to us and our Allies. On the ceiling the only enemy alien whose name appears is Goethe; and on the south corridor border Heine. On our side we have Longfellow, Tennyson, Gibbon, Cooper, Scott, Hugo, Dante, Homer, Milton, Bacon, Aristotle, Shakespeare, Molière, Moses, Herodotus, Lowell, Whittier, Bryant, Whitman, Poe, Browning, Shelley, Byron, Musset, Theocritus, Pindar, Anacreon, Sappho, Catullus, Horace, Petrarch, and Ronsard.

In the corridor leading to the southwest pavilion, the enemy does rather better, in Science and Art, putting across Leibnitz, Herschel, Kepler, Lamarck, and Helmholtz, the well-known, if you have a good memory, scientists; and Wagner and Mozart, the justly famed boche composers. In the corridor leading to the northwest pavilion — I took part of a Sunday off to see these things,— the enemy loses, 19 to 1. And the game is War, too. He gets Frederick the Great; while our side has Wellington, Washington, Martel, Cyrus, Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, Jackson, Sheridan, Grant, Sherman, William the Conqueror, Eugene, Marlborough, Nelson, Scott, and Farragut.

Miss Rankin is one of the bright spots in town

How the enemy stacks up in books I did not have time to count; but it is well not to go too deeply into that. The enemy, I believe, invented the so-called art of printing; and while there have been, if I say so myself, many excellent poems and articles printed, without printing, the German propagandists might have had a tough time of it. Gutenberg, I am convinced, was only another dupe of the Kultur system. But there I go again, just as though G. O. No. 10 never had been promulgated.

It is an old town, Washington, but it is essentially small, despite its increment of 60,000 — or is it 90,000? — the last year. It is what Walter Pater, in his better moments, might call a hick Southern burg. The hickness of a town varies directly as the square of the number of its "New" places. Washington has the New Arcade, the New Bristol, the New Cochran, the New Ebbitt, the New Richmond, the New Southern Garage, the New Taxi Service Co., the New Varnum, the New Willard, the New Winston, and the New Na'ional Theatre. Repaper the dining room, and lo! the New Whoozis is born. A [*Continued on page 53*]

If the War Ends This Year

by Julian Street

© *Pirie MacDonald*

The author

FIRST it is necessary to recapitulate.

Back in August, 1914, a considerable part of our people, perceiving that in the case of Belgium it had not taken two to make a murderous quarrel, began to fear that the United States might be obliged to resort to arms in defense of its elementary rights as a nation. Consequently this part of our people began to call for immediate military preparation, largely on the basis of insurance against aggression. Simultaneously, however, there developed an opposition movement on the part of citizens who believed the European War was none of our concern, that we should and could keep out of it, and that, in the event of an invasion of our country, a million farmers would form themselves into an army over night and, without artillery or other equipment, repel the trained troops of the invader.

Among the leaders of the first group were Colonel Roosevelt and General Leonard Wood; among the leaders of the second group were the President and his former Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan. Those who believed in preparedness were charged with "militarism"; those who did not believe in it were charged with "pacifism." The "pacifists" regarded the "militarists" as bellicose and bloodthirsty; the "militarists" regarded the "pacifists" as fatuous dreamers. So, broadly speaking, public sentiment was divided. As time went on, and the Germans sunk unarmed passenger ships, drowning American men, women and children, the division became increasingly acute, the militarists asserting that war should be declared immediately; the pacifists desiring at all costs to avoid it.

In the Presidential campaign of 1916 this was the chief issue. The Democratic Party stood, in effect, for peace at any price. President Wilson was renominated by them. The Republican Party stood for an immediate declaration of war against Germany. Colonel Roosevelt was the logical candidate to represent this view, but the Republicans, desiring to discipline him for his fine excursion into Progressivism, nominated instead Charles Evans Hughes. It was understood that Mr. Hughes would, if elected, make war at once. And it was equally well understood that Mr. Wilson had "kept us out of war" and would continue to do so — whether he could or not. It was on this basis, then, that Mr. Hughes was defeated at the polls, and Mr. Wilson reëlected. He was reinaugurated March 4, 1917, and about a month later declared that a state of war with Germany already existed.

The declaration of war immediately united the nation. Those who felt that war had to come were so relieved by the declaration that they readily condoned the past, bending their entire thought to the future. Optimists among them even went so far as to prophesy that a pacifist turned fighter would prove a great fighter. Many who had supported Mr. Hughes at the polls now ceased to regret that he had failed of election, feeling that both factions would not have rallied to a war declared by him as to a war declared by Mr. Wilson — for all but the most radical pacifists perceived by this time what the advocates of preparedness had perceived: namely, that a nation cannot keep out of war merely by desiring to keep out of it.

TIME passed. We achieved the draft. An army has been raised and is being trained and equipped. There has been honesty in Washington. There have been no financial scandals. Profiteering has not been countenanced by the Government. Elaborate provision has been made for guarding the morals of our soldiers and sailors. Our destroyers have long been on the submarine patrol. Official reports of all kinds have been full of promise, full of encouragement. We have been told of countless wonders—many of them, necessarily, in the future tense — wonderful airplane engines, great fleets of planes which will be sent to France, anti-submarine devices to amaze the world, unparalleled this and unrivaled that. And, of course, we wish to believe it all. We are told that ships will win the war, that savings will win the war, that food will win the war, that propaganda will win the war, that coal will win the war. "Well," we say, "whatever will win the war is all right." And so we do as we are told, whether we understand the reason why or not. Our hearts, our lives, our hopes for the future are in the war. We have placed ourselves in the Government's hands. We have given the Administration every power, every resource. We are at heart so profoundly democratic, so sincere in our democracy, that without the least hesitation we make the President an autocrat for the period of the war, so that we may have efficiency.

We have waited a long time. Some of us have become disturbed by reports at variance with what the Government has told us, or by modifications of the first rosy stories. We begin to want to know. We become restive. A Senate committee headed by Senator Chamberlain, a Democrat, questions the Secretary of War with results far from reassuring. We learn that the War Department is full of red tape. Inklings of inefficiency and lack of coördination in Washington leak down to us. It is a big job, this war. Are the men who are handling it big enough to handle it, we begin to wonder? And have the men of undisputed bigness adequate power? Are all the forces in Washington pulling together? We hear rumors to the contrary. Priority orders issued by the Government disorganize the railroads, so the railroads are taken over. Does disorganization thereupon end? A college president is in charge of coal. Did the president of a coal company perhaps succeed him in the collegiate chair? We do not desire to be critical. But is it strange that we who from the first believed in preparedness should begin, reluctantly, to look into the past? This isn't a party thing with us. It never has been. This isn't the Democratic Party's war, or the Cabinet's war, or the President's war. It is our war — the people's. We are paying for it with our money and our lives. Should the Allies fail it is not a party or a clique that will do the suffering. If we fail we shall all suffer. Do we scent party politics? Are arrogance and pride of opinion in the air? We are disturbed — more and more disturbed. We begin to voice our thoughts, reluctantly, in private places.

"Don't criticize," comes the familiar formula. "It is unpatriotic to criticize."

Are we criticizing? We search our souls. Yes, we do find that a critical feeling has been developing within us. Can it be possible that we lack patriotism? We search our souls again. No! A thousand times, no! No men love their country more than we love ours! We are not critical because we love our country less, but because we love it more! America must do her utmost! She must be efficient among the efficient! She must not strut boastfully, but must stand forth before a watching world, divested of all pettiness, all weakness, a figure gigantic, noble, glorious and strong!

"Nevertheless," someone repeats, "it is unpatriotic to criticize."

No! That is dogma. It is a generalization, and like most generalizations it is false. To criticize the war itself—that is indeed unpatriotic. But justly to criticize the *conduct* of the war may be an act of the highest patriotism. Is [*Continued on page 56*]

Not all the trenches are in France

They Also Serve

Who Only Stay at Home and Wait

THE calico uniform is not so showy as the warrior's togs, and the kitchen apron not so romantic as his spurs, but there are no braver and no more deserving soldiers in their country's service than the thousands of women who are keeping the home fires burning. They do deserve well of their government, and thanks to the most intelligent piece of social legislation that congress has ever passed, they will be treated as they deserve to be treated.

The War Insurance Act, as it is usually called in Washington, provides, among other things, for the allotment of one-half the soldier's pay directly to his family, for additional allowances to those dependents that need them, for adequate insurance at a minimum cost, for the physical care and reconstruction of the men who need it, and the retention of injured men upon the government payroll after the war until, by reason of restored health or the learning of new occupations suited to their disabilities, they are again established as self-supporting citizens.

This is nothing more than the men should get, nothing more than the men's families should get — but it is a comfort to know that they are getting it.

★

The Soldier's Family—What of Them?

How Uncle Sam is Looking After "The Home Guard"

Like a Man!

A Soldier's Care Enfolds Them

THAT there are not more soldiers' homes like the one above and that there are thousands like the one opposite is due not only to Uncle Sam but to Private Sammy. The soldier did not have to protect his family by insurance. He could have forgotten their needs, or thrown them on the charity of the Red Cross or on the mercy of the pension grafter. But he didn't! With a unanimity and a magnanimity, which tells the story of the American husband and father and son, the men in uniform responded to the opportunity to place one more safeguard around the homes they had already given up so much to protect.

So, when the next transport goes down or the next casualty list comes along the cables from across the sea, it will be a comfort not only to the soldiers' families, but a source of pride to the whole country that the government and the soldiers have both done the right thing by the folks at home.

And in the years to come, if we find that the hitherto inevitable pension scandal has been avoided and the government's assistance has been extended to those who have really earned it, we must take off our hats again not only to the men at Washington who conceived the War Insurance idea, but to the men in the ranks who have so triumphantly executed it.

★

And not all the brave hearts beat under khaki

"Lightly, my lad, lightly; you'll get a bayonet in your ribs"

IN the May McClure's will appear "The Third Generation" — a patriotic story by Marie Manning, with a "kick" at the end that would make a machine gun ashamed of itself

IT had been a hard day in the pants shop. Sam Wurtzel opened the factory door with a last weary effort and stepped into the hallway, shutting off the hum of many sewing machines. Then he plodded down the winding stairs that led through a smelly chasm to the street below.

Wurtzel looked across the street to a jeweler's clock, which registered half-past eight. He had been in this hateful building since seven of the morning before. That army order was to blame. He had handled khaki until it seemed to him that the whole race of men was wearing muddy brown. How he despised it!

There was a bit of cold in the air. Sam turned up his coat collar and walked down Grand street with all the briskness that he could muster.

He came to Essex street. Three doors to the right, down four steps, and he entered Wasserman's place. This was a delicatessen shop in the front and a lunchroom at the rear. He drew up a chair at one of the marble-topped tables, and beckoned to a waitress in a dirty apron.

"Some gefilter fish," Sam told her. "And hurry. I'm hungry."

The waitress bustled away, and he buttered a large slice of the pumpernickel that she had put before him.

"Hello, Sam," said a voice that he knew. "Been drafted yet?"

Wurtzel looked up into the face of the newcomer.

"No," he said shortly, "I don't want no war."

But the other laughed at him, and replied: "What does that matter? You got a number, ain't you? And some day they'll get your number."

Wurtzel shrugged. That was far away. And the gefilter fish which the waitress placed before him smelt most appetizing.

"Max, why should I fight?" he asked, taking up the thread where he had broken it.

"Because you gotta fight," answered the man across the table, "or they'll shoot you."

"What is the difference?"

"None — unless it's for the cause," and a flicker of spirit brightened the eyes of Max.

"I don't want no war," repeated Sam, his mind refusing to go further.

"None of us do," Max agreed, then — heatedly — "and we won't have it if we only stand together. I gotta plan. If you're called, just play stupid. They can make you go to camp, but they can't force you to drill or anything. Just play stupid."

Sam's attention sharpened. "Stupid — how's that?"

"Why, be a fool," and the other grinned again. "It's nat'ral to some fellers."

"Oh," Sam said. "I can do that — sure."

Wurtzel paid his check and went out into the street, feeling stronger, though still tired. On the corner he bought his favorite paper, which told in the strange tongue of his fathers the day's story — war, aerial raids, tottering governments and the smash-up in Russia. War, war, forever war.

"Hello, Sam," greeted his landlady. "I got a letter for you."

"A letter?" questioned Sam.

"Yes," she said, and handed him a long, formal-looking envelope.

Sam stared at it weakly. In the upper left-hand corner were the words, "Official Business, United States Government."

Sam's head reeled unpleasantly as he went to the stuffy bedroom that was his own.

Quickly he tore the envelope, and with shaking fingers spread the enclosed paper upon his knee. And there, in letters of fire were traced the words, "Report to your district board for examination not later than ——"

"Oh, oh," cried Wurtzel, collapsing upon the bed, "not me, not me,— I don't want no war!"

To Sam the night was endless. With the coming of day he ate a little breakfast and looked out of the window into the busy street. After all, the world was the same, and he still was alive.

At the district board a line of men awaited examination when Sam arrived. He took his place at the end of this line.

By the time Sam reached the examining board he ached in every limb from the long vigil on the pavement. But his resolution

"Kamerad"

by James C. Young

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

was taken. There should be none more stupid than he.

The running fire of questions disconcerted him. He would have shown to poor advantage without that resolution locked tight in his heart. He almost failed in the eyesight test, and the doctor shook a doubtful head over Sam's feet, and was discouraged by his drooping left shoulder. But someone opened a door, called "Hurry up," and Sam was passed! Accursed door!

In the course of troubled days he appealed for exemption, and his claim was duly denied. An unfeeling board ruled that the manufacture of pants was not a vital industry. Then came the order to join his quota. A last time Sam visited Wasserman's. And there he found Max, still uncertified for service.

"Play stupid," cautioned the comrade. "Don't refuse — just be stupid."

II

ON a gray day he journeyed to camp. The men marched from their district board headquarters, each carrying a bundle. At the train a throng of relatives and friends gathered to see them away. There was no one to wish Sam God-speed. All of his people had been left behind him far across the world.

Upon reaching camp Sam looked about at the barracks of raw pine and the freshly made streets.

An officer approached, spoke a quick command, and the men fell into a straggling line. The officer frowned, and spoke again:

"Off you go, now, by two's. And look sharp!"

Next began a series of inspections, each one more exacting than the former. Every part of Sam's anatomy was tested until he felt alarm. But the thing came to an end, and he made the acquaintance of army chow. Night followed, and merciful sleep.

Wurtzel awoke with a sense of the business that he had to carry out. After breakfast, uniforms were issued to the new arrivals. This was a good place to begin. While his companions were taking off civilian garb and slipping into khaki, Sam dawdled away his time. A sergeant took heed.

"Here," he ordered, "get a move on. Inspection's coming in a few minutes."

Sam looked at him vapidly and shook his head. The sergeant undertook to help him. Sam was more helpless than the most helpless infant. To the sergeant's earnestly expressed opinion, he merely smiled. The recruits left the barracks and lined up with one man missing. And the sergeant reported that he had an idiot inside who didn't know how to dress himself. Two men were detailed for first aid in this emergency. Sam submitted without forgetting his rôle, mumbling to himself, and interfering at every opportunity.

His unaccustomed valets got him dressed, — and none too kindly. He was escorted outside and thrust into the line.

By night his case was the talk of the camp. When it was necessary to undress and put him to bed, the sergeant and several other persons began to lose patience. The next day Sam was again examined by the surgeons. Their report went to the General in command. "He is just a plain faker," was the sense of this report, though couched in better terms.

Then they tried persuasion. Still Sam played his part. They put him in the guard house, made him clean the company streets, and march with a pack upon his back. But he smiled on, and gibbered nonsense.

After a week of this, two soldiers approached Sam and fell in on either side of him. The men carried rifles and each caught Sam by an arm. Terror seized him, too. Were they going to shoot him? He gulped the lump in his throat, and started to talk connectedly for the first time since his arrival.

"Shut up!" one of the soldiers ordered him, and he was marched to a building where a group of officers stood about the door. These officers gazed curiously at Sam, but he scarcely had time to take note of them before being hustled inside. A door was opened and Sam thrust into a room.

When the door had been slammed shut again, Sam found himself looking into the face of a handsome, gray-haired man, seated on the opposite side of a flat-topped desk. There was an admixture of kindness and sternness in the man's face, and his steady eyes were examining Sam without emotion. Sam glimpsed the stars on the officer's shoulder, and drew up his right hand in an awkward salute. The General smiled.

"That is better," he said. "What's the matter, my boy?"

Instantly Sam remembered himself, and grimaced.

"Now, see here," the General went on, kindly. "We don't want anybody in the army who is not fit to be there, and some of my officers tell me you are one of that kind. But I don't believe it. And I want to know why you have acted so absurdly."

"I'm as good as anybody," Sam blurted.

"Of course you are," agreed the General. "That is just as I thought. But what is the trouble?"

Sam stammered, got control of himself, bungled again, then cried,

"I don't want no war! I ain't a fighter. I'm just a pants-maker. I hate war — I won't fight — it's all wrong!"

The General said:

"Now, listen to me. None of us wanted war. It is a terrible thing. But there are other things more terrible — disgrace, oppression. I'm going to put you in another company, and I want you to make me proud of you. Will you do it?"

Sam nodded, swallowed hard, and looked into the officer's eyes.

"I'll try," he said.

III

THE camp where Sam got the bend out of his shoulders and the slouch out of his legs was made up partly of drafted men and partly of regulars. The recruits far exceeded the regulars. There came a call for the latter to move. Some companies lacked many of their quota. And the need was imperative. An order was issued to fill the gaps with drafted men.

To the soldier clerk in the adjutant's office this was a card-index war — and Fate placed his finger on Sam's card. He was one of a hundred men picked to join a regiment of the line. Sam obeyed, quietly, unquestioningly, in the way that he had begun to know.

The regiment moved on a certain night, traveling by train to the city, and thence on foot through lower New York to the waterfront. There a transport awaited them. The men went aboard and lined the decks as she cleared from her slip. Sam's eyes wandered over the myriad of lights, as he saw in vivid retrospect that back room at Wasserman's, and the pinocle players in Benny's café.

So they arrived in France. And the arrival was very different from their departure. A sea of upturned faces greeted them at the waterside, thousands of hands reached out to bid them welcome. Sam walked down the gangplank with the rest, head up, shoulders stiffened. Everywhere he went people tried to give him something, children followed in his footsteps.

His command was ordered to a training camp near the front. The men mustered in a railroad yard and, when the train at last was ready, Sam scarcely could believe the evidence of his eyes. For they were to go in cattle cars!

Annette of "Broozh"

Thus Sam began his journey. It lasted through all of a weary day and well into the next, the train pulling wheezily on, with many stops. Finally it reached the point of debarkation, and Sam climbed out.

There he got his first glimpse of German prisoners, working in a nearby field, and wondered how they had come through the perils of war, alive, uninjured. They were a stolid lot for the most part, and still wore their soiled uniforms of gray. To a man the prisoners ceased work and stared with round eyes at the newcomers. Sam stepped nearer to them for a closer inspection. One prisoner approached, smiling broadly, and addressed Sam with extended hand. He shook his head, and the man spoke again, displaying an empty pipe.

Ah! Sam understood a single word. *Kamerad!* The first word of all that Sam had heard in France which meant anything to him. *Kamerad!* Could this be one of the comrades? Quickly he found his tobacco, and gave it to the German, who grinned his delight, and clapped Sam on the shoulder. Again the man spoke in his heavy guttural tongue and once more he said *kamerad.* Sam could understand that, and was seeking for something in reply, when the order came to fall in. He shouldered his gun and moved away.

"Good-by — *kamerad!*" said Sam. And the German waved in return.

The prisoner also understood, and cried twice over, "*Kamerad, kamerad!*"

"What did he say?" asked Sam's companion.

Sam answered evasively, but deep within him he implanted that word. *Kamerad!*

Then began the hard, nerve-trying routine of the training camp. This was worse than Sam had thought even war could be.

Weeks dragged by — weeks of bombing practise, marching, bayonet drills, night alarms and sudden manœuvers. Somehow, Sam lived through it. His biceps grew stronger. He [*Continued on page 38*]

A Rainy Night in the Trenches

by George Pearson

Private No. 178, in the Famous Canadian Regiment, "The Princess Pats"

The author

THE "Princess Pats," after ten days in the trenches in Polygon Wood, longed for a rest. We were weary but comparatively happy when our relief came, but it was a short-lived rest that was given us. We had no sooner gotten settled down in barracks than the storm of the second battle of Ypres burst and we were hurried back again to the front line to relieve the exhausted Royal Rifles.

"Who's your mate?" It was Stamborough asking me.

"Haven't got any: I'm a widow," I said.

"Well, so are we: Nobby stopped one last time up. Better muck in with us."

"We" meant Shepherd and himself. They were like unto man and wife. I had lost the two men in my group of three that were required for sentry purposes, and these two were good soldiers who honored me by their suggestion.

He continued: "Shep's goin' to push on and draw rations: You an' me'll take his kit an' commandeer a dug-out."

"Right," I said. I was more than willing to obey.

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

We found ourselves in the same section of the long trench we had just left the day before. Shepherd flung at us everything he owned except his rifle and the skeleton that contained his ammunition and shouldered his way down the crowded trench. The Rifle Brigade was just filing out. We glanced hurriedly in several dug-outs. We came to one that looked promising. The parapet in front was sound. No fatigues. Anyhow it would not do to delay too long. We might be left holding the sack. Two of the R. B. were just gathering up their equipment.

"This your dug-out?"

"It was, mate: it's anybody's now."

"RIGHT: it's ours," and we threw our kits down in token of ownership. We spread them in the manner born of bitter experience that would best indicate to later comers that at the very least an entire section was housed here and that there was no room for more. A load was off our minds. We blew the precious candle out and crawled back into the trench where we rose to our feet and for the first time in hours of heavily laden marching relaxed our sore muscles. Shepherd joined us, grousing.

"Gotta shift, fellows. Where's my kit?"

"In there. What's up?"

"They say we gotta move up the trench another fifty yards."

"Hell!"

"Well, we're for it. Come on."

He crawled on his hands and knees into the dug-out from whence he called loudly for a match. We passed him one. He threw all our belongings out in the worst of ill-humors.

Then he subsided into querulous grumbling. We threw our belongings dispiritedly over our shoulders and trudged on up the line. Our earlier forehandedness cost us dear now. All the dug-outs were staked out. Each mild inquiry of ours drew forth only scowls and a taciturn, "Full up. There's a good dug-out just around the next traverse."

Restrained him from going over the top

That good dug-out was an ephemeral thing. It did not in fact materialize at all. However, we made what shift we could with the only one a critical soldiery had left. We pulled aside the sand-bag flap and looked in. It was merely a broad notch in the front wall of the trench, a few earth-covered boards over the top for head cover, broad and long enough so that two sitting men could at least extend their legs full length and just nicely deep enough to well drain into it all the water in the vicinity and yet not high enough to permit an erect sitting position.

However, *krieg ist krieg* and only two of us would be free to use it at one time anyhow. Certainly one of us would always be on sentry-go and perhaps all three of us on fatigues. We had small use for a dug-out, so why worry?

"Attaboy!" we cried and bobbed up again to mark each new burst. It was the real thing!

WITH the celerity of old hands we arranged our two hours turns of sentry-go to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned. As we were old boys, the noncoms did not bother us except perhaps the greener ones who had but lately arrived in drafts themselves and so lacked a sense of trench etiquette and the fitness of things in general. We knew more of our duties than they did, which was the rub, for they knew that, too, and so sometimes tried by bluster to cover their shortcomings and deceive us, an attempt that in the case of old "swaddies" was manifestly impossible.

Shepherd and Stamborough were mates, which meant that there existed between them a relationship for which there is no equal, outside that one of the sexes, for sweetness and faith and service and all the dear things that count. And it is doubtful if there exists anywhere so wild and sweet and strange a relationship as is bound up in the mating of two simple soldier men who cook and fight and die together to the full testing of the manhood of each, so that they make their choice and cleave the one unto the other even as Ruth did unto Boaz. And certainly without the sex relation itself there can be no mating that is truer or sweeter than this mating of the soldiers. A whimsical fate has ordered that such a pair is usually an ill-assorted one, one helpless and lost soul of a soldier leaning all too

heavily on the almost maternal service of the other. At such times, such ones might, and, in fact, are certain to launch on one another verbal cesspools of abuse, but woe betide other unlucky ones who should so do to either of the pair.

This, however, was not the case with my two comrades. Both were too good soldiers for either to be dependent upon the other and as for abuse, they permitted themselves only a fair share of soldier grousing which was never by any chance directed at the other. Shepherd, however, was the mother of the pair and of our trio in fact. On the strict and unspoken understanding that I was only a rank outsider, I was permitted through force of our pressing circumstance to humbly warm my spirit at the outer edge of the fire of their soldier troth.

SHEPHERD was a Trojan. He spared himself not at all. The man so unaffectedly showed so simple and direct a tenderness for his mate and even for me that we marveled in our hearts. We had known him in the earlier and irresponsible days of a Canadian camp when he had not been, to say the least, very popular. They had said unkind things of him. And here, in the only place that counted, he was the best soldier of us all.

A soldier's tasks or the seeing that he does no one else's, the feeding of his body and the keeping of his rifle clean, these are his chief concerns, but not in the order named; that is only for purposes of alliteration. The rifle comes first, always. One soldier, one kit; that is the Median law. But the man who kept that selfish law the best might perhaps be the very one to lose his life for a comrade to whom he had just denied a broken biscuit.

The great-hearted Shepherd excelled in overdoing all service. The first night will suffice. It was a bad one. The guns chattered and rumbled. Shells whispered their way overhead and the murmur of war was all about us. The rain poured pitilessly so that we huddled up and said: "God pity poor souls at sea a night like this!"

I drew my waterproof ground sheet more closely about my wet shoulders and strained aching eyes over the parapet at that menacing fringe of dreary woodland that lay so scant a fifty yards distant on our front.

I heard muffled voices at the left raised in wordy but cautious altercation.

"I'll bloody well turn your name into the sergeant — an' it's up agin a stone wall you'll go, me lad: That's what we do with your kind out here. You're not in bleedin' Canada now, me lad — a-sleepin' on sentry, an' your comrades a-trustin' you; — a fine comrade you are." It was Radcliffe, the Grenadier Guardsman. I felt sorry for the recruit but it was very necessary. In the same draft there had come a one-eyed man who had enlisted so, a splendid commentary on the medical inspection in Canada and in England. He was dangerous to all here.

A series of racking coughs answered. "I'm sick, 'Gren.' I tell you I'm terrible —" He broke off into a rack of coughing so painful that he leaned against the parapet to finish it.

"If you're sick this is no place for you. 'Go sick' in the mornin'. We want no sick men here. They're only a hindrance to the rest of us."

"No use, Ratty," the other remonstrated feebly. "The M. O. says I'm jake." I went sick at Wipers an' he acted like he thought I was skivin. There's worse off nor me. Look at Grey, dyin' on his feet an' couldn't 'go sick.' His mates had to march him up to the officer and get him to see the Medical Officer. He says he ain't got no choice but to keep us here, sick or well."

Radcliffe shifted his attack: "*Don't* call it Wipers; It's Yee-pree," he admonished the recruit.

The latter defended himself between coughs: "That's what Sir John French calls it an' if it's good enough for him I'm bloody sure it's good enough for Tommie."

Such logic was unanswerable so his mentor evaded the issue again and harked back to surer ground. "Well, you bloody well parade your bones afore the M. O. agen when we get back to billets. Swing the lead if you have to. You compray?"

"All ri' but I tell you it's a washout, Rat."

"Blow me; you talk like yer balmy. Do as I tell you!" and ended the discussion.

There came an apologetic sniffle and a voice at my shoulder. "Time's up, mate. In you go an' 'ave a bit of a lay-down."

BY the light of a star-shell I made out the unhandsome face of Shepherd, frowning gravely at me. I knew the man lied in the clean soul of him and told him so. Others of a different breed had taught me jea'ously to watch the hour of change and perhaps rout them from their dug-outs.

He sniffed weakly again: "Oh, well, you ain't feelin' none too wel', an' I knows 'ow that is, mate. Come! In you go," and taking my assent for granted, added: "Noticed anything wrong on our front?"

"No," I said, "except that things are too quiet over there at the trench-mortar."

"Right," he responded, "I'll keep my eye on the blighters. No wiring parties out?" he queried anxiously.

I reassured him on that point. His last words were a cautious "Don't wake Stam up when you goes in." I left him with his head already well up over the top, watching and waiting. And I knew that it would remain there, come the night fire ever so bad. Shepherd would neither sleep nor keep his head down even in excusable safety. He was no recruit. We were safe with him.

I slid into my wet place cautiously and thrust each leg up to the knee into a sand bag, tying them there very loosely so that they could quickly be kicked off in case of sudden alarm. These were our foot warmers on cold wet nights. If they were not very warm, they

The wetness drew us up in wrinkled misery

at least served the useful purpose of holding a portion of the water off the feet and legs. It was merely one of their many uses. We carried food, fought and died in and behind them, and sometimes after a direct hit of shell, were buried in them.

Two hours later and more the uneasy conscience of Stamborough made him say to me: "Shep's turn must be about up, ain't it?" By way of reply I struck a match and looked at my watch. It was [*Continued on page 43*]

What Is Patriotism?—A Confession

by Gelett Burgess

WHAT is Patriotism?

For many years, voting with the Socialists, I asked myself the question.

For many years I answered it, as they answered it, thus:

Patriotism is a narrow, outworn, selfish, local pride. It is as anachronistic as primitive tribal fetish-worship, as absurd as the impossible medieval theories of chivalry, as hollow as Eighteenth Century gallantry, as false as the pro-slavery propaganda of the bible-quoting parsons of 1851.

Patriotism, I said, is a stultification of my belief in the Brotherhood of Man. It is a violation of Christian ethics. It teaches one to hate, not love, our enemies. It is a relic of barbarism, and the flag is its fetish, the symbol of selfishness.

What is Patriotism, I said, but the glorification of one's immediate geographical environment? Can I believe my own particular homeland is holy — and all else accursed? Can I believe that I and my nea neighbors are the salt of the earth?— more righteous, more wise than those just across the frontier of my provincialism? No!

So said Socialism and so said I. And we were right. But that was before the 6th of April, 1917.

On that day history turned over a page. The world caught up with at least one of the advanced ideals of Socialism — as it is catching up with others — and to me our flag became that day a symbol of something high enough, beautiful enough, to demand and command my utmost loyalty and respect.

Before, the Stars and Stripes to me stood for arrogance — America, it seemed to say, was better, richer, more intelligent than any other nation — America protected and ensured more rights and privileges. In peace the flag was the symbol of our physical and mental and moral well-being. In war it stood mainly for material force — for self-defense against invasion — it was a rallying post for all threatened with destruction. Not very noble, that — an altruistic emblem — a mere common-sense expression of our desire for safe isolation — and our desire to kill our enemies that we might be secure.

But now the Stars and Stripes has become for me really a spiritual symbol. For this war is like no other war since the Crusades. It is a war for world-freedom. It is the only war in the history of the world, where the warrior can truly say:

"Not only for myself do I fight, not only for my well-being and that of my clan. My enemy I love. I fight that he, too, may be free—that he may come into the Great Brotherhood of Man, the ideal League of Free Nations of which we have been vouchsafed a high, bright vision. I fight for a new Heaven and a new Earth. I fight not only that we may not be enslaved by the resurgent evil power of Might but that my Enemy, too, may come onto the side of Right, and be delivered from the Beast that now oppresses him."

This is the new patriotism. This is what our flag means today. As never before it stands for Liberty, Equality and Fraternity — not only for our own tribe, not only for our own native land, but for every people and for every country on earth. For the first time since it was flung to the free air of heaven, our Stars and Stripes stand for the consummate patriotism — Peace on Earth and Good Will to Man!

Side by side with Old Glory in the battle of Armageddon will fly the flags of the States, the flag of the Pine Tree, the flag of the Beaver, flags of Maryland and Idaho. Shall any of these lesser banners cry: "Follow only me! My colors alone are sacred!" No. Nor, in the higher patriotism shall America's tricolor surpass France's, or Italy's green exceed in virtue the Cross of St. Michael and St. George. For over all, unseen, the banner of a world Democracy shall wave. Under that flag, as yet invisible, we must rally to this new emotion that thrills Humanity for the first time in Civilization.

Boyish tokens we still must have. Harvard still flies its crimson, Princeton, the yellow and black; yet both, fighting side by side, follow the Red, White and Blue on the battle line. So we shall still fly the Stars and Stripes long after the war is won; but we shall know then what that flag means — the flag of our national childhood. For our maturer chastened ideals another flag must rise supreme over geographical limits and ties of language — the flag of all Humanity. And in the World Peace to come allegiance to that flag, and that flag only — *that* will be the meaning of patriotism.

The Pull Together

by Robert Gordon Anderson

Illustration by Lieut. Willard Fairchild

IT'S a plan that will help tremendously — if you fellows on the road will only endorse it. This is the way the idea came about.

The dining-room of a certain hotel in a middle western city was crowded on Thanksgiving Day, when the three-piece orchestra burst into the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner." At every table the diners rose — all but one. He was a German-American (so-called), with a head with a bristling pompadour flat on top. The forehead and sides and back of the head descended straight and without curves to the burly neck. In fact, the whole head resembled a cubic foot of wood.

Two tables away a traveling salesman rose. He is a young man, mighty clean-cut and good-looking, and is known everywhere for his good humor and his clear-ringing laugh. He is a barrel of good stories, too. They call him "The" (short for Theodore) and all his customers and competitors, too, agree that "The" is a prince.

Well, there, like several thick cubic feet of wood sat the Teuton when "The" saw him. The twinkle in his eye changed to a flash of rage.

"You there, get up!" he roared, but the man sat immovable.

"The" didn't think twice. He strode over to that thick Teuton and standing over him roared in a bull-like voice that could be heard above the blare of the orchestra:

"You *heard* me! *Get up!*"

And the German got up.

After dinner as I walked down the corridor of one of the upper floors, through the open door of his room I saw "The" packing his trunks. He called a cheery "Come in!" As, with the skill of years of practise, he swiftly arranged his samples, I asked him:

"Do you always carry samples of what you showed down-stairs?"

He looked puzzled a second, then the old cheery laugh rang through the corridor.

"You bet your sweet life I do! I'm beyond the draft age, but if every one of us men selling goods would only carry along a little of the real A No. 1 brand of Americanism, unadulterated and 100 per cent. pure, and distribute it along the way, we'd give the fellows that *can* fight a shove that would push them a good way along the road to Berlin."

And wasn't he right?

There's a great big army of you traveling salesmen, hundreds of thousands strong. I traveled for several years on the road, and I know. You have a power that is tremendous and far-reaching. You go into every city and village, big and little, in the land. And you go right into the strongholds of the enemy — right where he is doing dirtier work than behind his barbed-wire in France.

The spy, the pacifist, the pro-German are carrying on their insidious, deadly drive in the city streets, the ranch-house, in the Pullmans on the crack trains, the smokers of the slow accommodations. They are whispering their treachery in the big jobber's office and around the cast-iron stove of the general-merchandise store at the Corners. They are striving to break down our spirit, our morale, to drug us into false security, poisoning us with their lying tales about the noble work of the Red Cross, casting suspicion on the Government, befogging our minds by suggestions that the war was made for profit in Wall Street rather than by the choice of millions of free Americans. And everywhere they are carrying on the foul work of burning our granaries, dynamiting our munition plants, caring nothing for the lives they destroy. Yes, they and their women, too, are even pouring poison and ground glass into the very dressings and bandages that will bind up the wounds of your chum, your brother, your son, who is offering his life for you and for me Over There.

These are not fairy-tales, men, they are only too terribly true.

The damage that has been done is great. It would have been greater if our Secret Service men had not been so thoroughly on the job. But it's too big a job for them to handle alone. How you fellows who go around the country all the time can help them!

This is what Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey has to say of this article. Read it.

January 21, 1918.

Mr. Robert Gordon Anderson
2 West 45 Str, New York.

Dear Mr. Anderson:

Your article sure goes over the top and I know it will do a lot of good. It should be read by every traveling man in the U.S. and then he should get busy for Uncle Sam.

Yours faithfully
Arthur Guy Empey

If every last man of you in the traveling brotherhood would only pledge himself to watch every hour of the day for whispers of plots — and you will hear them if you keep your eyes and ears open — and report them to the proper authorities, you would strike as glorious a blow for your flag and country and homes as the boys in the trenches.

And if every last man of you, no matter what line you carry, whether groceries, or shoes, or hardware, or jewelry, or anything under the sun — would only pack in his grip a full stock of that same unadulterated, unhyphenated Americanism, it *would* give the boys a mighty shove on their way to Berlin.

The enemy carries a powerful drug and poison. You fellows hang on his trail and distribute the antidote.

When you are off the road and home for a spell, add a short postscript to your letters to the trade — to the circulars, too — telling them about this same brand you are proud to carry. Don't do it in a spread-eagle way, of course, but in a genuine, honest-to-goodness American way.

Whenever and wherever you hear a word against the Government or flag, outspoken or sneeringly suggested, squelch it like a white man. Show the doubtful, the wavering, and the immigrant who has recently come over and who has not yet had time to assimilate our traditions and liberty, what this war really means,— that it *is* his fight, that it *will* secure freedom for him, his children and for his kindred in the old home across the seas. He is muddled, poor fellow; you have read and thought over and know the things that count, and as a clear-headed, right-thinking American you can show him the way.

There is a chance that you may lose a sale or two — though even that is not probable, for it is wonderful how success comes to the man with nerve. But even if you did, are you afraid to lose a sale when so many of our boys are not afraid to lose their lives?

No — you're not afraid — you're regular fellows, you traveling salesmen,— you're white, not yellow. Anyone who has really lived with you knows that.

And anyone who has had business dealings with you knows that. You have not only found customers along the road—but friends that you will keep all your life. They are men who have come to believe your word in trade, and who will believe you when you tell them where we should stand and how we should pull together these days.

Will you not pledge yourselves deep in your hearts (make a fresh pledge if you have already made one), to carry the samples of Americanism wherever you go and to fight the good fight — and it *is* a good fight.

If you don't, no one knows how near defeat may be. We cannot present a solid, unwavering front to the enemy in Europe if we do not back our boys here at home.

And when the war is won, it will be a mighty fine feeling when the boys come back to know that we have helped to bring victory, because with our whole hearts and both fists we have done *our* part.

It's the pull-together that will win the war in the end.

You are a mighty army, and the power lies in your hands.

"You heard me! Get up!" And the German got up

How the Great War Came to Me

The Plain Story of a Plainswoman

by **Anna Steese Richardson**

Illustration by P. V. E. Ivory

IF Joe Beasley and Brant Sheridan hadn't gone to law over the V-shaped piece of land at the bend of Laredo Creek, only the good Lord knows when the war would have come to me and Dalton Centre.

For you see, Dalton Centre is anything except what its name suggests. It is not a centre, and it is not New England, in spite of the word Dalton. It is just a "general store" whose shelving, half-filled with musty, moth-eaten goods, connects the grain scales at the front with the post-office at the back. Even Bill Seeley moved his Golden Empire saloon over to the county road, because the remains of Dalton Centre depressed his customers and acted as a sort of kill-joy to trade. It's like the place where they had only "morning, noon, and night."

Philip Dalton, who founded the town, hailed from New England. He followed the Southern Pacific surveyors into the valley, laid out the town, set off the boom, then turned round one day to find a new set of surveyors on the job, and Dalton Centre about twenty miles from the railroad.

If you've ever seen a deserted boom town, on the edge of the Arizona desert, you know just how much Dalton Centre means to those of us who live within a radius of twenty miles. If you've never seen such a town, nothing that I might say could make you appreciate its lifelessness and uselessness. As Bud Hylan says, no man leaning toward suicide would make a mistake in selecting Dalton Centre for the jumping-off place.

We ranchers who get our mail there, are a mixed lot, one-third determined to see it through, wresting crops out of the powdery ground with our eyes raised to the everlasting hills and the blue skies; one-third waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up and carry them back to God's country of little villages and near neighbors, their shoulders bent, their eyes on the earth; one-third Mexicans huddling in their low adobe houses or herding sheep in the foothills.

We have a schoolhouse in the district, of course, but those of us who can, teach our children at home rather than let them mix with the small Mexicans. We Protestants have union services at the schoolhouse once a month. The *padres* look after the souls of the Mexicans.

There are only two automobiles in the whole county, and the mail carrier was held up only last spring. Our cowboys still wear leather chaps and foster feuds with the Mexican sheepherders. So you can see we are almost as primitive and truly western as a W. S. Hart or a Douglas Fairbanks movie.

So now, perhaps you easterners with the war at your very feet can understand why it did not touch us as it did you. One cannot get many war throbs from mail-house catalogues, a minister who never goes to a real town except when conference meets, and a county paper made up of stuff exploiting millionaires, divorcees, actresses and French lingerie as far removed from us as the desert mirage; and half of legal notices, local marriages, births, deaths and men going to Tucson on business.

At first our men pooh-poohed war rumors; then when President Wilson declared a state of war with Germany, they turned sore on the Government for dragging this country into it. That seems funny, too, when it hadn't been so long since our part of the country had been asking for protection against our Mexican neighbors. But then Germany's a long way from Dalton Centre, an unreal, sort of comic-opera country, all gaudy uniforms, glittering helmets and ribbon decorations.

I remember in particular how our men folks laughed about New York being scared.

"Let 'em be scared," said Bud Hylan. "Wall Street has pulled off this here war. Now let 'em tremble in their patent-leathers. Let 'em quake in their sky-scrapers. We're safe out here."

It wasn't until the magazine I take printed the first stories about what eastern women were doing that I began to take notice. There were pictures of women, too, and girls, knitting, winding bandages, serving soldiers and sailors with food, all of them looking so sort of absorbed and uplifted. I didn't dare to look long at those pictures. It made me think of the time when we girls back in an Ohio town raised money to carpet the pulpit and were so proud of the result that we set right to it and organized the library association which finally landed a Carnegie library for the town.

At this point, I thrust the magazine out of my sight. It is not a good idea to recall social times when you live on a ranch three miles from another woman — and she a half-breed!

The next month's magazine did not help any. It was chock full of talk about food conservation. When you've helped a man to hold down a claim on nothing a year, you've about plumbed the depths of economy. And when I thought of the faded moth-eaten rolls of cloth on the shelves at Dalton Centre, the sight of the Food Conservation uniforms fairly sickened me. You see, that sort of clothing is a lot more real to a woman like me than Paquin dinner gowns and fur-edged chiffon intime robes. We know we'll never draw down Paris clothes, but a house dress with sheer collar, cuffs and cap — it certainly was an aggravating picture.

But stuffing the magazines into the closet behind the stove didn't end things for me. I was strangely irritated. Not since I had promised my soul that I would stick it out with Jim in this piñon-edged valley, had memories of girlhood, relatives and friends whose letters now came at wide intervals, my high ambitions as the class valedictorian, risen to mock and prick me.

One minute I was firmly convinced that the war was all wrong, the rich man's war in which the poor man's son would do the fighting and dying. The next minute I was trying to recall the few soldiers I had seen since we took up the claim. One was part of the guard sent out with some Government surveyors. He had played with my two children while the men he was supposed to guard went about their work. Then during the Mexican trouble two national guardsmen from Pennsylvania—who had become separated from their scouting party and wandered into our valley! I remembered how amused we had been by their helplessness and their fear of plunging through the darkness into the fearsome desert. Hank Beasley, Joe's second boy, had good-naturedly guided them all the way to Santa Rosa, so they would not lose their way again. And they had insisted upon stopping at the first telephone station to notify their officers of their whereabouts. The blue-eyed one had said it would raise Ned if they were reported in the eastern papers as "missing."

These boys, startled by the zipp of a rattler, fretting about the anxiety of their mothers back east, were the sort who would go overseas to meet the Kaiser's men of steel and iron. It was absurd — incredible! Their mothers would rise in revolt.

But would they?

Those annoying pictures of women knitting, rolling bandages, feeding soldiers, swam before my eyes.

And at this stage of my emotional unrest, Joe Beasley rode over to see if Jim and I would go with him to Tucson to testify in

The needle of the phonograph crunched and ground. "I just stepped in," said Bud, "t' say we'd decided t' enlist over to Santa Rosa"

his case, so he could hold his land against Brant Sheridan. Jim and I knew every crook and turn of Laredo Creek which had made all the trouble. We had testified for Joe in the county court in Santa Rosa, to such good effect that the judge had decided in his favor. Now Sheridan had appealed to the higher court that sits in Tucson.

Joe said he would pay our expenses. He's well-to-do, Joe is — but perfectly set in his determination not to let Brant Sheridan put anything over. Moreover, creek land on the edge of a desert is well worth counsel and witness fees.

Jim was terribly opposed to my taking Little Jim and Emily — but Tucson is forty miles by spring wagon, and then an all-night ride by train. When you haven't been separated from your children twenty-four hours since they came into the world, the thought of leaving them with three-mile-off neighbors is disturbing. Joe Beasley saw that if I was to be any good as his witness, the children had best be within their mother's sight.

So all of us went — for which thanks be to providence — and the Beasley-Sheridan fight. For at Tucson I found that for which I had been seeking blindly.

It was this way.

The lawyers fell to wrangling over Jim's testimony, and the end of the first day found them still locking horns over a stack of yellow-bound books. Joe, feeling things were coming his way, put us up at a good hotel and after supper invited us all to the movies.

We had seen some movies in an old store-room at Santa Rosa, but nothing like this. Here was a real theatre, reached by a lobby ablaze with electricity and lined with pictures of famous movie stars, in handsome frames.

It seemed as if the whole town was headed for the theatre. I was afraid there wouldn't be room left for us. But I saw Joe Beasley slip something into the hand of the usher, and the next minute we were sitting right in the middle of the house, the children fairly shivering with excitement.

I could feel that something special was going to happen, but I was too busy helping the children off with their wraps to ask Joe what it was. Then the curtain rolled up, showing the stage set like a garden, with painted fountains, palms and flowers, and in the middle a lot of boys — the high-school orchestra. Everybody applauded, as you will when town children look their best — and the music started. The tune sounded familiar. It seemed to carry me back to that Ohio town which was now a mere blur of memories — to a school auditorium — to the voice of a teacher who has become a leader of the nation's thought. Then I lost the air in the rustle of people rising all around us.

"Are they going home?" demanded Little Jim in a shrill whisper. "Aren't we going to see the pictures?"

A woman on my right tittered. A girl behind me murmured audibly:

"My God, the kid ain't ever heard 'The Star Spangled Banner'!"

Joe Beasley and Jim, with the mob instinct of men, were already on their feet. In a wave of sickening shame, I rose, dragging my girl and boy with me.

"The Star-Spangled Banner," — and I had not recognized it!

A girl just ahead stooped to pick up her fan. In the opening I caught a glimpse of two young soldiers in khaki. They stood very straight, their heads up, their soft service-hats crossed on their breasts, their eyes on the flag. And in a flash I understood from the light in their faces, that they were saluting more than the flag — all that it stood for to them, their country, its government, its ideals, a world democracy — these boys who were about to march forth to war!

So everything became clear to me — the new words and phrases in my magazine, food conservation, world peace through the destruction of autocracy, all humanity — not a single people — set free! Our war, my war, my children's war, with all its beautiful significance, had come to me, and with it the realization that I must carry it to Dalton Centre.

That night my children learned the meaning of the word army. They saw a regiment swing down Fifth Avenue, New York, in its going-away parade. They saw regulars embarking and disembarking at different ports. They saw acres of munitions being inspected by the King of England, Red Cross ambulance drivers and nurses starting after the wounded, Mr. McAdoo signing the call for Americans to buy Liberty Bonds, and Mr. Hoover signing a conservation appeal. My torpid Americanism had come to life.

But how could I take the war message to Dalton Centre?

There was no movie theatre within forty miles. The only centre for a flag-raising was the district school, now closed for the summer vacation. Bud Hylan's mouth-organ, Pedro Crucero's guitar and our wheezy phonograph were the only musical instruments available.

Well, I could start with the phonograph, and "The Star Spangled Banner," if the record did not cost too much.

The next morning we were back in court, the lawyers wrangling, Joe Beasley and Brant Sheridan glaring at each other — and all over thirty square feet of creek land. How petty and unimportant it looked to me now! And yet — I caught my breath — overseas millions of men were fighting over narrow boundaries, blood-soaked, tear-washed. Were we, the American people, strong enough to defeat, in the name of democracy, the power which coveted those boundaries?

I was roused from my reverie by a ripple of applause, quickly silenced by the judge's gavel. It was all over. Joe Beasley had won again. The next thing I knew, I was out in the bright sunlight, clutching two crisp five-dollar bills — witness fees with interest, the jubilant Joe had called them.

"Guess we'll steer her to a hat shop, eh, Jim?" he exclaimed.

"I want to buy a phonograph record," I answered briskly.

Only two hours till train time and so much to be done!

"Just one left," the clerk replied to my request for a "Star Spangled Banner" record. "And that's scratched. Last night's meeting has sold me out. I can order one for you. Have it in ten days or mebbe two weeks."

[*Continued on page 29*]

THE May McClure's will be a crackerjack, with these writers all working to make it better than ever before: George Barr McCutcheon, Arthur Somers Roche, H. C. Witwer, Gelett Burgess, Edward Mott Woolley, Marie Manning, Ernest Poole, Porter Emerson Browne, Harris Dickson, Simon Lake and Lincoln Steffens

America Did Not Choose

by Booth Tarkington

AMERICA did not choose to go into the war. The citizens and government of the United States had a horror of war—particularly of this war, the Great War. They hated the thought of being drawn into it; they hated that thought passionately; they struggled patiently and finally desperately, to keep out of it. They would have succeeded in that struggle, if it had not been for one thing. No power of persuasion could have "drawn" them in, no strong argument—not even actual proofs that Germany intended them to be the victims of her next war after she had won this. Confronted with such proofs, some of the people of the United States might have become alarmed and indignant, but the great majority would have remained both skeptical and lethargic. The government understood that the people were determined to avoid war, and the government was itself as determined to avoid it.

And yet we are at war. How could such a thing have come about when nobody wanted it? — for Germany did not want us to become a belligerent. Let us consider.

Germany did not want England to come into this war. England did not want to fight. France did not want to fight. Belgium did not want to fight. Russia did not want to fight. Servia did not want to fight. This much is proven: history already accepts the proofs. Germany says she did not want to fight. Austria says she did not want to fight. And yet all these countries are fighting. It becomes evident that all of them preferred fighting to peace under certain conditions.

This placid generalization may be concentrated to fit the particular case of Servia and Austria-Hungary, the first fighters of the Great War. Austria gave Servia two days to choose between fighting or surrendering her independence and coming under Austrian rule. Servia refused to surrender her independence, but wanted to talk the matter over a little longer, and Austria attacked her. Austria preferred fighting Servia to allowing Servia to remain independent, we may conclude. Russia preferred fighting Austria to allowing Austria to crush Servia, and prepared to help the latter. Germany, after preventing any peaceful settlement of the Austro-Serbian trouble, declared war on Russia for preparing to help Servia. Germany declared war on France because France was Russia's ally. This is to say, Germany wanted a general European war more than she wanted something else. She was more willing to bring on such a war than to take the chance of Servia's retaining independence of Austria by the peaceful process of justice which Servia and her friends begged for; that is, taking the case before an impartial court.

In sum: the first choice was Servia's; she had to choose between fighting and surrendering her independent sovereignty. Austria, under the protection of Germany, gave Servia this choice. Next, Germany gave Russia the choice of abandoning preparations to help Servia or of fighting immediately. Then Germany gave France the choice of abandoning Russia, France's ally, or of being attacked immediately. War having begun, Belgium preferred fighting to violating a sacred national oath, and surrendering her independence, and, by the act of acquiescence, joining in the war on the Teutonic side. It was Germany that gave Belgium this choice.

Britain preferred fighting to peace with France crushed and the British oath to protect Belgium betrayed. It was Germany that gave Britain this choice.

But there was one country which Germany excluded from the choice between war and peace—one country which was never allowed to choose. Germany, thinking such a course useful to herself, gave orders to her warriors to murder hundreds of citizens of that country, while these unfortunate citizens imagined themselves safe under the protection of their own laws and of international agreements. Germany scattered treachery through that country; she sent disguised warriors throughout it, burning, killing and dynamiting; she sent others to set that country's neighbors upon its destruction; she ordained laws to govern that country's seafaring and commercial population, and when they showed their preference for their own laws she promised to murder them by wholesale. She announced that these massacres would continue so long as the citizens of that country disobeyed the German government. Therefore that country had no choice: *already it was in the war.* Germany did not so favor it as to give it the choice of war or peace with dishonor.

That country was the United States of America. The one thing that took us into the war was being in it—by the acts of Germany. Germany did not want us to fight, but made war upon us. That is the German government's way—and so long as the German people let that government have that way, just so long shall we be at war with them.

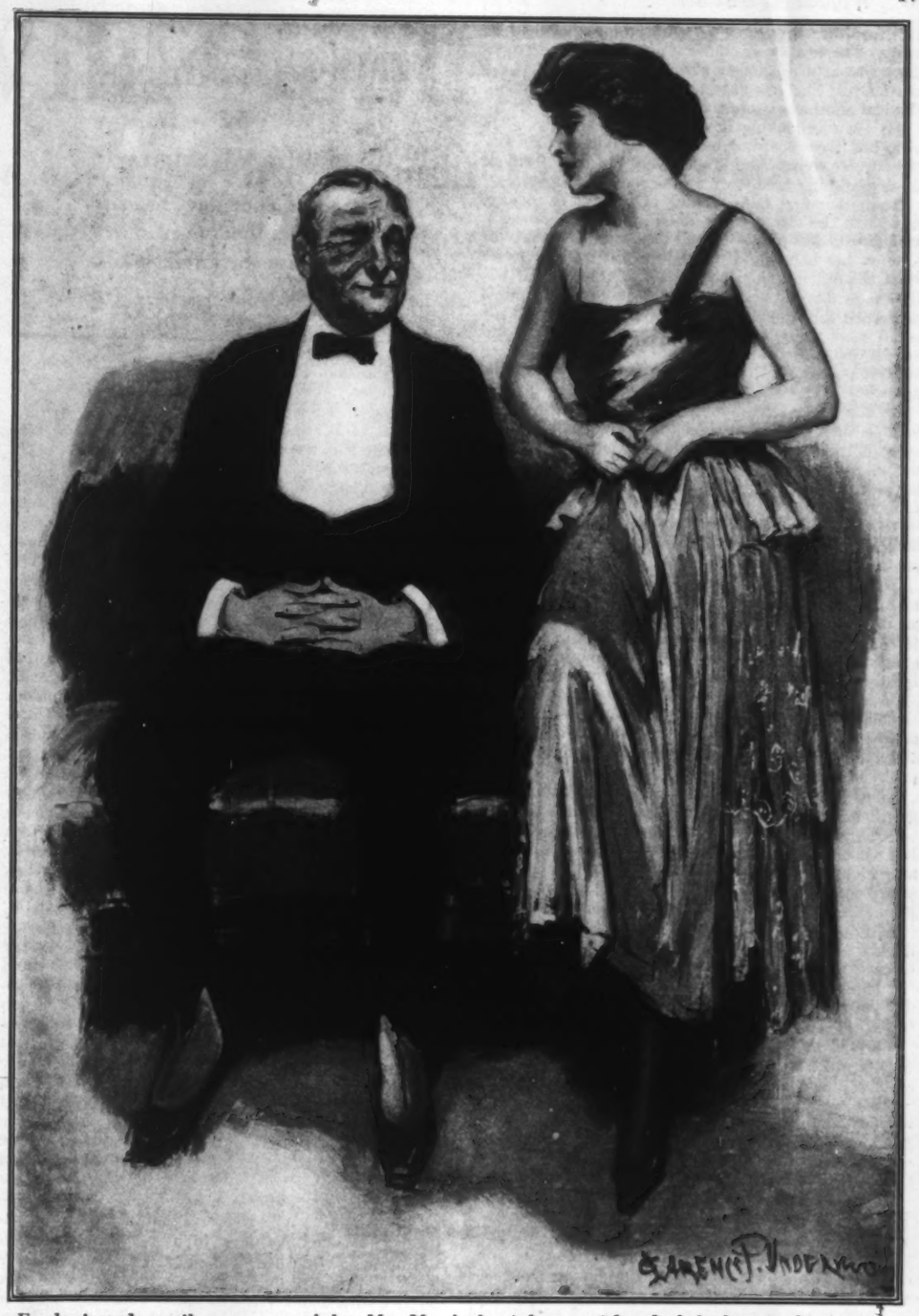
This is the twentieth century; the world is not going back to such ways; the world is going to discipline all such ways out of existence: they are out of date. The twentieth century is too late for the German way to prevail. Germany, for the sake of German power, has set herself not only against the fellowship of humanity but against human destiny. If the German way were not a failure mankind would be a failure. It is as if Germany assaulted the planets in their orbits, the seasons in their courses. More than soldiers oppose Germany; and in the light of ages it matters little what brief mirages of success glow fitfully upon her horizon, she will fail.

Without the Last Act

by

Sophie Kerr

Illustration by C. F. Underwood



Eve hesitated prettily — suggested that Mrs. Murdoch might not wish to be left alone in the evening

"THE playwright who gathers his material from real life," said Devereaux, sententiously, "must always supplement it with fiction, for life contains much that is highly dramatic — but which cannot be dramatized. None of us would dare write the last act as God or Fate — whichever you may believe in — writes it."

"Oh, slush," broke in Tommy Barber. "What's on your chest, Dev? What are you beefing about last acts for, anyway?"

Devereaux's owlish glasses gleamed at Tommy humorously. "I'm going to dramatize you sometime, Tommy," he said, "as the adult spoiled child. And the last act will show the heavy birch of poetic retribution applied to you where it will do the most good. But you are quite cleverly right in thinking that I had a story in mind. It is a particularly modern story of a pretty little Eve and an influential serpent, and several minor players with small, but strong character parts, and a lot of other things that might appeal to your youthful intelligence. I cannot dramatize it, so I might as well tell it to you."

"Why can't you dramatize it, Dev?" asked another of the party. "Aren't there enough good situations?"

"Plenty of situations, but no last act — for a play," said Devereaux. "I shall have to change all the names because all my characters are alive and some are in public life. Since I know the story only by deduction and not by observation, I shall tell it in the third person."

WHEN Hardy Glidden was elected to his first term in Congress, his wife, pretty little rosy Eve Glidden, threw her arms around his neck and exclaimed: "Hardy — you're the smartest man that ever lived! It wouldn't surprise me a bit if you'd be President some day!"

It wouldn't have surprised Hardy Glidden either. He could easily imagine himself in the White House — it is the usual dream of Congressmen in their first terms. He patted Eve's plump shoulder and told her not to make him vain. She didn't, either, for Hardy's maker had saved her that trouble. He was one of those good-looking fellows with an unctuous gift of gab, and a dramatic way of tossing back his loose forelock of black hair, but with all his theatricality he had a shrewd, shallow political sense that had carried him through a couple of terms as local District Attorney. Congress was a big jump for him, for he was poor, but the party organization was short of men in this part of the state and so he got on the ticket. Moreover, it was "party year," as they're called, and he was swept into office with the tide.

As for Eve Glidden, she had been a little country school-teacher, and she was mightily pleased with herself to get Hardy, the leading beau of the community. Their part of the state was poor and new and life was very simple, even plain. Eve did her own housekeeping and made her own clothes. She'd never had a manicure or face massage or even seen a lip stick. When Hardy's lodge gave a big dinner and reception in his honor — after his election to Congress — Eve wore a pink si k dress that she had made and she was perfectly contented in it. It was on this occasion, I may mention, that she wore her first pair of silk stockings and very extravagant she thought them.

Eve's silk stockings were pink, and her slippers were black patent leather. Her dress had a very moderate décolletage, and elbow sleeves. It was all dotted over with bits of pearl bead trimming — passe — passementerie, I think it's called. She had a pink chiffon scarf, and a long black cloth coat, and she wore the scarf over her head when she and Hardy walked down to the hotel where the reception was held, and the long black coat covered her new dress nicely. Hardy suggested that they order a hack, but Eve thought it unnecessary.

And then, if you please, Fate picked up these two people and put them down in the highly sophisticated atmosphere of Washington, D. C. At first they were divided between two emotions, a childish delight at the beauty and wonder of it all, and an appalled horror over the cost of everything.

They had gone, on their arrival, to the largest and best hotel in the city — and they had stayed exactly one day. The clerk's matter-of-fact "seven dollars a day for one room with bath, or we can give you a very nice suite for eighteen," combined with such items on the bill of fare as "Pot of Coffee, thirty-five cents," "Omelet, plain, sixty cents," put them in a panic.

"Why, Hard, I can get good coffee for twenty-two cents a *pound!*" Eve had said to him, her eyes dilated with amazement, "and I know there's not more than two eggs in that omelet, and eggs are on'y forty cents for a whole *dozen*. (This was ten years ago.) It's robbery — it's the most awful unbelievable robbery — that's what it is!"

So they went out and sought a cheaper hotel. They found one, with bad cooking, unclean linen, slovenly service, and insufficient heat. They made some inquiries about renting furnished houses, but everything was high, when it wasn't too horrible to be considered, and they had sound country notions of comfort. There was only one thing left to them — a boarding-house. They had a good bit of trouble finding one that suited both their taste and their pocketbooks, but at last they cast anchor in the second floor back of Mrs. Schroeder's on R Street, North West.

It was a fair-sized room, next to a bath.

The furniture was as good as anything they had at home. The meals were edible, if not elegant, and everything was kept religiously clean. It was that that decided Eve. She was naturally a dainty little woman. She had another reason, too.

"It's a nice-looking house," she told Hardy. "It looks less like a boarding-house on the outside than any place we've seen. And it's not very far away from all those grand big houses where the society people live."

It was her first faint stirring of interest in society. But when she was once installed at Mrs. Schroeder's, with Hardy out practically all day, she had plenty of time on her hands and naturally she began to notice what the other women boarders did. She found that they were not in it, nor of it, but they were all very much concerned with the world of society; that they read the social news before they read the front page fires and floods; that they could and would and did tell with the keenest pleasure all the trivial personal gossip of the moment.

All the old boarding-house tabbies and some of the younger ones took intense delight in telling all this sort of stuff to Eve Glidden, because it interested her so much. It was just like a story book to her and she made an ideal listener. But gradually, and in a vague unformed way, she began to long to play a part herself in the big show that was going on around her. This longing was crystallized at her first Congressional reception at the White House.

To you or to me or to any sophisticated man or woman, the Congressional reception at the White House, as it was formerly conducted, was above all things to be avoided. It was a cruel and fatiguing crush for everybody concerned. The people who went were mostly nobodies. Some of them — out-of-town folks — wanted to go back home and brag about having shaken hands with the President. Well, Hardy Glidden and Eve went to that reception, and Eve wore the pink silk that had seemed such elegant and worldly garb back in Smallville.

They got through the crush, somehow, and managed a limp handshake apiece with the Chief Executive, and were hurried down the line, but not before Eve Glidden had a chance to see what a really well-dressed woman in an evening gown looks like. There were some very smart women in the Cabinet that year, and though they were wearing what they called "old rags," because they didn't think it worth while to risk their new gowns in such a mixed and common affair as a Congressional reception, their appearance was a revelation to Eve.

"The President spoke to me very particularly — did you notice?" asked Hardy, whose egotism never rested.

"Yes, I thought so, too," said Eve, absently, and then, with determination: "Hardy, I want some new clothes. This dress is all wrong."

"Looks pretty nice to me," said Hardy. "I didn't see a woman there tonight who had anything like your looks, Eve."

Eve glanced at him in pitying wonder. It was the first time that his opinion wasn't law and gospel to her.

IT was a pretty big and startling thing for a woman to find out all in one hour that she's a dowdy when she'd always thought herself well enough dressed for anything or any place, and also to find out that her husband isn't an infallible demigod. But Eve Glidden accomplished it. And the very next day she went out and bought herself some new clothes, and went to a beauty parlor and had her hair dressed. She was startled at the change wrought in her appearance.

"Why, I'm beautiful," she thought exultantly. "I'm really beautiful!"

She had a new interest now besides sitting about listening to boarding-house gossip. She spent hours in dressing herself, in posing before her mirror. Her vanity, which had hitherto been harmless enough, grew like a poison mushroom. She began to look more and more at the photographs in the society pages, with the flattering captions beneath them, and envy the women who were lucky enough to be thus exploited. She longed inexpressibly to see her own picture in the papers, but she hadn't the least idea how to go about accomplishing it.

It's been my experience that when a human being is longing to be tempted, temptation is apt to come strolling along. And one night at dinner there was a new boarder at Mrs. Schroeder's — a tall, dark, slender, lithe woman of no age, who came in trailing Oriental draperies and strong scent, and jingling long jade earrings She struck dismayed admiration to Eve Glidden's heart when she opened a wicked little cigarette box. And when the new boarder lit her cigarette and inhaled it knowingly, tilting her sleek head back and half closing her eyes, Eve palpitated with admiration. She made haste to meet the newcomer.

Her name was Rhoda Wynne. She had been living in Paris and she had come back to Washington for the season, she said, indifferently, looking Eve over with amused eyes. What she did not say was that she was at the end of her money and had come back to worry more out of her family whose black sheep she was. And if she could not get enough from them, she expected to annoy and harass her husband's people, for she had had a husband, a rather nice, feeble-minded young man, whom she had inveigled into a marriage that had been very profitable for her as long as it lasted. There had been other profitable connections with men, too, but no more marriage. Oh, Rhoda Wynne was a bad 'un! She was used to having other women shun her like a plague, unless they were women of her own kind, and little Eve Glidden's wide-eyed interest and unconcealed admiration tickled Rhoda's ironic fancy. Moreover, Rhoda rather fancied herself as a power and an influence in other people's lives. She took Eve in, every bit of her, and she made up her keen unscrupulous mind that she'd play a game of her own with this little country dowd. Besides, the friendship might come in handy, sometime.

So that was the way the intimacy between the two women began. Rhoda Wynne laughed at Eve's new clothes and the coiffure she thought so modish. "You're all wrong," she said. "To begin with, you're fifteen pounds too heavy. You must eat no butter or candy and take no cream in your coffee. And you must walk the fat off. And you need a corset — that thing you're wearing may be called a corset by the girl who sells it, but no woman who knows would consider it such."

Eve took it all meekly enough, for she sensed with her woman's intuition that here was someone who could start her on the way she wanted so very much to go. She did exactly as Rhoda Wynne told her. The two women went together each week for manicure and hairdressing. They walked together. They went to matinées together. They tea-ed at the big hotel where Hardy and Eve had fled in such terror at its prices. Rhoda taught Eve that the tea hour was invaluable to an economical woman, for she could appear then at the most fashionable places at a minimum of cost. "One can have ten teas for the price of one luncheon," said Rhoda, sapiently.

Rhoda knew the whole mechanism of Washington's social life, and taught Eve its ritual of calls and card-leaving, showing her how to utilize such small opportunities as she had. These were not many — the wife of a first-term Congressman from an obscure district in a small Western state, without wealth or valuable connections, is not sought after. Still there are some perfunctory invitations from wives of men who keep up all party connections, no matter how small, on the assumption that bread cast on the waters may return when needed.

These social opportunities, meager as they were, were nuts and ale to Eve. And when, by dint of being persistently friendly to the society editor of an afternoon paper she at last got her photograph published therein — Rhoda had told her how to work it — Eve was, for the moment, supremely happy.

She might have kept on being happy had not Rhoda Wynne showed her new worlds that lay beyond and which she might never hope to conquer.

"You're simply on the very edge," she said. "You're nobody. And you'll always be nobody unless your husband does something spectacular, or unless you've got lots of money. Oh, *money!* That's the real open sesame here. The fun that these wealthy people have! They can have all the official society they want; they're free of the Embassies; and they have all these other rich people to play round with for a filling. Washington's the only city in America. If I were as young as you are, with your looks, I'd get something out of life. I wouldn't spend it in a cheap boarding-house, wife of an unknown Congressman from the West."

Eve considered this statement with inward longing and outward amusement. "But Rhoda," she said, "after all, that's what I am. And if Hardy doesn't 'arrive,' as you call it, that's what I'll always be, provided he's re-elected."

"OH, you are really too naïve, Eve," said Rhoda, turning to her. "There are plenty of other men in the world who can give you what you want if Hardy Glidden can't. Don't look so startled — I'm not proposing what to your innocent mind is a life of shame, *à la* Nellie the beautiful cloak model. No; what you want to do is to pick out an old man, with heaps and heaps of money, and get him thoroughly infatuated with you, divorce Hardy — and there you are. No one minds divorce any longer, provided your re-marriage is successful. Oh, my dear," she burst out laughing, "I'm not suggesting that you *do* it. I'm merely pointing out to you what *might* be done, if you had the will. You're pretty enough, goodness knows. And, as I said, if I had your looks and your chance, I'd never wear a five-dollar string of imitation pearls when I might wear a fifty-thousand string of real ones."

Rhoda went on in terms of the coarsest cynicism to elaborate how the thing might be accomplished, and then, with all the art of which she was capable, she painted a picture of what the rewards would be. Eve, listening, felt her greedy, vain little soul fairly ache with desire. I do not believe that Rhoda Wynne had the least idea that Eve could do what she suggested to her. Indeed, she would have laughed herself sick at any such possibility. She was merely expressing the inmost longings of her own unscrupulous materialistic nature. But she had a real gift of description; besides, she was intensely in earnest — she meant every word she said. She laid special emphasis on doing the thing without a hint of scandal, as a woman will who knows the true value of a cloak of respectability.

Rhoda's plan, complete in every detail, was firmly lodged in Eve's mind, and her covetous appetite for the luxurious froth of living was transferred to Eve entire. Rhoda had flung her cap over the windmill to no profit. She could see her mistake now, but it was too late to profit by it. She knew what so many women never will comprehend, that you've got to be awfully, awfully good if you want to be awfully, awfully bad.

And where was Hardy Glidden all the time his wife was listening to the beautiful glittering serpent? It's surprising to know that Hardy was making a success of himself in a small way. Some one of the big men in his party had occasion to utilize him on a trifling job or two and found him tractable, able to take orders and carry them out without adding any bright ideas of his own. Hardy began to feel himself important, and being a guileless soul where women were concerned, so far from objecting to Rhoda Wynne as a friend for his wife, he thought her, to use his own words, "a very elegant lady," and rejoiced that Eve should have her companionship. And Eve's new little ways of walking and talking, her putting on of city style, and her acquired assurance, pleased Hardy mightily. He congratulated himself on having a wife who kept right up to date. These Washington beauties had nothing on Eve, so far as looks were concerned, he proudly assured himself. He thought, poor fool, she was trying to keep pace with him. If he had but known it, she was already looking beyond him. She was beginning to feel a resentment against him for not giving her the career that she longed for. She was beginning to wonder with a burning impatience whether youth would pass before she would "have her chance" at what she felt was her rightful due. Oh, Eve had eaten the apple of temptation, seeds, core and peeling!

Hardy Glidden made his second election to Congress by a small margin, and the summer in Smallville, accented by the rigors of the campaign, brought Eve back to Washington more than [*Continued on page 58*]

Preparedness

by

Edwin Markham

FOR all of your days prepare,
And meet them ever alike:
When you are the anvil, bear—
When you are the hammer, strike!

The Evening Star

by

Harold Seton

THE evening star a child espied,
The one star in the sky.
"Is that God's service flag?" he cried,
And waited for reply.

The mother paused a moment ere
She told the little one:
"Yes, that is why the star is there!
God gave His only Son!"

Wild Apples

by the author of "The Straight Road"

Chapter XXII — 139 Branch Street

Illustrations by C. E. Chambers

THROUGH days that were like nights, and nights that were like days, not numbered or distinguished, it seemed to Julian that he was absurdly lying in a big bed in the third-floor front room at Madeline Kaylor's.

Magic was the sole atmosphere of this time — black magic and white: black magic of the pain in his lungs every time he got his breath; white magic of the little blue gingham girl with her fair, delicate face, the bright braided hair wound round her head like a small, close wreath — the little blue gingham girl who had come down the ray of light in Big Murphy's dance-hall, and disappeared cruelly when she got near enough for him to put out a hand to touch her. She seemed mysteriously, invisibly, to have gone with him to the hospital. Her face, like a remote star, but very distinct and smiling, was the last thing he saw as the ether took him on the operating-table. She didn't forsake him through the brief time that it took Madeline Kaylor to get to the Emergency Hospital, secure permission and bring him up to 139 Branch. There it seemed that something unexpected happened, something that came on with a chill one night. But even in the front room up on the hill, a doctor standing around with a notebook, demanding the lung history of all his family back to Adam, telling them this was pneumonia, and that his people — if he had any — ought to be notified, Lynnie was still there sometimes, quite as real as the doctor himself or Madeline Kaylor, or Mrs. Sparolini, the Italian nurse, who hung around and kept repeating the doctor's words. Everyone seemed to be there. Dolly Ranke walked right up to his bed and nodded at him, ducked her head to one side and seemed to be crying. Minnie Goldstein was around sometimes. Joe Goldstein, her father, came; Bill Ranke, in off a trip, trying to step softly, breathing hard; little Parker and his wife. And they all said, as though they had learned it by rote from the doctor, or were repeating it after him as the nurse did: "His people ought to be notified."

What business was it of theirs? It hurt to talk, but finally, in desperation, for fear they'd do it, Julian managed to get out:

"Don't tell anybody."

Madeline Kaylor — in that same blue-flowered kimono she had worn the first morning he saw her — looking at him, her eyes bright as though they might have been full of tears, seemed to understand. She nodded and said, "I won't."

THATCH DYE was one of the people who bobbed up in the room without any reasonable explanation of how he got there. It was morning. Julian, roused by the sound of quarreling voices, lay and looked through his lashes and saw Thatch and Madeline all glimmering, she, red in the face, he, standing with his feet planted very square and a little wide apart, just inside the door. Maybe it really was Thatch this time, for when he spoke what he said was:

"Why didn't you send for me, Maddy Kaylor?"

"Because I knew you'd do just what you say now you're going to do — run right to his folks with the whole business. I don't see what you've got to say about it, anyhow. I ——"

"Huh — well — you're a whole lot fonder of responsibility than what I am, Maddy. When'll the doctor come in? I'd like to hear what he says about notifying them."

Madeline began to cry; just regularly boohoo. It was up to him, Julian; he had to begin dragging out words again, to answer Thatch. With laborious pains he got them ready — three of them. Thatch bent down inquiringly.

"Not — twenty-one," was what he said.

At first Thatch didn't seem to understand — just looked around sort of scared. Then, suddenly:

"Oh, that don't count now, Jule. You needn't think of that now."

Julian knew he had to speak again.

The words — down in there somewhere, like little cross dogs — didn't want to come up. When at last they did jump out and bark, "Not — twenty-one," they bit him, too; chased him down into a horrible black pit from which he crawled up slowly, slowly, slowly, to hear Maddy saying:

Lynnie Willis

"Fainted dead away! Now for goodness' sake are you satisfied, Thatch Dye? See what that talk does to him. I can take care of him. He'll not be in any more danger in my hands than he was there at the hospital."

"Well, what do you say, Mrs. Sparolini — you're a trained nurse and used to things like this — what do you say?" Julian, floating back from distance and darkness, was dimly sorry for Thatch — he was awfully scared and anxious. But the Sparolini woman — listen to her — she was answering:

"You got to think about it — what if he dies? Anybody wants to be with their son when he dies."

"You shan't do it," Madeline said. "Those people at Las Reudas have got no rights — the way they've treated him." And after it Thatch's mutter:

"They've got a right to foot the bills here. This is going to cost a whole lot of money. I see where I was wrong not to make 'em shell out for the boy before. Jule wouldn't be in this fix if he'd had money to live like he ought. I blame myself ——"

"Well, blame yourself some more, then!" Madeline cried. "For God's sake get out of here now — you talkin' money and Sparolini talkin' funerals! Get out, both of you, if you can't do better'n that."

That seemed to settle it. From then on Madeline Kaylor, with the help of the Sparolini woman, nursed Julian through what he afterward knew was a very serious attack of pneumonia. After the worst of it, the tedious days strung themselves into weeks.

LIFE seemed to be dimmed a bit, inside and out; there was a vagueness over everything. Nights, now, he slept like a baby. If he dreamed, and of Lynnie, the dreams were vague and sweet. When he got able to sit up a little, Madeline put him in a big chair by the front window with a down puff over his knees, and he sat there and dozed, and the past — the pleasant part of it — walked in and out of his room as gently, as kindly, as Madeline coming to bring him trays.

The city roared full of Exposition, and Exposition visitors. Extra ferries had been put on for them. All at once he began to gain fast. There came an afternoon when the doctor definitely discontinued calls, saying they could telephone him if he was needed, that all danger was past and no use adding to expense.

Thatch chanced to be there that time; he had been making it once a week during Julian's illness. When the doctor went he attempted a sort of apology for having so determined that the people at Las Reudas be notified. Julian wouldn't let him finish. He didn't blame Thatch any more. But none the less Madeline Kaylor had earned what he told himself then was his undying gratitude by the stand she took.

Yet, that very evening, after Thatch had gone, she came and tossed onto his bed a little bundle tied up in a girl's handkerchief and he was near quarreling with her about it.

He knew what was in the handkerchief; he turned out from it, with a jerk, a tiny wrist-watch on its bracelet; two goldpieces — a five and a ten. He had seen them taken from his pocket at the hospital, and known that tough, good-hearted Rose Daggett must have tucked them there as he lay on the floor at Big Murphy's, when they didn't know whether he was killed or not. She had risked that much to help him, if he were going to live — or perhaps to pay his funeral expenses if — Madeline looked at him across them with raised brows.

"Put them away," he said now, impatiently. "They're not mine."

"Care to have me return them to the owner?"

"No."

"Owner likely to come after them?"

"Very unlikely, I should say. I'll hand them back to her when I'm able to be about."

"Oh, you will?" But Madeline didn't put them away as he had told her; she laid the little watch on his bedside table near his own, and dropped the two goldpieces into the table drawer. He knew well enough she did that to nag him into saying something more about them, but he wouldn't give her the satisfaction.

IT was several weeks later when he was sitting one evening by his window in his big chair, waiting for Madeline and the supper tray, that he was suddenly roused and brought sitting up straight in his chair by sight of a figure which turned the corner and came on toward 139 — a girl with bobbed hair, who carried a red sweater over her arm.

She came straight on as though she had been here before and knew just where to go. His window was down and he lost her when she was under it. A red sweater and bobbed hair meant Pacific Street and marked her on respectable Russian Hill as an undesirable alien. He heard the bell sound down-stairs, and thought he'd go across to the table and get the handkerchief package and have it ready when she came up. He made rather slow work of it. When he had the things tied securely, got back to the window and pushed it up so he could look below, there was Rose coming down the steps — leaving. Madeline Kaylor had turned her away. He knew that was it as he leaned out to call to her.

"Hello, Jule!" she looked up. "Say — it's good to see you at last! How they breaking for you?"

"Fine." He showed the handkerchief-wrapped parcel. "I know this is yours. Thank you for offering it. I didn't have to use any of it. Come up and get 'em."

He waited for her to turn back to the step. She stood and looked up at him, laughing. Finally she took hold of her skirts on each side and held them to catch.

"All right," she said. "Let her go." Then, as he made no move to throw the watch down, she explained with an extra grin, "I've found out that I ain't wanted in there — as the feller said when they throwed him downstairs."

Julian heard Madeline open the door back of him. He tossed down the little packet. Rose caught it deftly, calling:

"Big Murphy sent his best. He wants to know how soon you're coming back to the Centralia. Everybody down there's strong for you. Coming back, ain't you?"

"Yes. As soon as I'm able."

"See you then. So long!" and Rose went on.

Julian turned. Yes, there Madeline was, pulled up short in the door, face red, eyes snapping.

"Done with your visitor?" she asked, came across and set his tray down. "So that was who those things belonged to! She didn't mention any watch to me — this evening, or before."

"Then she's been here before?"

"None of your business," trying the high-handed joking manner. "Eat your supper. I suppose she's one of the dance-hall girls from Murphy's?"

"She's from Las Reudas." Julian was paying more attention to his meal than to Maddy. After all he didn't care anything about the matter. "Her name is Rose Daggett. She got me my job at Murphy's."

"Oh! So you knew her before you came to San Francisco, did you?"

That was a strange tone. Julian, glancing up, found Madeline's face very serious and a little pale.

"Yes; the Daggett grocery's just back of our house in Las Reudas. The first time I ever ran away from home — when I was four or five years old — it was to play with the Daggett boys."

Such a long silence that Julian had to notice. Still that queer expression on Madeline's face, and she blurted out:

"Did — did this girl come up to San Francisco at the same time you did, Julian?"

"No." At last he understood what she had been getting at. Madeline looked at him and cried out:

"Don't get mad at me, Jule, please! I didn't mean to make you mad. I'm as liberal-minded as anybody. But even if you did bring that girl up to town — or she followed you up here — you don't need to — Why, I heard your voice just now, and you spoke to her as respectfully as if it had been me — or any other lady!" Julian leaned back in his chair and stared angrily.

"I tell you Rose Daggett got me my place down at Murphy's," he repeated. "You wouldn't want me to act the cad to her, just because she's a dance-hall girl?"

"Yes, I would," Madeline exploded; she was still setting dishes off his tray, arranging the table, nervous, apprehensive. "Those kind haven't any rights."

SHE seemed a little scared after she had said it, and fussed uneasily about the room while he finished his supper in silence. Of course he was under mountains of obligation to Madeline, but if he had to take this sort of thing on account of it — he was done. He wouldn't owe money to a woman who talked to him like that.

After Madeline left him he sat for a long time, thinking. It all came round to the one conclusion: he'd run no risks of being discovered by his people; it was Big Murphy's dance-hall for him till he was twenty-one and free to look for a suitable job. And if he were going back to Murphy's, the sooner the better. He got his evening clothes and brushed them. Maddy, dropping in just then, found them laid out, and was positively hysterical. Night work, in his state? Why, it was as much as his life was worth. She succeeded in keeping him at home that evening, in getting him to go next day and see the doctor — who confirmed all she had said: there must be time given for his recovery to steady down. This rush of vitality he felt would break if overloaded. And it hadn't really needed a word from either of them; his own body, the feeling of his own flesh, told him.

He came back to 139 very sulky. Madeline — as different as possible from the Madeline who sentimentalized and romped — intercepted him in the lower hall, got him in her own sitting-room, and talked to him earnestly.

"Jule, dear," her voice shook with emotion. "I'll be frank with you. I've known from the first that you'd have to take time to get over this pneumonia. You're weak as a rag, right now, ain't you? You take two or three months to get strong. I can put up the money for it. I'll lend it to you — just like I'd lend it to a brother. What's the matter with it?"

He knew what was the matter with the arrangement — but he couldn't tell her. Didn't want to be under obligations to her? He was that already. Nothing for it but to grin and bear his position as her protégé — till September.

Chapter XXIII — Encounters

IT was the fourteenth of September and his twenty-first birthday that Julian must wait for. When this date came around he would have been a year in San Francisco. In all this time it seemed to him the longing for Lynnie, simple, primitive, like hunger and thirst, had never lessened. He was used to having it, when things were going pretty well, blow over him in a gust that just to see her again — to look at her — even if she wouldn't look at him — would be worth all and more than he could ever achieve here.

At 139 everyone was very good to him. Working people, hustling at affairs of their own, they showed him little kindnesses and then let him alone. It was only old Madeline who was fated to take advantage of his poor obligations to be oppressive — intrusive. He got away from her, and from a city full of Exposition visitors, and spent his days in the open.

It was within a week of his twenty-first birthday that he went down to Palo Alto. He stood watching the student crowds on the campus; nobody he knew. He was turning to go when he was clapped on the shoulder, and swung around to meet Bench Prentiss's outstretched hand. The red-headed one had been graduated the year before. He was doing temporary work at the University as an instructor.

"Been sick!" he cried. "I'd never think it. Why, Jule, you look great."

"I feel great," and with the words came their first realization. Never before in his life had he experienced the inrush of vitality that had set in on the heels of his convalescence. He was impatient to get at life — to begin building up something. And he hadn't known, till he shook hands with Bench, and they began to talk, how much he had missed someone of his own sort to speak to. There was a certain pleasure in hearing now the names of the old crowd.

"You know where Calk is?" Benchy was watching sugar dribble from the shaker onto his berries.

"Yes, in Belgium, with the relief work."

"I'm proud of Stanford. Old grads like Calkins — and plenty of students, now. Say, Jule, you know the McCulloch factories are still shut down; they're trying to turn them into a munitions works?"

"I hadn't heard of it."

"Yep. I don't know how your father stands. Your mother's against it. Anti-war — anti-militarism — of course a good many women are."

It was a between-time at the cafeteria. They had the room to themselves, except for a bored girl up there behind the food counter. Distant voices came to them from the campus. Benchy leaned across the table and spoke low:

"Tell you why I'm so crazy about this munitions project, Jule. There's a fellow got an invention — high explosive — biggest thing that's happened for fifty years — a hundred — since gunpowder was invented. If that fellow's got what he thinks he has, 'twould end the war — like that!" with a snap of the fingers. "Country that controlled it would be master of any field — any field. If it could be taken up in your factories — Gosh, what a feather in California's cap! My mother's been working like a little tiger — to bring your folks round. Gee! I hope we succeed. You see I want to get into that, myself. I've got to have some sort of a man-size job; and that'd be almost the same as going to the front. More value to the Allies, if anything."

He came back to this again and again. Julian could see the athlete, the born fighting man, struggling between a desire to follow out his natural bent, and some stronger, restraining instinct. "More value to the Allies, if anything," Benchy would repeat. "And a man could be working for a future — and — well, a home."

Benchy had one home in San Vicente, with his mother. For whom was this pressing need of providing another? If it was Paula Pollard, Benchy had his work cut out for him. Even as that thought crossed Julian's mind, Benchy spoke.

"It doesn't seem to me, Jule," the red-headed one argued, "that money — big money, anyhow — makes for happiness in marriage. Does it to you? Look at Zoe and Pret."

"What's the matter with Zoe and Pret? Aren't they getting along?"

"My God, no! 'S awful. Going to be a divorce there; everybody knows it."

"Well," Julian said, "you have to have some money. Maybe they have too much."

Julian McCulloch

"That's it!" Benchy nodded his red head. "You said something then. Too much is as bad as too little."

ON the evening of his birthday, a few days after his talk with Benchy, Julian walked into Madeline Kaylor's sitting-room wearing a chauffeur's uniform. She jumped to her feet and backed off with the cry:

"Oh, Jule — what's this?"

"Got a job," he explained laconically. "A hundred and fifty per."

"Julian McCulloch — a chauffeur!"

"Pay's good — for a beginner."

"Where're you going to work?" tragically. "Around the big hotels and at the theatres? You'll see everybody you know."

He laughed.

"And about the first week when you get your pay envelope you'll be leaving Branch Street, I suppose."

"Oh, no, I think not." Julian looked around the room with its imitation curios, its multitude of fancy cushions and spreads, its dingle-dangled curtains — it had come to have a certain claim on him as home. Yet what he said was not, as he thought of it afterward, very gracious. "I'll not make any move, Madeline, till I've paid my debts."

"Does that mean me?" her lip trembled. He didn't say anything, and she finished shakily. "You needn't be in a hurry, you know — about me, anyhow."

The Exposition made the chauffeur's job a fat one. His fellow chauffeurs were of all sorts, but a live lot; he found them interesting. The ambitious talked eagerly of the chances in aviation, which the European war opened up.

He felt at this time very solitary. He still liked the home on Russian Hill — the kindly, common crowd there. In a way he liked Maddy. No use saying that it didn't mean something to have those at hand who cared whether you lived or died. Madeline was keen about his getting on; she had come to treat him more formally, and she saw to his comfort inconspicuously. He'd let the matter of leaving rest, even after he had her paid. It seemed a little hard to go — she was so tremblingly afraid he would.

Winter passed; spring; still living at 139 Branch. If he made any move, he felt that it ought to be a big one. One thought was bitter to him these days: here he was, doing what, if he could have done it a year and a half ago, would have won him Lynnie, saved their love alive. For she had loved him — at first. She couldn't hold to the thing that he showed himself to be. But she had cared for him at first.

IT was an August night, near the close of the month, when he sat in the waiting line near the St. Francis. The day had been warm; now the tepid air was being whipped to life by chill streamers of fog that blew in through the Golden Gate.

As the starter in front of the hotel signaled Julian's machine in its turn he felt, for no reason he could have assigned, an odd little tremor. The dinner hour was well past. People were going to the theatres. A lady and gentleman in evening dress were coming from the entrance of the hotel. His passengers. He barely took them in from the corner of his eye without focusing on them, then bent to straighten the clock on the dashboard.

What was it made him turn his head back to look when this pair stopped, midway of the sidewalk, speaking to the starter? He saw an elderly man of portly build, yet somehow looking shrunken in his clothes, the face sagged, strained. The woman whose arm he held was magnificent. A neck-to-heels evening wrap of iridescent brocade partially covered the held-up evening gown; the well-carried dark head had a little shining jeweled band where the hair was beginning to show a glint of white, but the long, slate-gray eyes were as imperious as ever.

It had come at last. This was his father and mother.

He sat there shocked into stupidity — not wit enough left to turn his face away from the light. He let the starter come forward and open the taxi door. His mother, in front, had her foot on the step when she glanced up and encountered his eyes.

For a minute she stood rigid, choking off a cry so short in her throat that it seemed a mere exclamation.

"What is it, now, Nettie?" with the shrill querulousness of a sick man. "What is it?" Then, noting the direction of her eyes, turning, looking, he was stricken momentarily speechless.

It seemed to Julian a long time that they, three McCullochs, stared silent, the starter looking from one to the other of them, scared by their behavior. Then his mother drew back. Her breath sounded loud between each word as she said:

"Not — this — car."

"Why, madam," [*Continued on page 30*]

(Philbert J.) (Amos P.)

Extravagance *vs.* Economy

A Finish Fight, the Stake of Which is the Salvation of the American People

by

Porter Emerson Browne

Pictures by John Wolcott Adams and Lejaren A. Hiller

IN the old days people were Builders. Big and full and strong were their lives in the beginning. Gentler and fairer and softer toward the end. And that, whether it be a life, or a pyramid, is the way to construct. You don't believe it — well, did you ever try to push over a pyramid? . . . Now then, take a peek at father today! What a difference!

John Wolcott Adams

"JUST what do you think," I asked my friend, "of the new Thrift Campaign that the Government has started?"

He turned. "What do I think?" he repeated. "It is probably the greatest national factor for good that has hit this country since the day when Columbus shinned up the front smokestack and said, 'Boys, it looks like Brooklyn!'

"As an idea, it's a pippin. As a conception, it's a bird. And as practical development for a country that has loved to remain both impractical and undeveloped, it's a whale.

"Here we've been going on for at least all the years that I can remember with but one idea in our heads. Which was to see how much more money we could make than the next lad, and how much faster we could spend it. Speeding forward from the days when a high-wheeled bicycle and a tennis blazer meant untold affluence, we had come to a point where, if a man didn't have an automobile, a first and second mortgage and a bad attack of indigestion, he was regarded as a comparative pauper, not to say, a social outcast.

"Far behind in the dim and hazy past had been left the good old axioms like: 'Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves.' No such antique and outworn ideas as that for us! We had a new motto: 'Take care of the millions and leave the chicken-feed for the pikers!' And we lived up to it, too, by golly!

"It was not so in the old days. This country was neither founded nor upbuilt on the basis that money was some sort of sociological set-piece that, the moment it came, should be stuck up in the back yard and set fire to. It has remained for the plethora of riches that came of later years to afflict us with that impression; just as, if a man has one bullet and one charge of powder and he needs those to kill his breakfast with, he doesn't indulge himself in any vainglorious celebrations therewith.

"It's only when he gets so much powder that he doesn't know what to do with it that he takes to shooting a lot just to hear the noise.

"Up to fifty years ago, this country was not so affluent of rose nobles and *louis d'ors* that it could take to throwing 'em into the lake just to see how big a splash they'd make. Money came too hard, and too infrequently for that. Every dollar had a suction on it like an octopus. And pennies would burrow down into the sand in a way to make a quahaug clam think he was a skylark.

"Father'd start out before breakfast in the morning with an 1836 overcoat and an 1823 hat, a pair of vintage rubbers and an umbrella that was by rights a museum specimen. And if he came back home not more than two hours late for supper with a total accumulation of a dollar and eighty-three cents and three water blisters, he'd think he had a good day. And mother wouldn't even feed him until she'd tucked the dollar eighty-three sacrosanctly away in the little old cracked sugar-bowl

along with the nine seventy-one already there that was being saved up for a rainy day; and goodness knows inclement intervals were seldom far apart.

"Dollars in those days had the homing instinct. They cuddled up together like day-old chicks. And the more there were, the closer they cuddled.

"Not that they couldn't be coaxed out if the need arose. They could. And willingly. There was always a dime for the Sunday-morning beans. There were always a couple of dollars ready for a warm coat, or to take dancing lessons, and when Adelbert and Ernest and Hector J. got old enough to go to Dartmouth or Paducah there were dollars ready to escort them there in comfort, if not with the magnificence of a circus parade.

"And when dad and mother got old they could always go to the sugar-bowl and find the taxes and the rent, and enough to pay the grocery and meat bills, and to settle with the family doctor against lumbago and things, and a little to help the young folks along with if they came to a bare spot.

"AND that was because in those days people were Builders. They were constructive. Starting with a firm foundation they created the edifices of their lives firmly, splendidly. And they modeled those life-creations upon the pyramids solid and square and permanent of base and tapering with the years into the graceful sky-reaching tips of their apexes. Big and full and strong were their lives in the beginning. Gentler and finer and softer toward the end. . . . And that whether it be a life or a pyramid is the way to construct. If you don't believe it — well, did you ever try to push over a pyramid?

"In those days, too, people taught their children to build similarly. Which is another factor that has been tremendously overlooked of later years. 'As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined' is a good old saying, as true now as when it was first spoken. Also, 'The child is father of the man.'

"And in those days twigs were bent carefully toward the direction in which they should grow; children were reared conscientiously that they might be good fathers to their parents.

"They were not given eight-thousand-dollar runabouts as toys; nor a forty-dollar-a-week saloon allowance. A nickel, or a dime, every Saturday morning — to be at once carefully interned in a bank that looked like the capitol at Washington and was twice as hard to get anything out of; and for the rest, an occasional hard-won penny for a lollypop; an occasional dollar achieved by mending, sewing, making beds, chopping wood or running errands. Which taught children that dollars didn't grow on fathers like Brussels sprouts on their respective stalks, but were the product of industry, labor, brains and effort.

"Children were then, as they should be, taught the proper respect, understanding and valuation of money, and that it was hard to get, hard to keep, easy to spend, good to have, potent for harm, essential for good, and that, wisely handled, it made for health, wealth and happiness.

"But gradually, of the added volume of wealth, and of the added ease of munificence, came the change. And what a difference!

"Take a peek at father leaving the house today! He wears an up-to-the-minute coat, with that daring flare about the collar that designates the buccaneer spirit of the real *flâneur*, a nifty pair of trousers done with all the delicate *esprit* of the at once artistic and vagrom spirit that marks the sartorial knight errant, and a pair of spats that are of exactly as much use to him, and no more, than would be a second pair of cuffs, or two neckties.

"Thus festooned, he teeters across the richly embossed sidewalk and crawls lugubriously into an automobile that looks like a cross between Napoleon's coach and a British tank. And promptly at three g.m. he gets as far back toward home as the club, with an inflammable breath and a hundred and eighty thousand dollars which is almost enough to pay the interest on the six million he borrowed to make the hundred and eighty thousand with. And mother later meets his blurred but still *dégagé* form at the front door to shake him down for another sixty thousand that he doesn't know whether he's got or not, and couldn't find out without the aid of a couple of receivers and a bankruptcy court, so that she can buy herself a set of silver-fox furs because somebody left the ventilator open in the family entrance of her town car and gave her a terrible cold and she hasn't got a thing in the world to wear anyway (which is the way she wears it) except eighty or ninety evening gowns and a hundred street dresses and not one offers her any protection above the tropic of Capricorn beyond that that she can get with a lip stick.

"DOLLARS no longer had the homing instinct. The minute two of them were put together they got on each other's nerves so that they had hysterics and had to go out to a cabaret or something. And when it came time to send Reginald Plantagenet, or Montmorency, or little Alphonso de Peyster, to college, they woke 'em up from under the bar in the aristocratic club of which they were inmates, only to find that a disagreeable-looking person with a turn-down collar had come into the pater's offices and was serving papers on him, and when the court and the lawyers got through with him, it would be just a question of how much he owed.

"Commonly speaking, there was no such thing as old age. Because people got old when they should have been young, and by the time they should have been old they were dead.

"And it's because, of later years, people have not been Builders, but Wrecking Concerns. Their idea of a successfully constructed edifice was one of these moving-picture apartment houses that is built Monday, used for people to fall out of Tuesday, and is blown over by the wind and busted all to thunder not later than Wednesday afternoon. Only, we must admit, it did look great while it lasted!

"AND children had departed from the good old precepts even further than their parents. No longer did fathers or mothers worry their hectic lives about such old-fashioned folderol as twigs and trees. Twigs grew any old way they good-and-gol-darned pleased, and the trees usually wound up about the shape and contour of a pretzel. As for the child being the father of the man — well, it was a wise father that knew his own son even by sight. Children had no more regard for money than for a last year's bird's nest until they tried to earn some.

"For people were not only not building themselves; they were failing miserably to teach their children to build. And if there's any one thing a parent owes to the child he brings into the world, it's a fair start, and a fair chance for his white alley. Why teach a child not to eat with his knife, and fail to teach him the value of money? Why teach a child to say, 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, ma'am,' and turn him loose in the world to become food for the stock-brokers and the other vultures? Is it fair? Is it just? Is it even common, human decency?

"Let some other poor slob do the building. We should worry! On with the dance! Let joy be unrefined! And away we go, skallyhooting over the landscape in a motor that sounds like a machine gun, and shoots even faster. Home? What's that? Are we going to bother our heads over servant troubles, and sick cows, and tentcaterpillars and what school the children shall go to? Not us! For us the little old apartment, with the four rooms and thirty-two baths; the peaceful dinner at the cabaret show; the quiet supper at the Midnight Revels; and soothing ride home in the drunken taxicab with the paretic driver; and next day up with the whip-poor-will and at it again!

"Early to bed and early to rise? Sure! Why not? In bed at three a.m. and up at one p.m. And what could be earlier than that? [*Continued on page 57*]

Two Wives — *by* Ernest Poole

Chapter XX

Illustration by John Alonzo Williams

THE next morning Emily Giles returned from a visit back in Ohio.

"How have things been going?" she asked.

"Very well indeed," said Ethel, with a scarcely perceptible smile. She and Emily understood each other, though very little had ever been said.

"Mr. Lanier still working hard?"

"Yes, poor dear," said Ethel, "but it has been so good for him." And at that a look of grim relish came on Emily's sallow face.

"You know I'm getting to like this town," she remarked with a genial air. "I wonder what'll the winter be like?"

"Oh, I think we'll do nicely, Emily. I've quite a few plans in my head."

"I'll bet you have," said Emily. And she went to don her "uniform."

In these days, again and again a sense of being just on the eve of something very exciting gave Ethel a new zest in life.

One day in the hall down-stairs she came upon young Mrs. Grewe. Ethel gave a little start and then swiftly reddened. And she saw the young widow smile at that, and it made her annoyed with herself for having been so clumsy. "I'll show her I'm not such a prude," she thought. And having learned that Mrs. Grewe had taken another apartment here, Ethel went to see her — with a safe little feeling that Mrs. Grewe would have too much sense to return the call. "This will end it, but at least pleasantly."

The visit was a decided success. Mrs. Grewe was back from Europe sooner than she had expected — for reasons she did not explain. "And now I'm looking about," she said, "for another old lady from Boston. I rent a new one every year." Ethel stayed for tea. For nearly eight months she had had no woman to talk to but Fanny Carr and Emily Giles. And she found it very pleasant to be chatting here so cozily. Not that she meant to keep it up. This sort of woman? H'm — well, no. But on the other hand, why not? After all, New York was a very big city.

"I'm never going to shut myself up in one little circle of people," she thought. "I mean to keep rubbing up against life."

There was an added pleasure, too, in the vague, warm self-confidence which the young widow gave to her. "You can take care of yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Grewe's small lustrous black eyes.

"Well? Is he treating you better?" she asked.

"Yes," said Ethel.

"He's very wise." They smiled at each other.

"He's becoming quite sensible," Ethel said.

"And have you found those friends you wanted?"

"They're in sight," was Ethel's answer. Her hostess smiled good-humoredly.

"You won't be able to keep me," she said. "He won't stand that ——"

Ethel knit her brows.

"He'll stand a good deal," she answered, "when once I know where I stand myself."

"In the meantime you'd better leave *me* alone."

The two parted in affable fashion.

"There," thought Ethel in relief. "I got through that rather nicely. I needn't go again, of course."

She had started out for a brisk walk, and she drew a deep breath of the frosty air. The air in New York was often so — gay! And Mrs. Grewe had given her such a feeling of independence. She saw a man turn and look at her — the beast! But she smiled as she hurried on toward the Park.

Still, the brief visit had been rather daring. Joe would not have liked it at all. He would have been perfectly furious!

"However!" She walked briskly on. "What's the difference between Mrs. Grewe and his own dear friend, Fanny Carr?" she asked. "Nothing whatever — except that Fanny, so far as we know, has taken the trouble with each man to have a wedding and a divorce. The only other difference is that Fanny has no taste at all, while Mrs. Grewe has heaps of it! And she reads things — even Shaw; and she likes good music, too. She is going tonight to 'Salome'." . . . For a moment Ethel let her mind run over all the operas she herself was going to hear, and the concerts, and the plays she would see and the dinners she would go to, the talks in which she would take part. She could see herself — just scintillating! . . . With a jerk she came back to Mrs. Grewe. "Oh, I guess it's not very defiling to turn to her from Fanny Carr! I'll do as I please!" she impatiently thought.

Still, it had been rather daring. It fitted in exactly with several talks she had had of late with Dwight, her music teacher; talks in which each one of them had taken rather a challenging tone that had grown distinctly intimate. One night when Joe was out of town she had gone with Dwight to the opera. And she had not mentioned it to Joe — not that she felt guilty at all, she had simply dropped it out of her mind. In love with her husband? Yes, indeed. And let Dwight or any other man try to go the least bit too far —— "As Fanny doubtless does with Joe," she sud-

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"You lied to me, didn't you, when he came? You say you'll explain it in a word! Well, what's the word? I'm waiting!"

denly added to herself. For a moment she walked viciously. Then she thought again of Dwight. He had told her she really had voice enough with which to go on the stage if she choose.

"Though I hope you won't," he had added.

"Why not?" she had asked. In reply he had hinted at perils that made it all sound rather thrilling.

"Joe wouldn't like it," Dwight had said.

"I might sing in concerts ——"

"Joe wouldn't like it."

"Oh, bother Joe!"

Dwight had smiled a bit queerly. "I wonder what you will do," he had said, "if Joe flivvers?"

"If he *what?*"

"Flivvers — drops back and makes money — turns to those other friends of his."

"He won't do that." But her voice had been tense, for the intimate feeling in Dwight's tone had made her a bit uneasy.

"Well," he had told her in a low voice, "I'm a friend of Joe's, you know, and I don't propose to play the cad. But if you and Joe ever *should* have a break — don't drop me, too. Do you understand?"

She had hesitated a moment upon just how to answer. Her heart had pounded rapidly.

"That isn't going to happen," she had told him gravely.

"Sure of that?"

"Yes, and you would be — if you understood me better."

"How?"

"I'm in love with that husband of mine for life," she had informed him impressively.

"You're very old-fashioned," he had smiled.

"Not at all!"

"Suppose I understand you better than you do yourself?"

She had glanced at him, seen the gleam in his eyes as he had drawn closer. And then very suddenly she had found it hard to breathe. What to say to stop him?

"At this moment," she said with a gasp, "you appear to me so very — fat!"

That had bowled him over — naturally. In the next few moments the atmosphere had become chilly and depressed, and with a sudden rush of shame the certainty had grown upon her that she had made a fool of herself, that he had meant to do nothing at all. And from blushing furiously she had turned a little white, and had said to him,

"Please forgive me. I didn't mean that. I was — just a silly fool. Let's go on with my lesson."

"Now that I've learned mine, you mean."

And then regaining control of herself she had turned upon him quickly:

"Oh, be sensible, for goodness' sake! How are you and I to be friends if you act like this, you silly boy? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

So she had got out of that all right, and had felt tremendously relieved. It was not only that she liked the man, he was besides her only hope, the one who could bring friends to her. "*Women* friends! That's what I need!" All this was so unsafe at times. Her husband's business, his two sides, Fanny Carr and her scheming, Dwight and his blue twinkling eyes. Mrs. Grewe and her smiling good-fellowship — were all very nice and exciting. But safe? Oh, by no means!

But today as Ethel walked on through the Park, she smiled to herself expectantly. For Dwight had promised the next week to bring Sally Crothers to see her. "If only I can get on with her! She's my kind — I know she is — she's just exactly what I want. I don't want to be anything wild — not Mrs. Grewe nor Fanny Carr. I want to be myself, that's all, and happy with my husband!"

She turned abruptly toward her home. "In the meantime I am going back to give the baby his bath," she thought. She glanced at the watch on her gloved wrist. And a man who looked like a detective or a villain in the "movies" looked after her in an envious way.

"Who's her date with?" he wondered.

Chapter XXI

THE days dragged by. She had anxious times. What would Sally Crothers be like?

"And what in the world will she think of *me?* If she doesn't like me, very much, the very first time, I'll have lost my chance. For she's busy, her life is full of things — planning gardens and running about with her friends. And she won't so much as bother her head with anyone like me!"

Ethel felt a dismal sinking. In vain she strove to assure herself. Joe, Nourse and then Dwight, one after the other, had all bowed down before her. "Oh, that was very simple!" she thought. "They're only men!" It would be a woman this time, and one of the most brilliant kind. "What a dull little fool she'll find me, in spite of all I do or say!" It would be all the more difficult because Mrs. Crothers was older. "*That* will count against me. No doubt she's beginning to show her age; and I'm young, and she doesn't want any young things to come snooping about her husband! Then there's Amy and the quarrel they had, and she'll put me and Amy in the same class! I'll have all that to fight against!" The idea of settling everything all in one brief encounter. Oh, it was too maddening!

"Now, Ethel Lanier, for goodness' sake stop fidgeting like an old maid! It isn't the minister coming to call!"

ON the day before the expected call, Ethel was just on the point of going out for the afternoon to do some shopping and shake off these silly fears, when the telephone rang and a few moments later the maid came in and told her there was a visitor down-stairs. In an instant, with a rush of excitement, Ethel knew it was Sally at last. Dwight in his easy, careless way had mixed his dates and was bringing Sally a day ahead! How stupid of him! "*What have I on?*"

"Did she come up?" she breathlessly asked.

"No, Mrs. Lanier, she's waiting below."

"Did she give her name?"

"Yes — Mrs. Carr."

"Oh." Ethel gasped and sank down in a heap. "All right, ask her to come up," she said in a tone of indifference.

When the maid had gone she almost called her back. She did not want to see Fanny Carr. Still — why not? Oh, let her come. And in the two or three minutes that followed, Ethel passed from a mood of depression to one of easy, good-natured contempt. She was no longer afraid of Fanny, for Ethel was getting Joe in hand. "And as soon as I do," she reflected, "and my husband makes a name as an architect doing great big things, what harm can Fanny do me?" As she thought of the brilliant people who were so soon to be her friends, she looked upon Fanny Carr and her like with no more hatred but only compassion. What stupid lives they were leading! Lives that led nowhere at all!

And so when Fanny came into the room Ethel received her kindly.

But Fanny rather smiled at that. She looked a bit seedy as to her dress, and yet she had a confident air. She took in the fine clothes of her handsome young hostess, and Ethel's very gracious air and the almost pitying tone of her voice. And then with a queer, hard little smile, "My, what a change," said Fanny softly. Ethel frowned at her tone. This might be rather awkward.

"You mean this way of doing my hair?" she rejoined good-humoredly. "I was hoping you would notice it."

"Does *he?*" asked Fanny.

"What do you mean? Oh, Joe never ——"

"No. Dwight, my dear." The hard voice of her visitor had become suddenly low and clear. Ethel looked at the woman then and slowly and uncontrollably reddened to her ears. And the consciousness of that furious blushing made her all the angrier.

"What on earth do you mean?" she demanded. Her voice, too, was very low, and it trembled only a little; but there was a glint in her brown eyes. Fanny gave a tense little laugh not pleasant to hear.

"Look here," she said. "Don't let's waste time. Joe may be coming home, you know, and we must get this over first."

"We'll soon get it over." Ethel's voice was shaking ominously. Fanny noticed and spoke fast.

"Well, then, it's just this," she said. "You've made up your mind to cut Joe off from all his old friends, including me. And I might have stood for that ——"

"How kind!"

"If I had not learned of the raw deal you're giving him. Strip him of friends and then treat him like this? Oh, no — not if I can help it!" Plainly Fanny was working herself into a rage to match that of her hostess.

"You'd better be very clear, Mrs. Carr," Ethel exclaimed, leaning forward. Her visitor looked straight back at her, and answered:

"Very. I mean Dwight."

Ethel rose abruptly.

"That will be enough, I think."

"Oh, will it?"

Ethel wheeled upon her:

"What a — loathsome mind you have! Will you leave me, please?"

"No, I'll show you this. And then we'll get to business." And Fanny produced a large envelope, from which she took out a few typewritten pages. "Just look these over," she advised, "and then tell me whether I shall go." And as Ethel hesitated, "You'd better. They're very important."

Ethel took them and read them, and as she did so her rage and scorn changed first into bewilderment and then into a sickening fright. She felt all at once so off her ground. She had always heard of detectives and their reports of shadowed wives, but that sort of thing had just been in the papers and had never seemed very real. "This is about *me!*" she thought. It told of every meeting she had had with Dwight, in his studio and in other places, once at the Ritz where they had dined and gone to the opera, twice in the Park where they had walked. Such clean times, all three of them, but how disgusting they now appeared! For here were bits about Dwight's past, his record with women — two were named. He had been a co-respondent once! And his studio was described in detail, with emphasis on a big lounge in one corner! . . . Suddenly it was laughable! And so she laughed at Fanny! And Fanny replied:

"You mean he won't believe it!"

Ethel went on laughing. Joe *wouldn't* believe it! She wished he would come and turn this woman out on the street! She felt relief unspeakable!

"You've forgotten," Fanny added, "that you lied to him about your friend."

"How dare you say that?"

"Because I have the facts. On the second of December Joe brought Dwight to dine with you, and you acted as though you'd never met. I gathered that from Joe himself when I saw him the next day. While the truth of it was you'd been seeing Dwight ever since the first of October."

"Yes? That will be easy enough to explain." But Ethel felt herself turning white. She sank down and thought, "Now you'll need all your nerve. Don't get faint, you've got to think clearly." But she was not given time.

"And all that had been going on while you were supposed to be home with the baby." Mrs. Carr leaned forward briskly. "Now the thing for you to do is exactly what I tell you. But before I do that, there's just one thing I wish you to understand about me. If you want to keep Joe, keep him. I don't want him — I never did. I've laughed at you again and again for what you thought I was trying to do. All I want is to be let alone to go on with Joe as I always have. What I mean by that you won't understand, because you don't understand my life. A woman like me in this city needs one man who'll be her friend — the big brother idea — to help and advise her, carry her through when she's down a bit. And Joe has always been like that.

"Why? Because of Amy. When she first came to New York, you remember, it was on a visit to me. I had known her back in boarding-school. Well, the visit lengthened out. I saw how crazy she was for the town, and I was fairly well off then, so I let her stay and gave her a home — let her meet my friends, Joe included. I had a husband at the time who was in the real estate business. He knew Joe. So I took Joe and handed him over to Amy. [*Continued on page 47*]

The Keepers of the Light

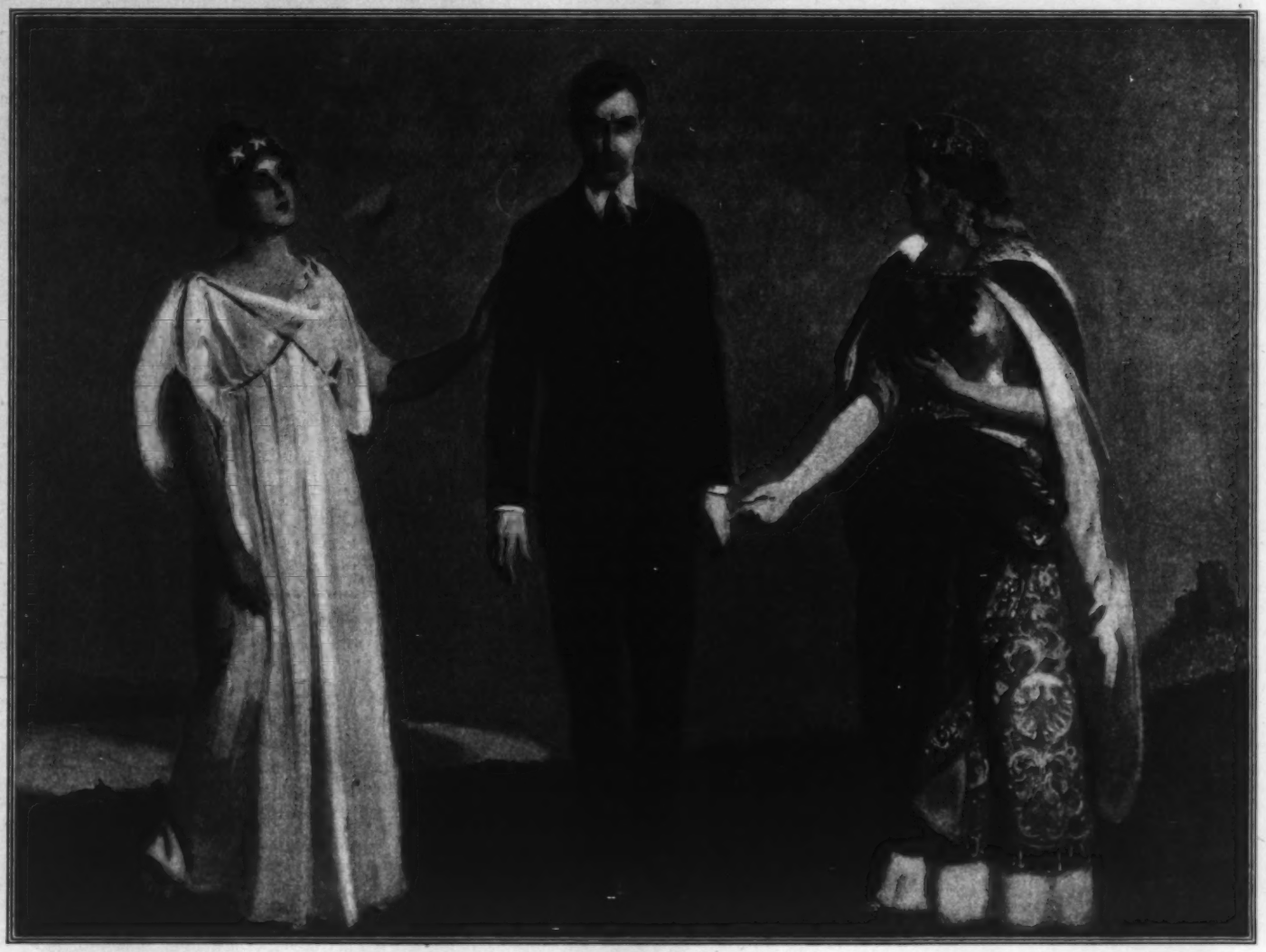
by

Theodosia Garrison

WE are the keepers of that steadfast light
That guides a people's course and destiny;
Not ours the skill directing over the sea
The mighty beams that blaze the path aright:
Ours but the hands that, serving, keep it bright,
The bringers of the oil, the workers we
Who day long, without pause and faithfully,
Toil that its radiance may pierce the night.

Above us are the wills that guide and turn;
It is not ours to watch nor question these:
Ours but to see each wick is trimmed and fit,
Lest on a night of storm it fails to burn
And a Great Ship goes down in awful seas.
O, Keepers of the light, keep faith with it!

Next month, a remarkable new series begins on "The Conquest of the Huns," written by H. C. Witwer from the notes of a young American who was captured by the Prussians. A glimpse into the future—an astounding record that will wake you up



Where Do You Stand?

An Appeal to Americans of German Origin

by Hermann Hagedorn

Illustration by B. J. Rosenmeyer

WHERE do you stand?

North and South, East and West, in every part of the country that question is today being addressed to us, Americans of German origin. In words; or if not in words, in glances; in handshakes less friendly than they used to be; in countless ways, that question is being put to us, morning, noon and night: *Where do you stand?*

A few have by their actions answered that they stand first and last with Germany, and they have been put under lock and key.

A greater number have declared unmistakably that they stand with America against Germany; and they have been greeted by their countrymen as Americans who have been put to a bitter test and have not been found wanting.

But the majority, the large majority, have not answered at all. "I deny anyone the right to ask me where I stand!" they cry. "I am an American citizen. As such I naturally support my government. To question my Americanism is an insult that I will not tolerate."

They are absolutely sincere when they say that; and yet, may one not wonder whether they are quite awake to the gravity of their own situation or the peril of their country when they thus reject, as an affront, the simple request of their fellow-citizens that in this great crisis they declare themselves clearly and unmistakably?

"I APPEAL to you, my fellow Americans of German blood, because I am one of you," cries Mr. Hagedorn in this rousing article. "I have stood on Germany's side, I have walked in the valley of the shadow of neutrality, but I now stand irrevocably with the cause of the Allies which, thank God, is now the cause of America"

"Why should we German-Americans alone be called upon to give evidence of our complete loyalty?" they cry. "It is not patriotism that prompts our neighbors to ask us where we stand. It is hatred, it is intolerance, it is the spirit of the Inquisition! We should be weak to bow to it. Not we are the ones who are faithless to the ideals of the Republic. Those who raise the race issue, those who cast distrust upon us, not because we have shown ourselves deserving of distrust, but because we happen to have German names and German blood and German words on our lips— they are the ones who are faithless. Go to them! Show *them* the error of their ways and you will have the united nation you want. You will never achieve it by persecuting a body of citizens, of proved integrity and conscientiousness, merely because they are not of British origin. Never in this world!"

Thus, or in similar words, these Americans of German blood answer the question: *Where do you stand?*

And yet — is there not another side to the matter?

We are engaged in a great war. This war involves not two nations only, but the whole world. It is not a war for the correction of a boundary, the possession of a colony, the monopoly of any trade route. The war is costing each of the nations involved more in mere money in a week than any trade monopoly could yield them profits in a year, or any colony in ten years or any readjusted boundary in a hundred. This is not a war

for dollars on either side. No men fight for dollars the way the armies are fighting in France and Flanders. They fight thus only for religion or a principle.

The question is not: *Where do you come from?* but *What are your convictions?* In a war merely between nations there may be intelligent individuals in all the nations involved who may be neutral; but not in a war of conflicting principles. There are no neutrals in this war.

Where do you stand? The question has been put to nations and to men again and again since that tragic day in 1914 when the Great War began. Turkey and Bulgaria answered it in one way; Serbia and Belgium answered it in another. The same question, *Where do you stand?* was put to the government and the people of the United States. Not only the Allies, not only pro-Ally leaders in America, but, in a sense, even Germany herself put the question to us in every protesting word she spoke concerning America's dealings in loans and munitions with the Allies. "*He who is not for us is against us. Where do you stand?*"

On April 2nd, 1917, the President gave his answer.

To the President, to public officials, public leaders, and private citizens of whatever origin all over the country, the question has been squarely put, "*Where do you stand?*" and the majority of them have squarely answered: "*I stand with and for the United States and against Germany.*"

Why should we Americans of German origin be treated with more tender consideration than the President or than citizens of other origins?

There is no reason. There is, on the other hand, every reason why the question should be put to us.

Before America's entrance into the War, the majority of German-Americans were frankly pro-German. The public utterances of their leaders, the resolutions adopted by their societies, the editorials in the German language newspapers, religious as well as secular, were all pro-German. That portion of the American people which is not of German blood conceived, whether rightly or wrongly, the idea that German-Americans regarded as right and just everything which Germany did or demanded; and regarded as utterly iniquitous any action which America might take in opposition to those deeds or in contravention of those demands. No German-American leader, no German-American society or newspaper, ever voiced any sincere indignation against the sinking of the *Lusitania*, which stands today and will always stand as the symbol of Germany's aggression against America's rights and America's honor. The Americans who were not pro-German drew the conclusion — mistaken, I believe — that German-Americans as a body applauded that act.

AMERICA is now at war, if not solely at least incidentally, in consequence of the destruction without warning of the *Lusitania* and other ships.

The German-Americans for various reasons tacitly or openly approved of those sinkings.

Can we, Americans of German blood, absolutely loyal as we may be, wonder that other Americans should, with a worried look, ask us, "*Say, old man, where do you stand?*"

To ask that question, not with rancor in the heart or fire in the eye but in all friendliness, is not a slur on any man's Americanism. It is not persecution. It is not an evidence of anti-German hysteria. It is plain common sense.

Such a question cannot be dismissed with an indignant snort and a look of wounded pride and the general protest that an American of German origin is as good a patriot as any other American. Nor can it be satisfactorily evaded by the declaration on the part of the man questioned that he does not recognize the hyphen but considers himself an American and nothing but an American and therefore refuses to answer questions based on the assumption that he is a German-American. We are dealing here not with the names of things but with the things themselves. A man of recent German origin may rightly choose not to call himself a German-American. But that choice does not alter the fact that his origin is German. He may call himself a red Indian or a pink carnation, but the fact remains that he is a man of German blood to whom other Americans have a right in this crisis to say, "*Neighbor, this is a difficult business for you, isn't it? I'm sorry as the devil for you. But — so there won't be any misunderstanding — tell me exactly, where do you stand?*"

German-Americans have been asked that question again and again, and the majority have, in the face of it, clung to a half-scornful, half-indignant silence.

The average American of other blood than German is by nature quick in jumping at conclusions, a little too quick. Under the lash of war he is inclined to be even quicker. Because an American with a German name and a German cast of features refuses persistently to declare himself *for* America and *against* Germany, this average American has a tendency to stamp on his hat and cry, "This man is a damned traitor!"

That assumption is in nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of ten thousand absurd. Americans of German origin, with the exception of a dastardly few, are absolutely loyal to the government of the United States. To them, America's entrance into the war is, in a sense, a soul's tragedy. To them, America is merely the dupe of England, bound to her inveterate enemy by links of gold forged by American financiers and munition-makers. America, they bitterly complain, has again become a British colony.

"You ask where do we stand?" they cry. "Are we not giving our sons to the army and navy, our hard-earned money to the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Liberty Loans? What more do you want of us? Do you expect us to shout with enthusiasm for a war into which we believe America should never have entered? We are doing our share. We are doing more than many Americans whose forefathers came over in the *Mayflower*. Let America accept that and be satisfied and not ask us to stand in the streets reviling the country of our fathers."

The American of German origin believes that from the very beginning of the Great War, the attitude of the American government was unneutral, favoring the Allies, especially England, and discriminating cruelly against Germany. He claims that in the face of British aggression, our government was weak while in the face of Germany's most moderate demands, it was relentless and hard. It protested vociferously, for instance, against Germany's proclamation of a war zone about the British Isles, though it had remained silent when England several months previously had issued a similar proclamation concerning the North Sea. It insisted on hampering the activities of Germany's submarines, he claims, but accepted meekly all of England's Orders in Council in regard to contraband, the blockade and the blacklisting of American business houses. English mines, he contends, sank as many American ships without warning as German submarines. But instead of protesting, the American government surrendered its soul into the hands of the British Foreign Office and obediently declared war against Germany.

There, briefly, are the German-American's grievances against the American government. Some of them are fantastic, some have a measure of truth behind them; all of them are sincere and deeply felt. None of them are to be lightly thrown aside by other Americans, as inconsequential.

But these are not all of the grievances which have temporarily embittered the American of German origin. He has grievances not only against the American government but also against the American people, especially the leaders in journalism, business and finance who, he contends, persisted in the most unneutral fashion in discriminating in favor of England and against Germany. He believes, for instance, that the most important newspapers in the country were at the opening of the War bought with cold cash by England and that American editors surrendered themselves, body and brain, to the dictation of the British Foreign Office. He contends that news favorable to Germany was suppressed and news unfavorable to her cause or her reputation either invented or richly colored. The whole story of German atrocities, he believes, is a legend created by mendacious British correspondents, and sent forth over neutral countries under the lustre of Lord Bryce's honored name in order to persuade neutral opinion that the hitherto gentle and peace-loving German had suddenly become a raving barbarian.

The German-American believes that the majority of American newspapers willfully misrepresented Germany's aims and political philosophy, her history, her form of government, the attitude of her rulers toward the common people, her methods of warfare; inciting America to hatred of Germany and all things German by flaunting in misleading headlines the statements of German extremists and exaggerating beyond all reason the influence of certain rabid militarists like Bernhardi and Treitschke who, he declares, were without influence in Germany. He insists that air raids over defenseless towns were initiated not by Germany but by France in an attack on the city of Nuremberg during the first days of August, 1914; and not even the evidence of Nuremberg newspapers to the contrary will in this matter convince him of his error.

The German-American contends, furthermore, that American bankers committed a series of unneutral acts, in contravention of international law, in loaning large sums of money to the Allies during the years before America entered the war. He contends, beyond this, that the traffic with the Allies in arms and ammunition was not only inhuman but unneutral; that America, while professing neutrality and friendship for Germany, was actually doing her utmost to help defeat Germany. He believes absolutely that without this assistance from the United States, the Allies would have been defeated in 1915.

Here again are questions which the march of events have relegated to the limbo of dead issues. There is no use today in discussing them, in pointing out that Germany has herself always insisted on trafficking in munitions at all times and with all countries; that an American embargo would have created a precedent which might at some later date have worked to our own disaster; that Germany herself floated a loan in the United States early in the war and that German-language newspapers advised their readers to invest in it. We Americans of German origin are seeking here not to accuse any of our fellow citizens, of German or other blood, of unreason, of lack of logic. War is not a matter of reason; it is a matter of emotion. No man and no nation can fight because cold logic tells them they should. They fight because in certain cases something higher than reason or in other cases something lower than reason tells them that they must. War has a tendency to cloud logic always.

The German-American believes that he has not been given a "square deal." Government, the newspapers, finance, big business, have all, he contends, discriminated wantonly and most unjustly against the country to which in time of her peril his natural affections turned. This hostility toward Germany as a nation, fed by unjust vilification, extended itself, he contends, long before America entered the war, to hostility to all things German in the United States. Though he may not be able to produce tangible proofs, he believes firmly that, fostered by British propaganda, there has in the United States long been under way a deliberate persecution of Germans and Germanism, aimed to crush out what he considers the liberalizing influences of Teutonic ideas with "the muckerdom of English puritanism."

Germany and the German-Americans have, in the eyes of the American of German origin of whom we speak, had a "raw deal."

What answer has the great body of Americans, who think otherwise, to give him?

THIS is no time for any American citizen of whatever birth or blood to attempt to justify or refute grievances which had their origin in issues which today are as dead as Babylon and Heliopolis. These things belong to the past, to those "mute, inglorious" years whose memory we trust the grand sweep of this present time to cover with charitable wings.

The American government and that majority of the American people which is of other than Teutonic origin, in those years, the German-American believes, committed grievous errors, acts of bitter injustice, sins of omission and commission which he finds it difficult to forgive. But [*Continued on page 35*]

"I Am Against Germany"

"I SAY to you most solemnly, the time has come for us all who are of German origin to stand forth and publicly declare ourselves:

"I, an American citizen of German blood, believe in America, my country, and in the principles of liberty, equality and democracy for which she stands. Therefore, and inevitably, I am against Germany. I wish to see my country victorious and Germany defeated. To the fulfilment of this wish I pledge my hands, my heart and my spirit!"

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How the Great War Came to Me

[*Continued from page 15*]

Two weeks!

"Let me hear the scratched one. If it's not too bad, I'll take it."

We closed the bargain at half the usual price. My next purchase was a flag, part cotton bunting, at a dollar. I asked the clerk who sold it to me if there was a Red Cross chapter in town. He told me the workrooms were not open that afternoon, but I could find out all about it by telephoning the chairman. He was very pleasant and gave me her telephone number on a piece of paper.

Perhaps it was my nervousness — I couldn't make her understand. She kept telling me I must come to the regular meeting and enroll with the secretary to get my pin. They would be so glad to have me work — could I use a machine or did I prefer to wind bandages? She rambled on, sweet and polite, with me trying to explain that the train 'bus would leave in fifteen minutes, and all I wanted was four little Red Cross pins in return for my four dollars!

You women who can walk down a well-kept avenue, or step off a trolley-car in front of Red Cross Headquarters, cannot understand what I went through to get those buttons. Weeks and many letters passed before I learned the names of our state officers, and more weeks before anyone could find time to answer my letter.

But meantime many other things happened. I wrote to the Food Administration and the Department of Agriculture at Washington for the food pledge and the bulletins. I put my family on rations, and conserved sugar even though we still had a barrel in the store-room. Half a cup of sugar daily and no more. If we ate it all at table, there was none for baking. It gave me an indescribable thrill every Saturday when I poured the balance into a big stone jar. It might never reach France, but it was being conserved.

Instead of letting the children turn on the phonograph as they liked, to keep them out of mischief, I made a ceremony of it, giving programs afternoons or evenings, especially Sundays, and always starting with "The Star Spangled Banner," all of us standing.

I planned a real function for the flag-raising. Bud whittled a pole for me and rustled a rusty pulley, so we could raise it and take it down every day. I rigged up Little Jim like Uncle Sam, dyeing flour sacking red and blue. I made Emily a red, white and blue sash. Bud Hylan took a day off to invite everybody within ten miles. I planned to serve lemonade and cake.

We lived on cake for days. Nobody came except the Cruceros, our nearest Mexican neighbors, whom I shall always believe Bud threatened with the black curse if they did not show up.

For you see, by this time, talk of the draft was coming our way. It was mighty unpopular — and so was any woman in favor of war and the administration. I didn't realize this until the next Sunday for monthly services in the schoolhouse. It was our turn to entertain the minister. I suggested carrying over our flag and starting services with "America." He looked embarrassed and said he guessed we'd better not start any ill-feeling in the Lord's house. When Big Jim pressed my foot under the table, I nodded.

Just the same I kept right on doing what I called my bit. It took more than six weeks of correspondence to get the right kind of needles and yarn and the Red Cross knitting instructions, but all that time I was learning how to cast on, bind off, knit two and purl two, using over and over again a couple of balls of soft twine that my Big Jim dug out of the stock at Dalton Centre, on needles loaned me by Joe Beasley's great-aunt who had knitted for the boys in gray during the civil war.

The magazines about saved the day for me, by keeping me busy till the yarn came. One month the editor asked for scraps of soft clean linen and muslin. Making up that bundle took time.

All this kept us in touch with the big outside world at work for its soldiers. But still I did not dare look long at the pictures in the magazines. Woman-like, I missed my own kind, women of my own age, thrilling with woman power.

September — and the draft!

My first knitted set was ready — sweater, helmet, wristlets and socks. Following my policy, I had promised the children to make an event of packing the box. To each garment we would attach a tiny flag and a cheery note to the soldier who might receive it. And instead of sending the parcel to Dalton Centre by Bud and his cowpony, Big Jim had agreed to drive us all over in the spring wagon, which to the children meant ginger-snaps from a barrel near the post-office window.

So that morning I raised the flag with more than usual impressiveness. On the table lay the khaki-colored garments, and close at hand the phonograph. But I let Big Jim put on the record. A great weariness possessed me. I could knit and dream, but the war was just as far from Dalton Centre as ever.

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light—"

With an effort I dragged myself to my feet. What did it matter that my girl-child stood with that strange, rapt look — that my tiny man-child saluted?

"O'er the land of the free — and the home of the b-eeerave"

Hysterical tears choked me. Then I saw my Big Jim turn sharply. A shadow had fallen across our narrow porch. I turned to follow my husband's wondering gaze. In the dooryard stood Bud Hylan and Joe Beasley's second boy, Hank, — their heels brought together, till spurs touched, their bright bandanas knotted carelessly at their bronzed throats, their soft Stetsons resting in exactly the same position on their breasts and their eyes raised.

The needle of the phonograph crunched and ground. I felt rather than saw Big Jim stop the machine. Then out of the wonderful autumn sunlight dripped Bud's soft drawl:

"I just stopped in — Hank's outside — t' say we'd save you expressin' that knitted stuff, bein' as we've decided t' enlist over t' Santa Rosa. Ef we wait fur the draft, nobody'll know ef we went fur love of the flag or fear of jail. And ef it's more fashion'ble t' wear knitted than flannel or leather duds in the army, Hank and me'd like to be dolled up like the rest. So ef it's just the same to you, we'll tote 'em right along in our packs."

We wrapped them just as we had planned, in the white paper, tied with red and blue cord. Then we stood, the four of us, watching until the last flurry of white dust, raised by the two ponies, had subsided.

When I turned to my Big Jim, he laid his hand on my shoulder. The love-light in his eyes sent a new, a different thrill through me. He bent and kissed me — not on my lips, but on my hair.

"Well, dear, the war has come to Dalton Centre at last!"

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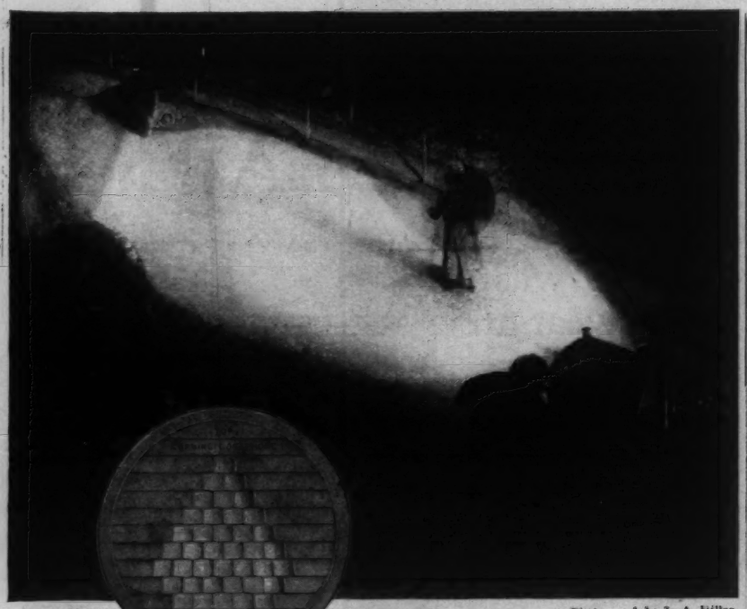

The Conaphore
Smooth front surface. Easily cleaned

Photograph by L. A. Hiller
Note how the mellow light from the Conaphore shoots through the mist. There is no "back-glare" to confuse the driver

The only light that shoots through fog and rain

How the Conaphore gives your headlights this exclusive feature

WHENEVER an ordinary headlight beam is projected through fog or rain, a dangerous "back-glare" of diffused light from his own lamps blurs the driver's vision. This is the reason. Any ordinary light is composed of rays of every color blended together. The blue and violet rays are easily diffused by small particles in the air, and thus are the chief cause of "back-glare."

Conaphores correct this dangerous condition because they are made of Noviol Glass (*patented*). This unique, yellowish-tint glass absorbs the blue and violet rays, and so practically eliminates "back-glare." Thus the Conaphore shoots a powerful light right through fog and rain.

Under any weather conditions the Conaphore beam makes the easiest light for your eye to follow, and gives you perfect road vision at all times. Other motorists and pedestrians recognize it as the true "signal of safety," and you never need to dim.

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The Conaphore entirely eliminates the menace of glare. It uses all the light, but controls it within the law's requirements.

Patented corrugations on the inner surface of the Conaphore bend down the light rays and shoot them along the road. Cylinders fan the light sidewise. This provides 500 ft. range, with ample side illumination. As the height of the beam is never more than 42 inches, there is no chance of blinding approaching motorists and pedestrians. Thus the Conaphore gives you maximum range and at the same time kills all glare.

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Price List (per pair)	Noviol Glass	Clear Glass
5 to 6¼ inches incl.	$2.40	$1.60
7 to 8¾ inches incl.	3.50	2.50
8¾ to 10 inches incl.	4.50	3.00
10¾ to 11¾ inches incl.	6.00	4.00

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Pierces Fog and Dust — No Glare — Range 500 feet

CORNING GLASS WORKS ALSO MANUFACTURES PYREX TRANSPARENT OVEN DISHES

Wild Apples — *Continued from page 20*

the starter began in a flurried way, "the car is — this is one of our best ——"

Julian's father broke out cursing. His face purpled; it worked and twisted strangely. He flourished his stick, crying in that shrill, thinned voice:

"Get the devil out of here!"

His mother caught the raised arm, whispering loud:

"Stephen — Stephen!" Then, "Send him away. Stephen, come back in the hotel. People are noticing — you'll be heard. Oh — this is dreadful!"

Julian could see his father shake as he raged:

"Look what you've done! You've half killed your mother. Go on, can't you? Get out of here!"

"Oh, Stephen — don't speak so loud!"

Julian's machine went ahead to the tune of his mother's words. Still saving appearances. He hardly knew what he was doing till he found himself wheeled back into his post at the end of the waiting line. He couldn't see whether his mother and father had gone back into the hotel. He was surprised to find how hard this encounter hit him. He was trembling.

In the weeks that followed, Julian couldn't get rid of the sense of shock.

He didn't realize how long this black mood had held till one Sunday Madeline Kaylor stopped him in the lower hall as he came in from his lunch, and asked:

"Is anything the matter, Julian?"

"No. Why?"

She hesitated, studying his face doubtfully.

"Do you know that you haven't been like yourself for a month?"

"Yes, I know it."

"Then there *is* something the matter. Is it — I haven't offended you any way, have I?"

"No." Julian forced himself to be considerate. "Please don't worry."

"Julian," she leaned toward him, confidentially. "I'm just miserable about your working around the big hotels, and the swell end of town ——"

He made an impatient movement.

"Well, I couldn't help knowing that sooner or later you were bound to meet someone out of the past — and it would make you feel — just like it has."

"Well — and if I did?"

She fell back a little.

"I — Jule — I won't ask you any questions — but was it — Lynnie?"

"*Where did you get that name?*"

"For God's sake don't look at me like that! It was when you were delirious; you'd say it over a hundred times at a stretch — 'Lynnie, Lynnie, Lynnie' — it just went through my heart ——"

"Be still!"

"But listen. I just know she was what made the trouble. She wasn't worthy of you — she couldn't have been. And now, if you've been seeing her again — Oh, ain't it a friend's part to warn you?"

He started up the stairs. She faltered a step or two after him, calling:

"Wait — listen. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to find other lodgings."

"I'm awfully sorry you feel this way. Won't you say you forgive me?"

"Don't apologize. We'll drop it, please."

Half way down to the Hyde Street carline, he met Thatch; at the first glance Julian saw something strange in his appearance. They shook hands gravely.

"Suppose you ride down on the car with me. I'm due at Union Square in ten minutes."

"Let's go back to your room, Jule," Thatch spoke without looking at him. "I've got something to tell you."

"Not time." Julian glanced at his watch.

"Your father sent for me last night and asked me to come up and bring you back with me. He's sick."

"Seriously?"

"He ain't been well for two or three months." Thatch looked at him anxiously. "I guess he's had his passports handed to him this time, Jule."

"Why should I go to him?" the words came half unconsciously. "What is he to me? What am I to him? Did he really send you up here for me, Thatch?" Then it seemed he ought to make himself clear; he cared enough about Thatch for that. "If it's the money you're thinking of, there's nothing to it, Thatch," he said slowly. "I — I saw my father last September. He looked ill enough at that time. But what happened then makes me wonder if he really sent for me, if he actually wants to see me."

"Un-hunh," Thatch nodded. "He told me about running onto you. Said, being sick, it gave him a sort of jump, and he bawled you out pretty rough, but he didn't think you'd hold spite."

"I don't." Julian knew now for whom the emotion and anxiety in Thatch's face had been. Spite — hold spite against the poor soul he had seen there in front of the hotel?

"We'll have to hustle if we catch the 9:15 down." Julian opened the street door and went ahead up the stairs. "I'm packed, as it happens. I was getting ready to move."

"Going to move — from One-thirty-nine?"

"Leaving town," Julian shielded Madeline from criticism.

"Oh!" They had got into the third-floor hall, almost running. Thatch jerked the telephone book from its hook up there. "I'll call us a taxi," he said.

His hand was on the receiver when Madeline called up:

"Was that you, Julian? Anything the matter? What brought you back?"

"Well!" She halted and stared at the newcomer. "For goodness' sake! Where'd you drop from, Thatch Dye?"

"From San Vicente — Las Reudas."

"Don't take everything away," she pleaded. "You'll be coming back to San Francisco. And when you come back — oh, Jule!"

"He's not coming back," said Thatch.

"Oh, God, Thatch — you don't know what this means to me!"

Thatch stopped her with a gesture. "His father's dying," he said brusquely.

That sobered her. She pulled herself together, drew close to Julian and whispered:

"Ain't I ever going to see you again?" Then, with an hysteric mounting of her tone, "I can't bear it — I just can't bear it — oh!"

"Let up on that stuff, Maddy," Thatch called sharply through the open door.

"You oughtn't to speak to her that way, Thatch," he said gently. "You hurt her feelings. She's been a good friend to me — when I needed one."

"Listen to him! God knows it's true."

Thatch shut the door on her grief and his telephoning. Julian heard the expressman called, the taxi ordered, then choking, smothered tones from Maddy, and Thatch's:

"Aw, Maddy — there — there — don't cry! Say — I didn't mean to be rough with you — honest, I didn't!"

[*To be continued*]

Surely You Will Not Fail

Are You Sharing Your Food to Help Win the War?

by Mabel Dulon Purdy

FOOD spared and shipped from our own supply in sufficient quantities to feed and encourage the Allies, until the full force of America's strength can actually be felt on the battle field, is the only thing that will keep the enemy from our coast. Wheat, meat, fats, sugar are still the great staples needed. Although we have been sparing these foods for many months, from our own normal use, and as a result have succeeded in shipping great quantities, the food situation in Europe has become increasingly difficult from day to day, until we are now facing the most critical period of the war. Where we have saved an ounce or a pound before, we must now save two, and this food must be shipped before it is too late.

Conditions are such in the United States that forced rationing, covering all people, and all classes, and all sections of the country, is not entirely just nor practical. What is given must, to the greatest extent, be given freely and voluntarily. "Those who have most must give most."

Late in January, Lord Rhondda cabled as follows: "Unless you are able to send the Allies at least 75,000,000 bushels of wheat over and above what you have exported up to January 1st, and in addition to the total exportable surplus from Canada, I cannot take the responsibility of assuring our people that there will be food enough to win the war. Imperative necessity compels me to cable you in this blunt way. No one knows better than I that the American people, regardless of national and individual sacrifice, have so far refused nothing that is needed for the war, but it now lies with America to decide whether or not the Allies in Europe shall have enough bread to hold out until the United States is able to throw its force into the field. I have not minced words because I am convinced that the American people, if they know the truth, will not hesitate to meet the emergency."

And, for the American people, the Food Administration answered:

"We will export every grain that the American people save from their normal consumption. We believe our people will not fail to meet the emergency."

The United States Food Administration has figured that even the great total quantity needed for shipping is only a small percentage of our normal consumption, but this percentage is needed. Forty per cent of the people are already saving all, and giving all they possibly can. But there are sixty per cent left — who either waste or over-eat.

Two and one-half ounces of fat, per capita, a day has been estimated as a liberal allowance for health and food satisfaction. Do not exceed this — and the strength of the Allies will hold until other help can reach them.

One and one-half ounces of sugar a day — 3 pounds a month — is more than we need. Do not exceed this.

BEFORE EATING — THINK OF THESE

To Spare Wheat *Serve — Ask for — Eat*	*To Spare Meat* *Serve — Ask for — Eat*	*To Spare Sugar* *Serve — Ask for — Eat*
Barley Bread	Beans, Baked	Dried Fruits
Barley Scones	Bean Soups	Dates
Boston Brown Bread	Beans, Stewed	Date Puddings
Bran Fruit Gems	Cheese, with Cereals	Dates, with Cereals
Buckwheat Cakes	Cheese Purée	Figs
Buckwheat Muffins	Cheese Soufflée	Fig Puddings
Cornbreads and Muffins	Chowders, Fish	Fresh Fruits
Corn Griddle Cakes	Chowders, Vegetable	Fruit-nut Candies
Corn-rye Gems	Cocoa and Chocolate	Honey
Corn Waffles	Eggs, with Cereals	Honey Cakes
Corn-wheat Bread	Eggs, with Sauces	Honey Frosting
Date-rye Muffins	Eggs, with Vegetables	Honey Pop-corn Balls
Hominy Popovers	Fish — all kinds	Maple Sugar
Nut Brown Bread	Lentils, with Rice	Maple Sugar Cakes
Oatmeal Bread	Lentil Soup	Maple Sugar Candies
Oatmeal Cookies	Local Game and Poultry	Maple Sugar Frosting
Oatmeal Muffins	Milk	Molasses
Oatmeal Scones	Mushrooms, with Vegetables	Molasses Cakes
Rice Gems	Nuts	Molasses Puddings
Rye Bread	Nut Breads	Prune Puddings
Rye Meal Biscuits	Nut and Cereal Dishes	Raisin Breads
Rye Gingerbread	Potatoes, with Cheese	Raisin Cakes
Rye Liberty Cake	Omelets, with Vegetables	Raisin Puddings
Southern Spoon Bread	Peanut Butter Sandwiches	Stuffed Dates
Soy Meal Gems	Vegetable Dinners	Vegetable Candies

To spare fat, check all waste, use vegetable oils and nut butters in cooking, and do not serve or eat fried foods or pastry.

"If each individual in the United States consumes a half pint of milk per day, the amount of meat that may be regarded as necessary does not exceed two ounces per capita per day."*

By using other cereals and more potatoes we can safely reduce the normal amount of wheat flour, now purchased and used, by at least one-third.

Meat can be materially spared if we use milk freely, but this does not mean careless use or wasting. Milk is a valuable food, and, at any price, a cheap food. From one pint to a quart of whole milk a day for each child, and from one-half to one pint for each adult is a wise allowance. "Milk consumption in the United States should not fall below one pint of milk per capita per day."* A general demand for this amount would not only save the needed meat, but, at the same time, increase the dairying business, which is equally important — for the strength of a country is measured by the size of its herds and the number of its milch cows. How much milk are you using, and how much meat are you sparing?"

*Kellogg and Taylor, The Food Problem, Chapter VI. This book will help you very much with your own food problem.

For details or further information on food conservation address Editorial Department of McClure's. This service is free to our readers

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To make sure of getting Heinz Vinegars, buy them in glass, bottled and sealed in the Heinz establishment, distinctly labeled with the Heinz name. They are as good as vinegars can be made.

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In bottles and cans
One of the
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The Woman Behind the Soldier — *Continued from page 5*

him. He wants their understanding and encouragement. He wants to do his bit, and if things go wrong and he is not to come back he wants to feel that he is paying, not for a diplomatic juggle, but for something fine and great and worth while. The price is, God knows, all he has. Let him realize that what he is paying for is worth the cost.

And, as yet, our women are not doing this. Not as a whole.

The reason is not difficult to find. It lies, first, in the psychology of the woman herself. She is an individualist. Her horizon is generally bounded by the walls of her home. To protect that home she will fight, will even die. Her vigilance is eternal. She thinks in terms of the family. It is her nation. Almost it is her religion. Certainly her religion is founded on it. To anything, then, that threatens the home she is antagonistic. And it is difficult to convince her today of the fundamental fact of this war, that it is for the homes of this country that it is being fought.

The average woman will not believe that. The war is still far away. She cannot conceive of it being brought here. She will not realize that, to prevent it coming here, we are fighting now on foreign soil.

And that is a matter of ignorance — ignorance not of her own choosing, but of the system which has until now shut women away from the larger issues of life, from knowledge of politics and economics and that interlocking between nations which is at once their safety and their danger.

SO I find, among women who think, a vast resentment against this war. Against any war. For wars are manmade. And it is women who bear the sons to fight them.

Men are more careless of life than women. They do not know the cost of it, not in birth alone, but in the long, early years. They are prodigal of it, in themselves and in others. And the isolation of women from political life, their enforced acquiescence in vital steps such as war in which they have had no voice, has left them with a feeling of helplessness that under the circumstance is actually cruel.

There is another factor here, a result of their political isolation. Their enforced inactivity has resulted in a sort of blind dependence on the government. And in recent months the press has been, from all sides, attacking the government in its conduct of the war.

Undoubtedly certain attacks were necessary. Only that nation is safe which is discontented. Smug complacence is the greatest enemy of progress. But the result to women has been largely to destroy their faith in those who control the safety of their men, while they themselves can do nothing to alter the conditions.

So our women sit back and see their faith in the government wavering, for as a class women believe what they read. And a great war is hanging over them to which they are asked, without having had a voice in its determination, to make the ultimate sacrifice. And since it has been our tendency to stress the horrors of this war rather than the vital principles underlying it, they find growing in them a vast resentment — resentment at their own helplessness.

Our national attitude has done nothing to reassure them. The great issues of the war are being lost sight of in party politics and small rancors.

A certain morbid view is inevitable. And revelations of departmental deficiencies have brought their inevitable train of discontent. To the men of the country, facing the industrial upset which confronts us, there is relief in action. To the woman at home there are long quiet hours, with the empty places that she feels may never be filled again; and she broods.

It is more than understandable. But it is wrong, fatally wrong. And it should not be inevitable. To lay less stress on our errors and more on the principle of humanity behind the war, to restore their confidence in the government, even by drastic steps as to re-organization, to let them know their own importance as moral factors, would be to align them solidly.

It is well, however, to remind ourselves that the present attitude of the rank and file of our women refers to the situation before the fact. After the fact, when our men are really engaged in war, when the casualty lists begin to fill our papers, I look for a great change and a great awakening among women as a class. And undoubtedly we will find, as have the other countries at war, the same high courage, the same ability to rise above private grief, and the same determination to carry on to the end, that have made the women of the warring countries the wonder and awe of the world.

Back of all the quiet resistance of our women is the one fundamental fact, not borne out by the facts, but impossible to get away from, that every woman who gives a son is, in her own mind, sending him to his death. That the chances of death have been shown to be only one in seventeen, and recently only one in twenty, is known to comparatively few, and those who do know it see in that tragic twentieth their own.

It is axiomatic that a soldier's mind must be free for the business in hand. It is life-and-death business. It requires no half-heart, no divided effort; no reservations. A man gives himself or he does not. Yet there are multitudes of women today who have not grasped that fact, and by their failure they may do the very thing they wish to avoid — increase the danger to the man they love.

Fighting is a state of mind. Almost all troops can be sent forward, over the top. But there is an imaginary line, some twenty-five yards or so from the enemy trenches, where one of two things happens. Either the line breaks and the men retire, or they go on. The thing which carries them on, over those last few feet, is a psychological element. Military men call it "the will to use the bayonet." And the winning of any attack depends, in the last analysis, on "the will to use the bayonet."

Military training and discipline have sent the men forward. But at that breaking point military training ends. What happens beyond it is up to the man himself. He goes ahead, or he turns back. And in that ability, that "will to use the bayonet," to go on past the breaking point, is summed up many things — his early training, his conviction of the justice of his cause — else he must not kill — *and the woman behind him.*

Women must realize this. They must learn that the safety for which they pray daily in their churches lies partly in their own hands. A half-hearted soldier is a defeated soldier. This battle is indeed to the strong, and strength in modern war is moral, not physical.

In one great army camp fifty thousand letters are received by the men each day, nearly all written by women. A careful investigation has shown that one in five, or ten thousand letters a day in that one camp, are of the sort to take the very soul out of a man. And the investigation showed this — that on the day a man received a discouraged and peevish letter from home he was far below his normal efficiency.

If this is anything like the ratio of similar letters received by our troops abroad — and there seems to be no reason to believe otherwise — one hundred and fifty thousand men in France are receiving thirty thousand discouraging letters a day, letters which lay stress on home difficulties, deprivations and sicknesses past and over before the man at the front receives the disheartening word.

So, by letters alone, the women of this country may make our army only eighty per cent. efficient. And that in a war where five per cent. of superiority may mean victory.

Women, confronted with war, pass through, generally speaking, three phases. Revolt first. No woman wants war. She knows the cost of life too well. Then readjustment. She must change her habits of mind. She must, in many cases, change her habits of living. She faces loneliness, and always before her there is the imminent question of danger and death. And, in the end, there comes a high courage, a resignation which is of strength, not of weakness, and a growth and uplift of spirit which are mercifully given to carry her through to the end.

NO women in the world have been so carefully guarded and protected as American women. Our freedom has been physical. Mentally and morally we are deeply dependent on our men. The chivalry and thoughtfulness of the American man is proverbial. In millions of homes the women are now taking up the real business of life for the first time, assuming strange responsibilities, earning, struggling with bank accounts, learning, thinking, taking over new burdens, and the result will be a great strengthening.

There are many who believe that this great war, with its enormous losses, will result in a new social order, that the preponderance of women and the necessity for re-populating those countries where young life has been destroyed, will result in a universal and nationally-sanctioned letting down of the bars. This seems unlikely. Political changes may come, are coming. But social changes are of slow growth. The attitude of women toward the home and the sanctity of the marriage tie, toward chastity, will not alter in one year or ten. We are safe, I am sure, in assuming that here at least, among a people strongly individualistic, in a nation founded on the conviction that the whole can never be greater than the sum of its parts, and that no benefit to the people as a whole can be bought at the cost to the individual of self-respect — we are safe in assuming that our social order will see no change.

But the change in women, already preparing before the war, is coming more rapidly than it otherwise would. Independence to the free woman had already arrived. Independence of thought and of action, sturdy self-reliance, and ability to think for herself, to determine on a course of action and carry it through — this is coming to millions of hitherto sheltered women.

The result?

It is three-fold, I think.

First of all, there is the necessity for getting behind this war. That will come quite certainly, when women realize the vast importance of their part in it. And that part is to make a contented army; to send their men away with a "God bless you," and a smile; to write encouraging and high-spirited letters; to stop complaining and to bear their burdens with pride, as a soldier carries a scar.

Second, there is the necessity among women for fuller knowledge. As a class, they have lived in the home. It has been their world. To many of them has come for the first time the knowledge that the four walls of home do not bound the universe; that they may not live in the world without being of the world; that peace must sometimes be bought with a price.

FULLER knowledge of world conditions is necessary, because women are now about to enter the political life of the nation. To too many, political power is coming with no knowledge of how to use it. In such hands it is not only useless, it may be even a menace. Women cannot expect to enter the political field without knowledge. The rank and file cannot begin where men leave off. In all humility, let us learn the fundamentals of government. It is government, not the politics of government, which interest us. And the first principle of government is responsibility, duty to the state. We are rendering that duty now, but too many of us do not know why.

Because this war, no matter how it started, is for the United States, one purely of a principle, it is certain that the phases of revolt and readjustment will pass quickly. And the women of the nation will soon stand solidly behind it. But it is unfortunate, from a woman's viewpoint, that it has been called a war for democracy. To the average woman that means nothing. Call it what it really is — a war for humanity. Call it a war for peace. Call it a war to end wars, if your faith holds, and [*Continued on page 56*]

HE went to France — just a plain, ordinary American soldier — one of millions; but he took her with him the way that you, if you were a soldier, would want to take the one woman in the world, with you. Try as he would he could not keep her at home. The story of "The Girl He Did Not Leave Behind Him," told in pictures, will appear in the May McClure's

The designs at the left are, reading from the top, Congoleum Art-Carpet Pattern Nos. 5030, 5026, and 5020, respectively.

The design illustrated above is Congoleum Art-Carpet Pattern No. 5036.

CONGOLEUM
Gold Seal
FLOOR-COVERINGS

Be Sure to See the New Art-Carpets

IMAGINE a floor-covering made in such a splendid range of color-harmonies that it can be tastefully used in any room in the house—and *three yards wide!*

That's the new Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Carpets, the very latest addition to the "Congoleum Line." The distinctive beauty of their patterns will surprise you. The extra width means fewer seams—in many rooms no seam at all.

And in addition, these wonderful Art-Carpets combine the four principal features that have made the Congoleum line famous:

(1) Absolutely sanitary—no dust-collecting, absorbent surface, or perishable burlap backing.

(2) Easy to clean—the beautiful patterns can be kept bright by simply using a damp mop.

(3) More durable than any other printed floor-covering.

(4) Most economical floor-covering you can buy.

Test Congoleum on the Floor

The final test of any floor-covering is its service *on the floor*. And that's where Congoleum wins. During the past six years thousands of housewives have proved to their own satisfaction that Congoleum is the best value to be found anywhere.

They have put Congoleum to the only fair test, service in the home, and their indorsement has built the largest factory in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of felt-base floor-coverings.

Two Kinds of Congoleum Floor-Covering

Congoleum Floor-Coverings are made in two grades: *Congoleum* (*two yards wide*) in conventional and tile patterns to retail at 90c a square yard, and our latest product, *Congoleum Art-Carpets* (*three yards wide*) in splendid "Carpet" patterns that are printed in twelve durable colors, to sell at 95c a square yard.

Look for the Gold-Seal Guarantee

The genuine Congoleum is now plainly marked so that you cannot be misled. On every two yards of Congoleum sold by the yard, and on the face of every Congoleum Art-Rug, you will find the Gold Seal as shown above. It is your guarantee that you are buying the genuine, and not an inferior substitute. If you don't see the Gold Seal, *insist* that the dealer show you the name "Congoleum" stamped on the back.

FREE—A Beautiful Color-Chart

We have prepared two beautiful Color-Charts, one of Congoleum (two yards wide), and another of the wonderful new Congoleum Art-Carpets (three yards wide), that show the splendid designs in the actual colors. Send for one or both of them today. If you will write at once to the nearest office, we'll show you how to beautify your floors for little money.

Prices in the Far West and South are 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices are 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

The Congoleum Company

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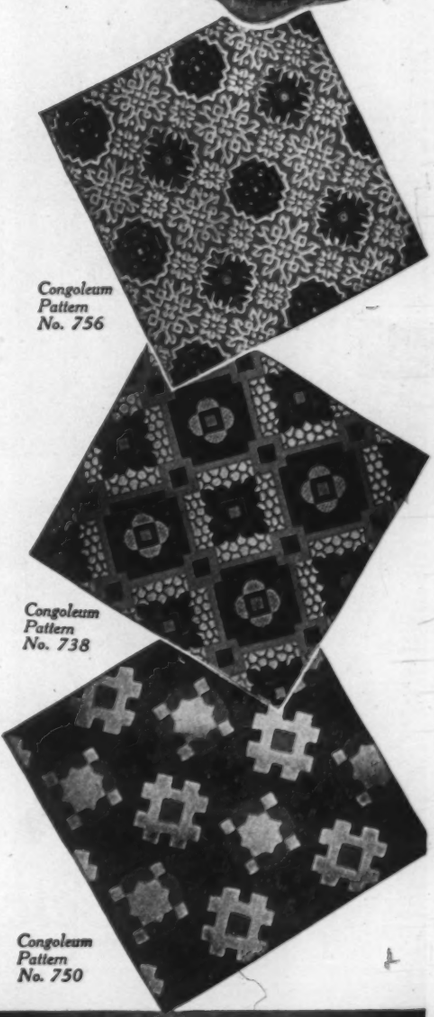

Congoleum Pattern No. 756

Congoleum Pattern No. 738

Congoleum Pattern No. 750

PAINTED FOR LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

THE noticeable preference for Fatimas in the Army and Navy among officers and men alike is due, of course, to the very same thing that makes Fatimas so widely popular in everyday life.

In addition to their pleasing taste, Fatimas offer true smoking *comfort*—while being smoked and afterwards, too. So that, even if occasionally a man does smoke more often than usual, Fatimas never unpleasantly remind him of it.

That is true smoking *comfort;* common sense in cigarettes. It is why Fatimas are known as a sensible cigarette.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

15c

Also in tins of 100—$1.00

Where Do You Stand? — *Continued from page 26*

they belong to yesterday. May they rest in peace!

It is now only fair, however, before we consign these also to the grave, that we record the grievances which Americans of other stock than German held and to some extent still hold against the German-American.

AT the very beginning of the Great War, a week before the first gun was fired by whatever nation did fire it, which is immaterial here, the sense of fair play of the American people was roused by Austria's ultimatum to Serbia. The American people were, as a whole, ignorant of Balkan issues. They knew nothing of the rights and wrongs of Austria in Serbia. They saw a great Power threatening a weak people and, rightly or wrongly, irrespective of whatever the underlying facts may have been, their sympathies were aroused for the under dog. When, ten days later, Germany delivered what seemed to Americans a brutal ultimatum of her own to another weak people, and, like Serbia, Belgium, wisely or unwisely, rose up with a shout to repel the invader, the great mass of the American people jumped with their usual speed to the conclusion that the Teutonic Powers were blackguards and bullies and France, England, Belgium, Serbia and even imperial Russia were saintly defenders of the oppressed. Whether this conclusion was or was not, in the light of later events, justified, is not the point at issue. The point is that in the very first week of the war, a certain firm conviction took hold of a great number of Americans, especially leaders of opinion. Rightly or wrongly, these Americans became convinced thus at the very outset that the Allies were defending their hearths and homes against a modern species of Robber Baron. Gradually they came to believe that the success of Germany in this war would almost automatically involve the downfall of the democratic ideal. Believing this, they began to preach the crusade against the German idea. They preached loud and they preached long. Meanwhile, German statesmanship seemed to justify their preachments The submarine campaign brought almost daily evidence to prove their seemingly most reckless statements concerning the "German menace." They preached successfully. We are embarked on the crusade.

Whether these Americans were right or whether they were wrong in believing that Germany threatened the very soul of America, that thing they did believe. Germany's point of view and the methods with which German leaders sought to enforce it seemed to them barbaric and subversive of all the laboriously created traditions of humanity and civilization.

Burning with this conviction, they could not understand how any man who had lived in America and breathed the clear air of democratic institutions and ideals, could, for an instant, defend Germany or regard with anything except horror the possibility of a German victory.

The majority of the German-Americans, meanwhile, seeing the war from a different angle and believing, not unnaturally, the German version of the war's origin and its conduct by the different nations party to it, enthusiastically supported Germany and all its works.

The average American resented the unquestioning allegiance which during the first years of the war the German-American appeared to be showing to the Kaiser and all that the Kaiser typified. He began to resent it more intensely when the clash of Germany's military necessity and America's rights as a nation brought the two countries sharply face to face, and the German-American in consequent arguments almost invariably took the German side.

The German-American resented bitterly the sanctification of all things pertaining to the Allies; he resented especially what seemed to him a very orgy of anglomania. The American of different origin, on the other hand, resented quite as bitterly the German-American's assumption that Germany was more or less the perfect nation.

The average American, whose point of view we are here attempting to lay bare, resented what seemed to him the German-American's extreme partisanship from the very beginning of the Great War; he resented it with increasing bitterness when Germany began not only to interfere with American rights and destroy American property but also, rather more brutally than seemed necessary, began to take American lives. The German-American's contention that England had been the first and was still the most flagrant offender against international maritime law and the neutrality of the United States passed over his head and left about as much impression there as a flock of swallows flying south. Law or no law, the average American felt instinctively and rightly that though stealing — granting the German-American's contention that it *was* stealing — may be reprehensible, it is not to be compared, as a crime, with murder.

Is the American of other blood than German altogether to be blamed if, remembering those things, he asks the German-American today, *Where do you stand?*

Surely, he has a right to ask it, for during the past three years, the German-Americans of position and influence who represent the unquestionably loyal majority of Americans of German origin, have been silent, driven from public life to the obscurity and protection of their firesides by what seemed to them the intolerance of Americans who were of other blood than theirs, leaving the leadership of German-Americans to editors and others who were either irresponsible or responsible only — to Germany.

AMONG the irresponsibles were American citizens of German blood or birth who, as editors of German-language newspapers, saw in the creation of friction between the German-Americans and the rest of the American people, a heaven-sent opportunity to restore the dwindling prestige, circulation and advertising of their newspapers. In the same class were politicians who hungered for that elusive and undeliverable quantity, the "German vote"; a few small but in certain German social circles influential folk who had been dined and wined by the Kaiser; and a vast number of good but unimaginative parsons, school-teachers and others who failed to comprehend the meaning of the lives of men like Carl Schurz in 1848 and Liebknecht in 1917, which is, that a man may love German hills and woods and rivers and castles and fairies; German women and German song, and still be able and willing to oppose with heart and brain and hand a system of which the Kaiser is the glittering symbol.

Those men were, with the exception of a few sordid newspaper proprietors, good people, loyal to the best they knew, but they were not good leaders. They were will-o'-the-wisps beckoning their fellows into perilous marshes.

There were other leaders, clear-eyed, fully conscious whither they were leading, responsible; but responsible neither to the American government, the American people nor to a conscience nurtured on American ideals. They were German citizens, enjoying the hospitality of the United States, employees in part of the German government, German professors, responsible only to the government which employed them and to a conscience, seeing rights and wrongs from the angle of a Prussian Ministry of Education.

The hundreds of thousands of Americans of German origin were no different from the majority of their fellow citizens of other stock in so far as they had never been taught to think deeply on political problems and knew next to nothing of international affairs. They wanted someone to tell them what attitude they, as German-Americans, must in good conscience take in reference to the war in Europe and to the relations between Germany and the United States. They wanted leadership.

And they got it.

IT is the most obvious of platitudes that when the wise men of a nation choose to cling to the seclusion and peace of their own hearthstones, the government is run by knaves or fools. This is not the place to make subtle discriminations concerning the character, the ability and the vision of the men who took it upon themselves to tell us Americans of German origin that our future prestige and happiness depended on a German victory. They were demagogues, German-American "leaders" by profession, who had been so busy evolving schemes and ever new schemes for building up German influence in the United States (which meant incidentally their own personal influence) that they had never really acquainted themselves with those ideals of life and government which make up the American conception of democracy. Those men are not to be blamed. They led, undoubtedly, as their individual consciences dictated.

The men who are really to be blamed, the men who are really culpable of the grave misunderstanding which exists today between the American of German origin and his fellow-citizen of other stock, are those men of German blood and wide reputation who have in the past, in countless ways, in our civic and national life, shown their ability as leaders, but who in this crisis played the sullen Achilles, sulking in their tents because they considered themselves ill-used. They are men of education, in part they are men of learning, in part they are men of high social position, men without question whose words would carry weight if they cared to speak them.

But they did not care to speak. Not one of them raised his voice against the pompous drivel of the German-American Alliance orators. These cultivated gentlemen of German origin who protested loudly that they were Americans and nothing but Americans, spoke no word to refute the statement of the president of the Alliance, "We have long suffered the preachment that you Germans must allow yourselves to be assimilated, 'you must merge in the American people'; but no one will ever find us prepared to descend to an inferior culture. No! We have made it our aim to elevate the others to our level." That piece of pernicious buncombe passed unchallenged by the

The Enjoyment Of a Hot Cup

is doubled when you know that present satisfaction will not be followed by regret.

Herein lies one great charm of

Instant Postum

Its fine, snappy flavor gives immediate enjoyment, and its freedom from those troublesome effects which often follow the regular use of coffee assure the fullest pleasure and comfort.

This splendid beverage is made from selected cereals and is appetizing and refreshing. No caffeine, no harmful ingredient whatever. It requires little sugar and there is no waste. Made in the cup, at table, instantly, without boiling.

In these days the convenience and economy of Postum are particularly welcome.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers Everywhere.

German-Americans of intelligence and influence.

That does not mean that they are or that they were in any sense disloyal to the United States. But it does mean that they were, and in part still are, emasculated arm-chair kickers, smug as eunuchs in a harem in their aloofness to the passions of men; uninspired and uninspiring neutrals, who love America a little but not enough to use the influence they possess to help her, and who love Germany a little, but not enough to give them a certain feeling of responsibility for their fellow citizens of German origin.

And there we come to the crux of the matter of German-American leadership in this country. The men of education and ability among Americans of German origin constitute to a large extent a self-conscious and exclusive caste, a social Four Hundred, which has no more use for Hans, Fritz, Ludwig and Heinrich, who meet at their *Skatclubs* and bowling-alleys, than any other snob has for any other "social inferior." They have their own luxurious clubs and they would no more think of taking part in the activities of the societies to which Heinrich belongs than a Fifth Avenue dandy would think of joining actively in the work of his district political organization.

IT is unfortunate, beyond words, that the emotional rather than intellectual leadership which in this crisis guided the destinies of Ge man-Americans, should have held constantly before the rank and file the wrongs and the desires of Germany rather than the rights and the needs of the United States. The German-American was led not only to conceive a high admiration for Germany, but at the same time a sharp contempt for the country of which he was a citizen. The American of other origin, meanwhile, made up his mind that a man who appeared to love Germany so much and America so little, was open to suspicion of disloyalty.

He found in the course of time certain evidence which seemed to confirm his suspicions.

The German-Americans, he found, while expressing through their leaders the utmost enthusiasm for the rights of Germany, decried any attempt to defend the rights of the United States. He found, furthermore, that the German-Americans, while exulting in the "martial spirit" of their mother country, were preaching the most trusting and guileless pacifism in this.

The American of other stock than German, of whom we here speak, came to the only conclusion humanly possible under the circumstances. He decided that the German-American was a dangerous fellow and had better be watched.

The Americans of German origin have, with few exceptions, dutifully supported the United States government. Perhaps the majority of the American people of other stock than German is asking more than it has a right to ask, in hoping that this merely "dutiful" support may, in spite of a natural sentimental reluctance, as old bitternesses in the course of time evaporate in the solemn consciousness of a common peril, develop into a whole-hearted advocacy of America's cause. Perhaps it is asking too much; and yet, to ask it, is only human.

There was a German-American once upon a time whose wife was ill. A German cousin, who happened to be visiting America at the time, heard of her illness and called, leaving a bunch of roses.

"This is very kind of you!" cried the German-American appreciatively.

"Oh, no!" protested his cousin. "It was my duty."

Would he have been puzzled if he had seen the dubious and whimsical smile with which the German-American's American wife gazed upon the roses?

I AM one of many German-Americans who believed, until a short time ago, that the phrase "to make the world safe for democracy" was, frankly, hypocritical cant, a kind of glimmering gold-dust to throw in the eyes of the crowd. I thought that the United States had gone to war solely on the submarine issue and I did not quite see why, if it was necessary to go to war on that issue in April 1917, it was not even more pressingly necessary to go to war on it two years earlier, while the horrors of the sinking of the *Lusitania* were still fresh in our hearts. The same objection, for that matter, might be made to the phrase "to make the world safe for democracy" as a basis for our tardy entry into the war. The world was more unsafe for democracy in August and September, 1914, than it has ever been since.

Why then did we not jump into the struggle at that time?

The answer is, that only a small minority of Americans, who seemed to the rest of us at the time the wildest kind of anti-German fanatics, recognized in 1914 the fact which the American people are only now beginning to recognize and which President Wilson expressed in so vivid and memorable a phrase, namely, that on the battlefields of Europe today a highly scientific and brilliantly organized form of autocracy is battling to dominate the far less scientific, far less efficient, far less skilfully organized democracies of the world. Only a very few Americans recognized the real character of the conflict in the first or even the second year of the war. To the great majority it seemed at bottom an economic struggle, a war for trade routes, for commercial dominance, a war in which France, Belgium and Serbia, even Russia and Austria, were the dupes and pawns of the world's greatest trade rivals, Germany and England.

We might still be believing that, for we are remote from Europe in more senses than one, and we do not credit all which garrulous travelers from those distant parts seek to tell us, for our own good. It was not England or English propaganda; it was not France, it was not Belgium, which told us, after many inventions, the "real truth about the war."

It was Germany.

It was not through any propaganda, moreover, that she told us; not through silver-tongued orators, nor writers of editorials. Germany told us the truth about the war not by the medium of words at all but by her own avowed and defended deeds. She told it to us with terrifying frankness when she sank the *Lusitania*, not in sinking her (which was absolutely permissible under international law and the laws of reasonable self-defense) but in sinking her *without warning* and without making provision for the rescue of her passengers. She told us again, as frankly and as brutally, in the sinking of the *Arabic*, the *Ancona*, the *Sussex* and countless other ships with a total loss of over two hundred American lives; she told us in the dynamiting of bridges and munition plants, in the revelation of her diplomatic correspondence, with its unashamed record of spies and thugs, bribery, corruption, and endless, conscienceless deceit. Presenting evidence which no "English propaganda" could ever make half as convincing as she made it herself by the defense of her own statesmen and leaders of opinion, Germany told us, indeed, the truth about the war.

That truth was, that a people who considered themselves "the centre of God's plan for the world" (Pastor W. Lehmann) and believed themselves hated and pursued by other nations (in the words of another of their intellectual leaders, Professor Sombart) only because of their "enormous spiritual superiority" as "the representatives of God on earth," had allowed a system of political morality to develop among their ruling classes which made utterly precarious the existence of any nation which was not at all times highly organized for defense and which, by reason of its more popular and therefore less centralized form of government, could not, without sacrificing its ideals, be so organized.

It was Germany herself who told us and who proved to us beyond question that the Great War was not merely a conflict between trade rivals, but a war between autocracy, scientific, efficient but conscienceless on the one hand; and on the other democracy, blundering, inefficient, and in detail corrupt, but in the main progressive and sensitive to the opinions of men.

It was Germany herself who made this clear to us.

HERE we Americans of German blood stand, confronting, on the one hand, the country of our origin, highly organized and admirable to the eye, yet materialistic and (if we may believe her own Bernstorffs and Luxburgs) coldly corrupt at heart; and, on the other, the country of our adoption, so childish, so optimistic, so money-grubbing and yet at the bottom so idealistic, somehow so grand!

We stand between two masters. We cannot serve them both, not even in the undisturbed silence of our own hearts. For the ideal which Germany represents is so utterly removed from the ideal which America is, in her blundering way, seeking after, that no one who cleaves to the one can for an instant hold to the other.

Here no neutrality is possible.

Where do you stand?

Where *can* we, Americans of German origin with our Muhlenberg, who fought for liberty in the American Revolution with our Sigel, who fought for liberty in the American Civil War, with our Schurz and his comrades who fought for liberty first in Germany, and, failing there, fought for liberty under the banner of Abraham Lincoln, where *can* we stand, in justice to our high tradition, except heart and soul with those who today fight for liberty against the identical system and the identical dynasty against which our fathers fought two generations ago?

NOT only loyalty to the government to which we owe allegiance, but loyalty to the spirit and the high traditions of our German revolutionary heroes, demand that today we stand unmistakably with and for America.

Surely the great majority of Americans of German origin do so stand.

Why then do they still refuse frankly and freely to admit it? Why do they still permit the shadow of past misunderstandings to loom between them and the rest of the American people? Why do they still permit any one to fear that they stand for and behind Germany?

German-Americans, our place is here! Here is the home to which henceforth body and mind, spirit and heart belong! This is the air in which, as nowhere else, that which is highest in us can breathe and live!

This is our home. Indeed, we have no other home. If in our momentary passion and under the influence of an illusion, we stand aside now, saying to the rest of the American people, "We will do our duty, we will help you with our hands and our treasure, but remember our hearts are not with you"; if we say that, we are lost, we will be homeless wanderers on the face of the earth.

For Germany will give us no refuge. In Germany today no one is hated and despised as we German-Americans. For Germany is saying, "These folk who call themselves Germans and call themselves Americans have proved themselves neither one nor the other. They have neither helped the country of their origin nor the country of their adoption. In a war such as this, they have been content to be neither hot nor cold. God have pity on their souls! We will not."

This is a grave hour for us Americans of German blood. Shall we, in future, be jeered and shunned as renegades both in Germany and in America? Shall it be said of us, the world over, that, faced by the greatest issue of modern times, we were so tied to dreams and resentments that we were unable firmly and unmistakably to range ourselves with those who were fighting for the ideals [*Continued on page 53*]

UNCLE SAM — *by* Richard A. Purdy

HE'S a giant, rich and lazy,
With a vision often hazy
And an indolent contentment
In his undeveloped plan;
Yet his cradle as a Nation
Was the greatest Declaration
Independence has recorded
In the history of man.

It would be a thousand pities
If, amid his teeming cities
Fed by wheatfields, mine and forest
He forgot his noble birth;
But he heard the guns that thundered —
In defense of neutrals plundered —
"The integrity of treaties
Shall not perish from the earth!"

Then the giant's eyes grew clearer,
For his liberty was dearer
Than the wealth and ease around him;
And he shook his mighty frame!
Long he stood there — lost in thinking —
When, the Lusitania sinking,
Brought his muscles to a tension
While his head was bowed in shame!

Then from coast to coast he beckoned,
And from Gulf to Lakes he reckoned
On his wealth in men and money,
And he summoned of his best.
He is gathering his forces,
From a hundred thousand sources;
They are rising like a whirlwind
For their giant of the West!

They are under martial orders
And they go to far-off borders,
Where Democracy is threatened
By the Huns of modern war!
There'll be ships enough to take them,
There'll be men enough to make them
And an air-craft flight of eagles
That was never seen before!

For he counts his men in millions
And his money-might in billions,
And he'll hurl them at the Germans
In the trenches, sea and air!
If the Hun is yet defiant,
Let him rouse a sleeping giant
And destroy another treaty
In the future — if he dare!

"Your skin is simply *radiant*"

Dinners, dances and parties. Social duties and the shops, and ever the necessity of looking her best at all times. Morning, noon and night.

Resinol is a boon to the exacting woman—the one who selects her toilet aids by the rule of solid worth and not by fancy labels or strong perfumes—for she knows that it does not "gloss over" an imperfection, but it aids in keeping the condition of the skin strong and healthy.

Resinol Soap is in every way an exceptionally pleasing toilet soap; the soothing properties of the Resinol medication giving it cleansing, healing quality that ordinary soaps lack.

Resinol Soap is not artificially colored, its rich brown—and much of its clean, wholesome fragrance—being due to the Resinol medication.

It is sold by druggists, and at all good shops where toilet things are carried—or a dainty miniature cake is free for the asking. Just write to Department 5-A, Resinol Chemical Company, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap

"Kamerad" — *Continued from page 11*

could do his ten miles and not feel that he must faint toward the end. Once the sergeant even praised him for the fashion in which he handled his bayonet.

"That's right," said the sergeant, "bring 'er up with a jab, and you'll get your man."

The sergeant never knew that Sam shuddered at this praise. It was well enough to rip open a sack filled with straw, but a man — ! Especially a man who might cry "*Kamerad!*" in his ear.

There came a day when the regiment marched in review before many officers, French and American. And they marched to the music of a French band. Never had Sam looked upon so brave a sight. The bandsmen swung across the parade field, a hundred strong, with a double line of buglers in the lead. These bugles were of a twisted fashion unknown to Sam. Suddenly the men lifted them upward with a flourish, and brought the instruments to their lips. There was a long roll of music and Sam recognized "The Star Spangled Banner." It thrilled him — but still, some of those Germans must be comrades.

ALTHOUGH Sam was then unaware of what lay before him, he knew the next day. Once more an order came to move. The men were bundled into the familiar cattle cars, and the train started north. Just one destination lay to the north — a sinuous line of open ditches that stretched from Switzerland to the sea.

The sergeant felt that it was time for confidences.

"Now, listen, you fellows," he began. "We're going into the trenches for a little practise, and I want to see old Company B lick a German army corps if they get fresh. I hear that we're headed for a quiet sector. Well, it won't be quiet long. But mark this" — and his eyes ran over the anxious faces before him — "if anybody wabbles I'll cut his ears off."

There were indignant protests, and the sergeant retracted.

"Oh, I was just kidding," he added. "Company B always fights. Remember, we've been wiped out a few times in other wars, but we haven't lost a prisoner. Company B dies, but never quits."

That night they went into the trenches. Never had Sam seen so much mud. He did not see it, save for a yard or two, but he felt its clammy presence on all sides. Nevertheless he went on. And strangely enough he was not afraid. The night was comparatively quiet. Far off a few shells exploded, and he could see rockets bursting on the skyline. At intervals the crack of a rifle sounded much like a big firecracker.

If this was the front, and war, and death, it was decidedly less interesting than it had been pictured. He had seen a good deal more brilliance of fireworks and heard infinitely greater noise on a Mardi Gras night at Coney Island. Just then there was a rumble overhead, and a heavy shell from somewhere behind exploded far across the Germans' lines. That was more like the thing Sam had expected. But he was not afraid. In some way he had forgotten to be afraid.

They reached the first communication trench, and went sloughing through the mud. Abominable mud!

That first night passed uneventfully. Save for the occasional whine of a bullet and that nervous battery in the rear, there were few distractions. But the one battery kept to its task. First one gun, then another, a third, was let off at unexpected intervals.

With the first faint light in the east every man of Company B gazed across the shell-marked expanse before them. Over there, somewhere, was the German line.

Dark was impatiently awaited. When it fell at last the first star shells were welcomed as the harbingers of adventure. And yet the hours dragged by without movement. Company B began to grumble. There was no need for this impatience. The Captain appeared from his dug-out, issuing instructions, and told off three non-coms to select patrol details.

The big sergeant, whom Sam looked upon as the scourge of his humble life, wore the first grin that Sam ever remembered to have seen upon his face.

"Come on, Wurtzel," he said, "I'll let you go, too."

Let him go! Sam had not thought of going. But he could say no word. Besides, there would be others. Then the word was spoken, and silently the scouting parties crawled over their own parapet.

Sam had taken note of a large shell-hole not far distant from Company B's line, and he bore to the left, bent on keeping out of it. He saw other shadowy forms upon either hand. A star shell broke directly above him, and he threw himself face downward during the long minute that it burned. This eternity passed, and Sam rose to his feet again. There was no sound. Neither did he see any of his companions. Where had they gone? Sudden fear gripped him lest the others would think that he had held back. Sam pushed on rapidly to catch up with them. And he still bore to the left, apprehensive of falling into that shell crater.

By now he must have left the gaping hole behind him. Once more he looked about. No one was to be seen. Breaking all instructions, he whistled softly. In front of him there was an answering whistle, low, guarded. Ah, they were just ahead! Sam went on more quickly.

"*Wer da?*" a gruff voice called.

Sam stopped in his tracks.

"*Wer da?*" the voice repeated, louder, threatening.

Sam crouched, and fell to his knees then upon the ground, forgetful of the rifle in his hands, thinking only to cover himself with the mantle of the dark. Too late! There was the crunch of heavy boots, giant forms loomed before him. He scrambled backward, and made enough noise to have aroused a brigade. Then he caught the glint of a bayonet, and struggled to his feet, crying in a wavering voice, "*Kamerad, kamerad!*"

Unconsciously he held the rifle in position to charge. There was a renewed movement in the group before him; a hand fell on Sam's collar.

"*Kamerad!*" he cried again, feebly.

"*Ja,*" answered a heavy voice, and the butt of a gun caught Sam under the chin. "*Kam —*" he murmured, sinking into forgetfulness.

IV

SAM returned to painful reality with his back against a trench wall, and a sensation of coldness about the head and feet. Also it seemed that his jaw was numb. The flickering light of a charcoal brazier revealed to him unfamiliar faces.

The cold about his head was explained by the water which dripped from it, and the empty bucket held by one of the men. Sam moved his left foot tentatively, only to find something missing. This brought a rough tug in response. Sam focussed his wavering glance, and saw busy hands meddling with his shoes.

"Hey," he said feebly, "let my shoes alone."

A chorus of laughs answered him, and the man at his feet removed the second shoe with a final jerk.

Sam glanced around with clearing vision. These were strange men, wearing strange uniforms. He peered into the nearest face. Recollection swept over him. And the numb feeling in his jaw was turning to acute pain. He moaned a little and leaned weakly against the trench wall. At that moment an officer shouldered his way into the group, and the men fell back.

"Here, you swine," said the officer, kicking one of Sam's stockinged-feet, "what's your name?"

Again Sam opened his eyes. This was an odd way to treat a comrade, he thought. Perhaps they didn't understand. So he said '*Kamerad* — "

"Shut up!" answered the officer. "What is your name?"

Sam told him, faintly. His head was swimming now, though he struggled to keep a grip on himself.

The officer asked him many questions that he heard only indistinctly, and few of which he could answer. Sam shook his head, groaning. The officer spoke a gruff order, and strong hands were slipped under either of Sam's arms. These hands lifted him to his feet, and with the assistance of two soldiers, he staggered down the trench. Sam looked appealingly at his captors and asked for his shoes. They did not understand the words, but comprehended his need, and shook their heads, dragging him onward.

The journey did not last, for Sam stumbled, fell against one of his guards, and fainted quietly in the man's arms.

HIS next impression still was full of pain. He awoke with swollen tongue, weak, and lying upon a hard floor that moved unsteadily. Why did the thing move? Sam put out his hands and tried to steady himself. But the rocking continued. He listened, and found a roar in his ears. Then he moved his right hand in a wider arc, touched something, and hesitated again, feeling it with his fingers. The thing was round, and yielded to his touch. As Sam decided that it was the leg of someone other than himself, an unfamiliar voice spoke.

"Hello!" said this voice. "The dead 'un is awake."

An arm was put under Sam's shoulders, and raised him to a sitting posture.

"Where am I?" he asked, hoarsely.

"On a German prison train," answered the voice. "Cheer up, mate, these are your pals."

"Pals?" questioned Sam.

"Right-o," the voice assured him, "of 'is Majesty's Fusileers. We were caught yesterday. When did the 'Uns get you?"

"I don't know," said Sam. "Water!"

Someone put a canteen between his lips. There was a hum of voices about him, in which he made out "Yank," "Won't die now," and like phrases.

Long afterward, how long he could not tell, his eyes opened and their glance strayed to a wall opposite. He was surprised at the absence of pain in his head, and the sense of comfort which spread over him. He was neither cold, nor wet, nor burning with fever. Assuredly these things could not be. He raised one hand to his head, and found it wrapped in bandages. Then he attempted to turn himself for a better glimpse at the surroundings. This brought a throb of the old pain. He groaned and remained quiet.

The truth was, Sam lay in a base hospital, and had been there two days. After another day he was able to sit up on his cot and look about at the wan faces of the other men in the ward. On the fourth day a German doctor examined him, and that night he was turned out of his warm bed.

That night Sam slept in a prison camp. He was led, with the others, into a barbed-wire enclosure and through long rows of frame sheds. The armed guide paused before one of these, directed Sam into a kind of anteroom, and turned him over to a non-commissioned officer. This officer gave Sam the thinnest blanket that he ever had beheld, opened a door into the main building, and walked with him to a numbered cot.

"Here," said the officer, "you will sleep. There are the rules," and he pointed to a printed card tacked on the wall. "Disobedience will be strictly punished."

When the non-com had entered his little office again, Sam was surrounded by a throng of prisoners, and the welcome sound of English greeted his ears.

He started to tell them what he knew in halting phrases, explaining that it hurt him to talk. They were so anxious for news that Sam forgot the pain, and drew on his slight information. Unconsciously he fired them with hope, telling how America was preparing to the last man and the last gun.

Somewhere a bell clanged. "Lights out," said one, and they hurried to their cots. The electric bulbs in the barracks went dark, and Sam sank upon his cot.

At morning inspection, Sam was called out with some two thousand captives, most of whom were English. When the inspecting officer came to Sam, he looked at a list in his hand, and asked: "What is your trade?"

"Pants-maker," said Sam.

"Fall out," ordered the officer, "and follow me."

He lead them to the stone building where Sam had alighted the night before.

"You can be of service," said the German. "We need men in the military tailor shops. You will have an allowance for your work, good quarters and plenty to eat."

"But I can't make uniforms for you," Sam replied. "I'm a soldier of the United States." And although he did not know, his shoulders were set squarely as he said it.

"Bah!" answered the officer. "What does that matter? The United States won't help you now."

Sam shook his head. "I can't do it," he repeated.

The officer arose and tapped a bell. The door was opened and a soldier entered. The officer spoke to him in German, switching to English for Sam's benefit.

"Two days," said the man, and paused significantly, "to think it over."

Those were terrible days. They put Sam in a dark hole somewhere beneath the stone building, and left him with a half loaf of bread, buttressed by a pitcher of water.

Deep within him something revolted. So this was what he had gained at the hands of the men who called themselves *kamerad!* He thought of the German prisoners whom he had seen in France, well fed, almost free. True, they had worked; but not on uniforms for the enemy. That he would not do.

V

AT the end of the second day they released him. But the man who stepped forth was a different Sam from the man who had entered close confinement. Something in him had changed. All his life he had hesitated—then chose the way that was safest. Now there had come to him a resolution born of suffering. The driven was ready to turn upon the driver.

Nevertheless he made no sign when the commandant of the prison turned him over to a farmer for his board and keep, and a few pfennigs a day. Sam

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went with the man, a gray-headed peasant. The two traveled in a country cart, drawn by a thin little horse, for most of that day and part of the night. The farmer could not speak Sam's language, and he in turn knew nothing of his new master's tongue save the word *kamerad*. And that word had been torn from his heart.

Eventually they reached a peasant home of the better sort, built in a niche of the hills, with a rolling plain below it. Sam helped the man to unhitch the horse, and to put the animal in the stable. Then he took an armful of hay and thrust that into the trough. The farmer turned to find his horse greedily munching the hay, uttered an exclamation, and removed half the hay from the manger.

Sam regarded the man in surprise, and gave ear to his hasty words. He gathered from the farmer's gestures that hay was scarce, and to be used sparingly. This increased his pity for the thin little horse, but he nodded to the man that he understood, and together they entered the peasant's home.

Despite the late hour they were met in the doorway by a sad-faced woman, with kindly eyes, who smiled a welcome to Sam, and laid a plate for him at the common table. He had not expected such a reception, and seated himself wonderingly. Then the peasant drew up a chair at the head of the table, bowed his head, and spoke in prayer. Sam heard the word "*Gott*" several times, and felt a dawning respect for the man.

His appetite dulled, Sam sighed deep with satisfaction, settled comfortably in his chair, and looked about the room. It was plainly furnished, but clean and appealing to his tired senses.

On the wall hung a photograph of a youthful German in uniform. His glance traveled around the room, and met the eyes of the woman, who had been watching him. There were tears in her eyes. Sam understood.

LIFE with the farmer proved less burdensome than Sam had anticipated. The farm work was hard, the meals stinted, but Sam had a larger measure of liberty than any prisoner could have hoped to obtain. He knew that it was not the same with other captives on nearby farms, for he met several Englishmen and talked with them. These men swore to take a fearsome vengeance upon their masters if the opportunity ever permitted. Sam was thankful that fortune had favored him. He grew to know something of affection for the German peasant and his wife.

Not far from the farm was a large country estate where a number of captive officers were quartered. Sam went there with the farmer, carrying produce in the man's cart. And he looked with a good deal of envy at these fine gentlemen with the shoulder straps who walked about the grounds and took life peacefully enough, though in the midst of war and enemies.

One officer in particular attracted Sam's attention. He asked questions and learned that the epaulets on the man's shoulders were those of a captain. The band on his arm bore the words, where all might read, "Royal Flying Corps."

Sam envied him, and also admired him for all of the things that he was — and which Sam would have liked to be. The captain wore the tiniest of caps upon his head, and sauntered about the estate with an independent stride in which there was just a touch of insolence. He had a sandy mustache of military trim, and looked at the German guards from a pair of imperious blue eyes in which there ever lurked a challenge. Sam became fond of this proud officer, who represented so splendidly the things that Sam never could be.

Another point of interest near the peasant's home, where Sam also went sometimes with the man, was a German aviation camp. There were hangars for a dozen airplanes, and quarters to accommodate a number of men. Sam learned that this was a defensive base against raiding machines from the allied lines. The location made it easy to send a flotilla of airmen in any direction when danger impended.

Sam had seen but few airplanes at the front, and these from a distance. So he examined the German aircraft as something new and strange. He did not dare go too near, for the aviators or their assistants were constantly working over the big mechanical birds.

His life drifted on in this wise for more than a month. He had become resigned to his captivity so far as that could be. It was not especially irksome, as he had a kind master. But he saw things which made him unhappy. On all sides the iron hand bore heavily upon the poor. The thought came to Sam that the German scheme of life was bad, for everywhere the weak held up the strong. And this he knew to be wrong. It was one of the evils which the comrades in America always had deplored.

And Sam also began to doubt the wisdom of the comrades — at least in certain vital particulars. For assuredly America was the promised land. He had learned by comparison, and wondered how he ever had thought otherwise. This made him wish that he might tell the German farmer and his wife about America. They were good people. He believed that, no matter what other Germans might be.

He was vastly surprised on a certain day to find a strange woman working upon the opposite side of a stone wall which marked the end of the farmer's property. She halted at her task, stood erect, and returned his glance. Instinctively Sam realized that she was not German. There was some tragic thing in her eyes, and a proud carriage of her head that he was unaccustomed to see. Sam called to her, adding that he was an American.

"*Americain?*" questioned the woman, in quick surprise. "Ah—" and spoke to him in French. He recognized it as French, because he had heard it before, but the words were unknown to him.

THEN the woman came over to the wall, and the two of them tried to converse. But they could make themselves understood only by the language of all humanity — smiles, a bow, a sign. Sam comprehended that the woman had just reached the farm. And from somewhere in his memory he recalled that the old men and the women of occupied districts were being deported for work on German farms. He had read of that long ago in New York. Also the woman said something that sounded like "*la Belgique*," and Sam wondered if that did not mean Belgian in plain United States.

There was a rough hail from a distance, and the two turned to see approaching the farmer for whom the woman worked. She gave Sam a last smile and went back to her labor. Sam lingered near the wall and heard the German speak gruffly to the captive. She stood up and regarded him out of her fine eyes with a passion of womanhood that even the German could not resist. He fell back a pace, shook a warning finger at her, and left.

A flame leaped up in Sam's heart such as never had burned there before. And the German did not know how near he had been to sudden death.

As the days passed on, Sam saw other women in the fields, and divined that all were captives. The planting season was near, and Germany had resolved to till her soil as never before. Among these women were many unused to such work, and pathetically unfitted for it. Sam shut his eyes and strove not to see their suffering. And the thing within him which had been changed, was changed again. From passive resentment he progressed to the wish for justice upon his masters.

When the farmer again traveled to the captured officers' quarters, Sam observed still larger numbers of women who bowed at their slavery. Near the officers' country place some of them were mending the road, with an armed guard standing by to see that the task was well done. Sam looked away, trying to draw a veil before his eyes. But the veil would not be drawn.

While the farmer was bargaining with an under officer, Sam slipped down the road to look again. Approaching the spot, he stepped into a roadside thicket for an undisturbed view. Yes, there before him were some two score women, working on the highway. They were dressed in little but rags, and misery was written large on the faces of all. One old woman, in particular, held Sam's eyes. Wisps of gray hair hung about her head, and she was pitifully thin. She was weaker than the rest, and scarcely could keep up with them. Even as Sam watched, the woman slipped to her knees, then to the side of the road, and sat down in abject weariness. And while Sam still looked on, the guard came over, laid a hand upon the woman's shoulder, and dragged her up again, with an admonitory shake.

In that instant Sam knelt into the growth by the roadside and grasped a rock on which his foot had rested the moment before. That within him which had hurt through many days was crying aloud. He straightened again, the rock in his hand, the road dancing before his eyes. But there was a touch on his arm, and a voice said in his ear:

"Lightly, my lad, lightly; you'll get a bayonet in your ribs."

Sam wheeled, and looked into the face of the English airman.

"But — but — " he spluttered.

"Sh-h-h-h," the captain whispered. "Come this way — a bayonet's not a nice thing."

And he hauled Sam through the undergrowth without effort. Sam was a little startled to find so much strength where he would not have suspected it. But he went without speech.

When beyond earshort of the sentry, the captain paused and looked at him smilingly.

"Yankee, aren't you?" he said. "Well, take my advice — don't let your temper get away, or you'll cross the river suddenly."

"I couldn't help it," said Sam. "That German — ugh!"

"Yes, I know," the captain answered, and he wasn't laughing now. "By all the gods these devils must pay for it! But you are one man against many. What can you do? Don't be hasty. That's all. We'd best separate. It's dangerous to talk here. If there is anything that I can do for you, let me know."

And the captain stalked away, with a touch of his cap, and a slight pressure on Sam's arm.

But, as Fate willed, it was not Sam who applied to the captain for aid. Instead, the officer came to him on his next trip to the farm. The captain nodded, and spoke:

"Know anything about airplanes?"

Sam admitted his ignorance.

"Familiar with any kind of machinery?"

"Yes — sewing-machines," answered Sam, and winced at the thought that this was a poor kind of knowledge.

"What were you — a mechanic?"

"No — pants-maker," replied Sam.

The captain smiled in his slow, friendly way.

"Well, that isn't going to help," he said. "But, pay heed, my lad. How would you like to die?"

Before Sam could answer, the officer had put one of those strong, slender hands upon Sam's arm, and was imparting to him a message of hope.

"It will not be hard," said the officer, tensely. "You can do just about as you like at the farm. Slip away the next dark night, go to the airplane field, and I will meet you at the old house near the southwest corner. The rest is easy for a couple of bold men. We will be free before morning — or dead. And if that comes we will go to a place where they don't work women on the roads!"

"Yes," said Sam, shuddering.

HE went back to the farm with high hope singing in his heart. When the farmer's cart passed the women in the fields again, and they stopped to watch with sad eyes, his elation slipped away. But his resolution held.

In the midst of these new plans, there was a single element to disturb him. And this troubling thought centered about the young woman who worked in the next field. He had spoken to her several times, and every day she waved to him when her master was not looking. They had met again by the stone wall, and she had confided to Sam that her name was Annette, and that she came from Bruges, in Belgium. Further than that Sam could not understand her.

Strife's End

by Louisa Connolly

MY house is hushed, its doors are fast,
He whom my soul desired has come.
I dwell with him in quiet there,
The pallid loneliness is past.

The day of bartering is through.
Harsh echoes of the traffickers
Have fled, and in exchange have left
The deep tranquillity of two.

Into a rest my soul has slipped.
Ceased is the come and go of feet,
The visit of this friend and that;
Unpledged the flagons once they lipped.

The give and take of speech is spent,
Its hundred petty wounds are staunched;
Profound and healing is the night,
My spirit broods upon content.

I watch within my placid home
The soft flames rising from the hearth.
I tend with endless joy that fire;
He whom my soul desired has come.

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But he never would be able to forget Annette, nor "Broozh," as she called it. He had her write the word down on a piece of paper with the stub of a pencil, and endeavored to grasp how Bruges could be "Broozh."

Now he found himself reluctant to shake off his captivity. He saw Annette again, and tried to tell her about it. She understood little of his meaning, except when he pointed into the air, and toward France. Then she clapped her hands, and cried: "*Adieu, mon ami!*"

Toward dusk of the coming night, low clouds hung in the sky. Sam observed these clouds, and knew what they meant. He was not mistaken. Night fell, black, impenetrable.

It was an easy matter, as the captain had said, to leave the house and make for the airplane field. Sam had taken accurate note of the countryside. He fared well enough until near the deserted house of which the officer had spoken. Not more than two hours intervened between his departure and arrival in the vicinity. But he had to skirt through a thick wood to find the house, and that required another hour.

Sam reached the house and crept to the door, listening for any sound that might greet him, friendly or otherwise.

"Hist!" came to him from out the dark, followed by words in a voice that he recognized. "I thought you had flunked."

"No," said Sam, "I almost got lost."

Quickly the captain explained to him the part that was to be his own. Then they left the house and started for the aviation field.

They reached it, and waited until the sentry on duty at that point had passed.

Careful reconnaissance showed that only two guards were near the hangars, and they patrolled a square about the buildings.

"Observe me, my lad," said the captain, softly. "These machines are kept ready for use, with tanks filled, and every bolt in place. All we have to do is to get inside that hangar on the end, open the doors, start the motor, and dive across this field. If she lifts we will get away. If not ——"

He left the word unsaid.

"Are you armed?"

"I've got a knife," said Sam.

"Good. I made off with a pistol. Here goes."

The two men dropped upon the ground, and crawled toward the hangar. Then a disturbing thought came to plague Sam.

"Suppose it's locked?" he whispered.

"Then we'll have to break the lock," was the cautious answer, although there was small reason for caution. The storm was growing wilder, howling among the trees.

The two men crept on, reached the hangar, and tried the doors. Only a latch held them in place.

"Dam'me, luck is with us," said the captain, and they went inside, drawing the doors shut again.

It was darker in there than ever Sam had thought any place could be. They waited until a heavy step announced one of the returning sentries. The man walked on, methodically. Then they found the airplane by virtue of touch. The captain located the petrol tank, unscrewed the feed valve, and ran two fingers inside. He touched something wet, and withdrew his fingers, holding them to his own nose, and then to Sam's. Gasoline!

Now the time had come. Both men were a-tremble with excitement. The airplane fortunately proved to be a two-seater, and the canny fingers of the captain apprised him that there was a belt of cartridges ready for the machine gun.

"Can you use it?" he asked.

"You bet!" replied Sam. He never had touched one. But he was tired of reciting the things that he could not do.

The captain mounted into the driving seat, and pinched Sam's arm until he almost cried aloud in the agony of his happiness. Outside the whine of the wind seemed to mock them. Sam heard it without heeding, sprang to the doors, opened them quickly, as noiselessly as he could. Then he gave the propeller a whirl, as the captain turned on the gas. Another second and he had gained a place beside the officer.

The motor burst into life with a roar like that of a battery, there in the confined space. The machine trembled, even as the two men it carried. The trembling grew to a shudder, and the wheels began to turn. There was a lurch forward, a skidding movement, and they were out into the night.

A cry came to them from somewhere, above the storm, and a rifle bullet sang close to their ears. Sam had hold of the machine gun, but excitement had gotten such a grip on his mind that he had no idea where to shoot or how. There were more cries, another shot.

But the machine was gliding across the turf of the aviation field, slowly, slowly, ever so slowly. Sam looked back and saw men running from all directions, many carrying lanterns. The captain sensed their peril and slipped the pistol into his hand.

Ah! there was one big fellow almost upon them. Sam fired, and a scream answered him.

To Sam it appeared that all Germany had let loose upon them. They were in a storm of bullets. Some of these ripped through the wings. But neither of the two men was hit.

How it happened, Sam never knew. He could see nothing at which to shoot, and expected every minute to bring tragedy with it. Of a sudden he felt colder, and there was a rush of wind about him. The machine had lifted!

Up, up, it went, in a long incline. A searchlight's beams swept the skies, located the airplane, and with almost the next breath there was a burst of flame before them — below — to the left. The captain laughed, and the machine shot almost straight up in the air. That searchlight found them again. It silvered the bottom of the airplane, and instantly another shell burst near, — another — another. Sam could hear the whistle of the bullets with unpleasant distinctness.

Once, far below, he saw many lights, and knew that they were passing over a city. After a while there were other straggling lights at intervals. He speculated on how far they must travel, and glued his lips to the captain's ear where he might cry his inquiry.

"Soon!" was the word screamed back at him above the roar of the propeller, and the wild fandango of the storm.

To Sam the time was endless, although less than an hour afterward he looked down upon a zig-zag line of fire traced across the earth.

The machine passed over the dangerous area and sped on. A new thought troubled Sam. What if the Allies should see a German airplane crossing their lines? It gave him good cause to wonder.

The danger never materialized. For the captain glided down by easy stages, and came to earth in a swamp miles from any house. Day was beginning to pencil the east.

"Well," said the officer, "I guess we've done our bit, my lad. Let's go and get some breakfast."

Now Sergeant Wurtzel is lying in an open ditch somewhere between Switzerland and the sea, awaiting the word that will send him back to Germany in search of a girl called Annette, who used to live in Bruges — pronounced "Broozh." And he has visions — visions.

A Rainy Night in the Trenches

[*Continued from page 13*]

thirty minutes past the hour of relief. Stamborough scrambled to his knees with a hasty interjection and crawled out into the rain. I could hear his voice raised cautiously in tender scolding and looked out. Just then a flare went up in front of them so that I could make out their two heads. Shepherd's topped like an Arab's with the oilcloth ground sheet that he clung to in lieu of a cap so that he was limned in silhouette as a series of sharp edges and angles. The bullet-like shape of Stamborough's head in its close-fitting Balaclava cap of wool, cut open aviator fashion in front, intervened just then as the flare died down and I could see no more.

I lay there waiting for Shepherd to come so that we could adjust our communal limbs to the best common advantage and in the interval endeavored to scrape a channel for the water in the mud I lay in. It was some time before he appeared and when he did he bubbled over with all the fresh enthusiasm of a boy for the lucky strike it appeared that he had made. I lifted the cloth chin-strap of my trench cap the better to hear what it was all about.

"Lend a hand, mate, and let's get this outa the wet." He spoke only in the relative Pickwickian sense. It was as wet inside as out.

I groped until my hand found his and the empty ammunition box it held after which I was fully as eager as he was.

"Hurry," he said, "afore anyone comes along." He shot an anxious glance up the trench. "Got it in the sergeant's dug-out. Blimey, matey, but 'e's got a good one," which was no news to me as sergeants usually had good ones. "Watched me chance," he added, "an' when 'e went down to draw the rum for mornin', pinched this an' some dry sacks." A sergeant was fair play.

WE could scarcely believe our good fortune. Truly, this was a great find and we were lucky soldier-men. The box was dry and if we exercised care in the firing and made no smoke we might perhaps have warm tea in the morning. We wrapped the dry sacks Shepherd had stolen tenderly around the box and set the latter on a foundation of full tins of bully beef so that it would not rest in the water, as we did. We lay for a long time talking about our luck. We could hear the rain outside; sometimes feel it in our faces where it leaked through our poor roof. Occasionally we could hear Stamborough slush by at such times as his post became a bit too hot for him. The steady "zzzst" of bullets cut the air overhead and some thumped into the parapet. We could hear an occasional answering burst from Stamborough as he emptied his magazine at some betraying flash of fire across the way before shifting his position.

I was on sentry again by the time stand-to came. Already it was growing quieter. The sand-bags did not spit their contents with quite so consistent a regularity in the face. There had been no shell-fire for half an hour, nor even a bomb or grenade.

"Stand-to," the order came from my right.

"Right," I said and walked down to the end of my beat to pass it on."

"Stand-to, Jack," I said to the dim shape I made out against the parapet.

"*Oui, oui.*"

Returning, I lifted the flap of our worm hole and touched Shepherd. "Stand-to, fellows."

"Right you are," he said sleepily, and then to Stamborough: "Come on, ol' dear."

They came out rubbing their eyes and stamped up and down the trench, flinging their arms recklessly about and then stopping to shiver drearily so that I could hear the tat-tat of their striking teeth between the beat of the rain-drops.

Shepherd stopped long enough to question me in characteristic professional concern. "Did they dig any more?"

"Not after that last magazine we gave 'em."

"There's that — bailing again," whispered Stamborough. Both men jumped to their rifles. From across the way there came the irregular splash of water.

"Wait till the laager-schifter gets it up in the air," whispered Shepherd, excitedly. "Give him time after he dumps the next one to fill his boiler an' lift up. Wait till I gives the word an' we'll give 'im what for." We strained our ears.

There came the splash we waited for. We could hear the returning scrape of the bailer against the sand-bags. Still we waited. We knew that the head of the toiler was covered from the moment of the betraying splash onward to the time of the next lift.

"Now!"

We fired smartly together and rapidly emptied a clip of five cartridges each at the sound. We could make out the smart smack of some of our bullets against the sand-bags. "Did we click?" We peered over but could hear nothing. There was no more bailing so we were content. Fritzie was still in the water. We should keep him there. The prospect made our own less wet: If he could stand it, we could.

It was very quiet now and the rain had stopped. The mist was rising up in the steamy billows. Already the East was blushing. The German star-shells continued to lift themselves and to illuminate our front with pleasing regularity. At each burst some of us thrust an observant head well up so as to take in the scope of its field of light before it sputtered into a fizzle on the sloppy ground. Each time there was nothing — the same stout parapet, with its loop-holed eyes; behind that the dark wood and in front the tin cans and the wire. The man on our right called softly to us. We stepped over. "See that." He pointed a shaking finger at a nebulous and shifting glow at his front. "Looks like a bayonet," he quavered and added: "I saw it move."

WE looked carefully at it and then scornfully at him. "Wind up." It was only an old tin and he a new draft man. It was well the powers placed these new men between us old ones, we thought.

However, we relaxed no iota of our vigilance. We clung to our rifles and gripped them short below the bayonet, ready for shooting or thrusting, and hugged the parapet waiting for the worst and praying for the day. All along the line, on both sides, all other men were doing likewise. This was the Indian hour before the dawn, of stealth, of sudden foray and all other dirty work, sacred since the dawn of the fight to fighting men. We yearned for the day.

Nothing happened. The sun trembled for a moment back there behind the edge of the mist, hesitated and then was swallowed up in it. It began to rain gently again. We heaved a sigh of relief. Day had come and sun or no sun another night had gone. The

The Welcome

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When Prof. Anderson invented Puffed Rice it became at once a national sensation. At countless expositions, large and small, it was the center of attraction.

We opened a lunch room in the heart of New York. And tens of thousands came there to get Puffed Rice, Puffed Wheat, and Corn Puffs.

We sent automobiles the country over to exhibit these bubble grains. And whole communities gathered about to see them.

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Countless men have found in Puffed Grains the ideal noonday lunch. In bowls of milk they form a favorite supper.

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Every food cell is exploded. Every atom feeds. Yet they seem like flavory confections.

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All Puffed Grains are steam-exploded — shot from guns — after an hour of fearful heat. Thus every granule is fitted to digest. That is the purpose of Puffed Grains — to make whole grains wholly digestible. No other process does for grain foods what this process does.

Please remember that. The best way of serving rice, wheat or corn is in this scientific form.

chances were that we should live another twelve hours now anyhow — unless some fool got busy.

Just then the myriad feathered life of the two woods began to cheep and twitter and, as if at some signal, broke into their morning chorus, saluting the day. It was the one great event of each new day. We never ceased to wonder at it. And the memory of it yet outdoes all others in sweetness. It held us all now as it always did, the quiet persistence of these birds, this faith of theirs and God's that made both hold to old practise and the birds to old haunts in spite of the worst that we could do to either of them and returning our worst by holding out to us so fair a promise in so foul a spot. We looked at one another nodding: "I told you so."

A SNIPER'S bullet ripped a sand-bag at our heads. No one paid any heed. Birds were hopping about on the wire entanglements out in front. One, perhaps it was a lark, mounted high in lyric waves.

The stark trees of that sinister wood thrust out at our backs like the dried bones of dead men. A fifty-yard belt of full-grown trees lay behind and between us and the small pines of Polygon Wood proper. It was from the latter and the German pines that the music had come.

The nose of the principal tower of a château frowned down at us from above the trees that were just behind the German trenches.

"Helluva note," we said. "Why don't our artillery wallahs knock it galley-west? The blighters can look right down on us."

A long and once lovely strip of meadow land lay between us and them. That was all, that and the wire and the cans. There were not even bodies here. That was a great relief; it did not so chain our thought to war and our inevitable lot. It was a lovely spot.

The glade conformed to the general outline of a large H, on one side of which we lay. A thin line of trees forty yards in length at our immediate right made the cross-bar of the H. It was a dangerous spot, alarmingly easy for night attacks. The glade widened in each direction from the cross-bar so that two hundred yards to our left No Man's Land was three hundred yards wide instead of forty as here. To our right it broadened less.

The music of the birds broke off sharply as though at the command of an invisible leader.

A cheerful voice greeted us: "Hullo, P. P's." It was delightully musical, bell-like in its clearness, but had, or so we fancied, just a touch of satire in it.

We stared at one another. Were we really lucky at last? Had this great good fortune we had so often heard about on the lips of the first expeditionary force come to us? Had we met a joshing Fritzie, one who was human and full of the sweeter wine of our common life? Surely not? We looked at one another with unbelieving eyes. Other soldiers crowded up wonderingly on us from both sides. The voice spoke again . . . there was no mistake. It was! It was! *We had a human Fritzie for our very own!* We hugged ourselves again in the sweetness of the thought and rolled the worded announcement hungrily under our tongues. This was indeed war as she should be fought.

THE P. P. stuff was the strangest of all. Only those who knew us very well indeed used that abbreviation. It was the quick and sibilant answer to the dangerous challenge of an hour and time when it was customary to shoot first and challenge afterwards. Mere outsiders called us "Princess Pats" and variations of our longer name. Evidently our friend was an insider and well informed.

"Hullo, P.P's. Throw us a tin of bully beef."

We came out of our trance. "Hullo yourself, Fritzie old sport, an' see how you like it."

"Give us some bully beef."

Men jostled one another for that honor. "Sure thing! Catch!" We backed up against the parados and let fly.

"Didja get it, Fritzie?" we inquired solicitously not daring to look up.

"Donnerwetter! Nein. Never mind, chaps; I'll get it tonight."

"Sorry, ol' chap. We'll ——"

We stopped; we listened and then hung breathless on what we heard. Indeed this was a delightful war. Surely destructive man had not made sweeter nor stranger music than this we now heard. It was a German bugle, a silver one we swore, by the clear sweet sound of it.

We could imagine the dug-outs in the German woods vomiting up clouds of grey clad figures. This was glorious. This was soldiering that *was* soldiering, with at last a little of the romance and the glamour of a war that we had previously found all sordid. How strangely sweet this tasted? It was so full of tantalizing promise. Who knew what yon wood held for us? The fanfare died down. Someone broke the pregnant silence: "Never seen nuthin' like it in me natural. Abso-bloody-lutely." We sighed and went our ways.

The wisps of smoke from a score of fires began to curl up above the German trees. The indefatigable Shepherd was already busying himself with ours. We were not allowed the luxury of smoke. That was a German prerogative. The thing was very simple, like a self-evident problem in algebra: the enemy had plenty of artillery; we had not. They made fire and smoke at all times; we did not.

"Guess we can do with a drop o' tea, ourselves," we said.

We broke up the ammunition box with our entrenching tools, those ornamental picks that were designed for a play war in Africa where soldiers had scratched the surface as hens do and called the result a trench. Here, they were just three more pounds for a tired man to carry and useful only on such occasions as this.

It was an awkward job. It had to be done in the darkness of the dug-out, so that we should not be seen. There was no room for a swinging blow at the stringlike wood so that I skinned my knuckles and let the wood fall in the water whereat Stamborough cursed me for an awkward oaf, which I knew to be so true that I hung my head until Shepherd quietly chided him and so rescued me. I held the drier pieces while he used his bayonet in axe fashion and so split them. We whittled off the outer edges of wet wood with our clasp knives and then split the dry heart of each stick into slender splinters.

IT came on to rain again before we had finished so that I tucked the end of my oil-cloth ground sheet in between the sand-bags of the parapet and stood, holding the other end out so as to make a poor tent over the fire-worshipers.

The other two fed the fire gingerly, a match-like splinter at a time, conserving the supply and taking care that no smoke came off. It burned feebly. They built a small furnace wall on either side, using full tins of bully beef for bricks. Shepherd sat a muddy mess-tin full of water across the top and stabbed with his fingers at some charred bits of wood that had popped in it, thereby activating again the rusty sediment of mud in the bottom. He put the lid on and straightened up: "There, you chaps go and have a bit of a lay down afore the sergeant grabs you for a fatigue. I'll hold the ground sheet and watch the tea."

We protested. He berated us skilfully, old soldier fashion, as though we had done him some great wrong. He refused to go himself. Others joined us, moth-like, to hover over the fire. The sticks were popping merrily. The tea was getting on. We elected to remain.

The fire grew bolder so that we doffed the sheet and I wrapped it around my wet shoulders again, muddiest side up. Radcliffe and his mate came, and a man from the group on our right. They hunched about the fire with us.

We were stiff to the marrow-bones with mud and rheumatic pains and the weight of too many garments, all of which were very wet and heavy and our great coats dragged with the solid sheets of mud they had gathered from the trench walls and from dragging through puddles. It was a distressful sight to see six such big soldier men over so small a pot on so cold a morning, the wetness of which drew us up in a wrinkled misery like the wet strings of a violin so that our faces were puckered like those of the very old and our hands became quite numb from all this misery of mud and rain of spring.

We eyed one another, our visitors, and that quart of muddy water, with the obvious question in each sensitized eye: "Who would do without?" We pulled our wet coats about us and looked at one another dully.

ALL the changing styles of the period were to be seen amongst my confrères. Shepherd clung to his oilcloth and Stamborough to his Balaclava. Radcliffe remained true to the English tradition: "If your neck's warm, you're warm all over." He was wound up in yards and yards of mufflers. The many ends of them hung from his neck, breast and back like large tassels so that he did not seem so much to move as wave. His pupil of the night sat there in this hard school, coughing so that the preceptor swore and bade him turn his head the other way from the tea. He wore the smart stiff hat that we older hands had long since discarded and that he would, too, as soon as another issue of trench caps should be "dished out." Our great coats were cut short at the waist, pea-jacket fashion, or perhaps swallow-tail in the ragged gashes that a dull clasp-knife makes, and were pinned up in front in big folds with safety pins at the corners, French fashion, to escape the clutching fingers of the mud and give greater freedom to the legs on the march.

The water threatened to boil. Shepherd reached a grimy hand down into the universal sand-bag and extracted a wet handful of mingled tea and sugar that held its share of Flanders earth. He dropped it in the mess-tin and followed that with another. At that the first faint symptoms of a boil settled stodgily back into quietude. Then the fire fainted so that the boiling of our tea seemed further off than ever. But that made no difference to our tea-making. The tea would stew at any rate. Something hot — that was what we yearned for. Shepherd leaned over the mess tenderly: "She's comin' on, fellows," he exulted, and then carefully dropped the broken end of a small stick in the tea.

The draft man looked up from his coughing, "What's that for?"

"To kill the taste o' the smoke in the tea, you silly aws," said Radcliffe, impatient of such ignorance.

The chef scrutinized the mess appraisingly. The stew had finished soaking. "I guess she ain't agoin' to boil," he admitted regretfully. "Looks pretty good anyhow. Breakfus' up," he shouted cheerily.

Stamborough and I reached for our mess-tins. The others endeavored to appear unconscious of the movement and not ill at ease. It was very poorly done. They were watching us like cats. Shepherd measured out a fair third to each of our three. He quaffed a deep draught from his own tin, muttered something about "'Ave a wet, mate," and passed it to the coughing man. The latter seized it wolfishly, held it to his lips overlong and put it down guiltily. Stamborough and I followed the example set us and passed our tins to the other two. They were old hands, deeply versed in all the etiquette of the trench so that they held the rancid mess to their lips for a moment only ere each set it regretfully down, perhaps envying the guilt of the more ignorant recruit. Radcliffe nudged his mate: "Allay! Off you go." They ambled off. There was no word of thanks. The thing simply was not done.

We drank again. This was nectar. We fancied we could even feel it in our toes. We fed the fire anew, brushed the worst of the foulness off our hands and made ready for the *pièce de résistance* of our meal. That was the bacon ration. We laid it in the mess-tin lid where it sizzled appetizingly. Radcliffe shuffled up to us with the mouldy heel of a army loaf, the relic of a sack of bread carried up in the rain.

"Here's some 'rootey'," he said apologetically. We took it gratefully and toasted it on the ends of our bayonets. I inadvertently bumped Stamborough's slice with my own in the operation. He flared up testily in a volley of angry oaths, only to subside in response to my wondering stare of astonishment, saying shamefacedly and apologetically as he did so: "Trench nerves, mate." We polished off with the perennial stand-by of our kind, a solid slab of hardtack biscuit, a wheat and oaten mixture of great nutriment and durability that in its wild state broke many teeth. We submerged it in the "gyp" in the pan and so fried it, a process in which it gained in softness and in flavor.

We had had a good meal. We cried quits on that and since we were once more full of plum and apple, had daylight and an end to our chief troubles, we fell to a petulant grousing anent the dishing out of the rum issue and so waddled off down the trench, scratching ourselves and looking for the sergeant and arguing about the number of casualties since the last issue, since the size of this present issue would swell in proportion to the lesser number amongst whom the rum should be divided.

THE blessed rum came at last in the big-bellied stone jar and with it the peace that passeth all well cared for civilian understanding. We crowded around the sergeant eagerly, holding out our mess-tins under the mouth of the jar just so long as the comforting "glu-up, glup" of the stream continued to pour and until the guardian sergeant methodically and impatiently swore each one of us away. We drank. It rushed over us in delicious waves as a great emotion might. The cords of our spines and limbs unkinked. We straightened up. Life took on a different and delicious color. There was no fancy this time: it did go to our toes — and back up again to the fount of all our wisdom, and settled there.

"Oh-h! — When I di-i-ie:
Don't bury me at all;
Just pickle my bones — in alcoho-ol.
A bottle of rum at my head and feet,
And then I know — my bones —
will keep."

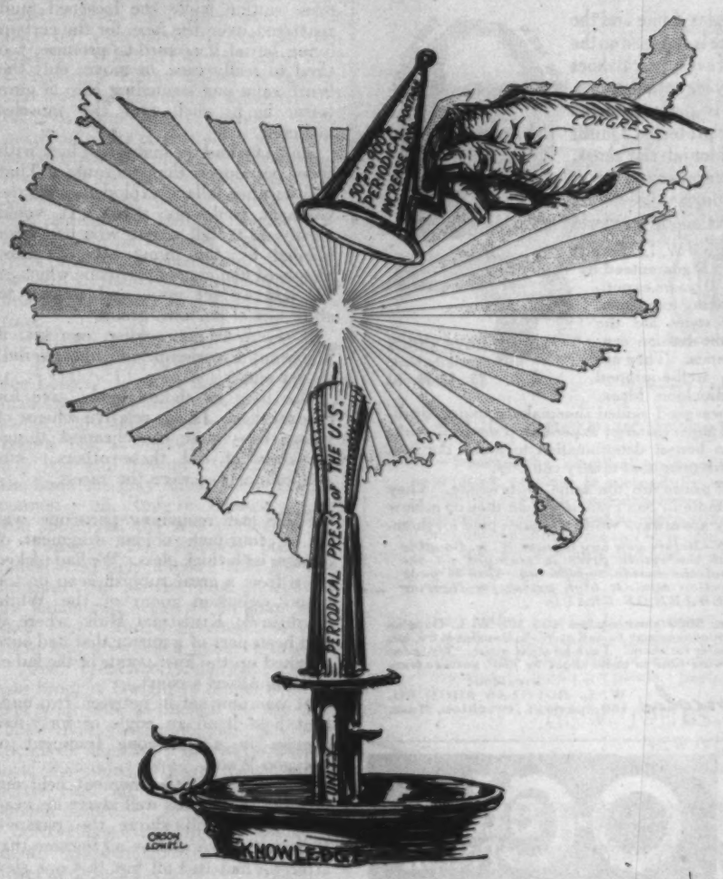
We felt that we were quite conservative and well within the mark of our ability in thinking that we could "do in" an entire German army corps. One

Your Magazines and You

Let the Light Shine

JUST before adjournment last September, Congress hurriedly adopted the Zone System for second class postage rates. It is a bad law, and there is still time to change it since it does not go into effect until July 1.

Read the following statement by a prominent educator as to how a bad law is throttling our great national magazines. Then do your part to save the periodicals that mean so much to you:—



"If the proposed Zone System of postal rates should be adopted, the result would be the extermination of a very large number of magazines, and as far as the rest are concerned, a large increase in price to the subscriber. Now, I am not speaking from the slightest financial interest in the publishing business. I have no connection with it whatever. I am a teacher of English in a university, and have been for eighteen years. What I should like to do is to point out the result to the nation if you increase the price and limit the circulation of newspapers and magazines.

"Many of these newspapers and magazines have a definite, even what might be called a formal, educational influence—particularly the magazines. They are constantly used in our schools and colleges all over the country as text books—used in courses in literature, in composition, in history, in civics, in science.

"Hundreds of thousands of copies weekly or monthly are so employed. They have taken a recognized place in modern education. The whole effort of that education at the present day is to vitalize the schools; to connect up boys and girls with affairs and to develop their vocational opportunities. The magazines are serving this effort splendidly.

"There is hardly a big university, in the west at any rate; there are few small colleges, which do not employ them in class room work; and the number of high schools in which they are used runs into thousands. You say such magazines will not be eliminated? They must, however, pass on the tax; they must greatly increase their rates; the expense to the students must be much greater; and so their use will be much less and their influence will be crippled.

"But this formal educational work, though important, is not the most important educational service of magazines and newspapers. Their great effect is in their spread of ideas. They get people to read. Books do not serve so well. There is such a thing as intellectual inertia, and books are not so likely to overcome it. The habit of book reading is a good habit, but for millions in this country it is a habit hard to cultivate. They will not sit down to a book; they will pick up a newspaper or a magazine. Now, is such reading, call it desultory if you please, really educational? Emphatically it is.

"I am not going to say more than a word about the tremendous amount of real information, real education, that the magazines and newspapers give.

"You shut off the farm journals, as these proposed zone rates would shut them off, and you decrease the productive power of this country by many more millions.

"You shut off religious journals and you shut off agencies that have raised millions of dollars for charitable and religious organizations and that in so doing have enormously increased the interest of people in giving, which is one of the things that a democracy absolutely has to learn the value of.

"You shut off the great women's magazines and you shut off agencies that have sent out elaborate, personal, expert, individual instructions to millions of women on the care of their children—how much do you calculate that these magazines have done to improve the health of the children of this nation?

"You shut off such a magazine as McClure's—a magazine that for twenty-five years has been a leader in molding the literary taste of America; a magazine that has been in the forefront of every movement for the betterment of home, community and nation; a magazine that, since the beginning of the great World War, has fought actively for the principles which our country is now defending; a magazine that is now devoting all of its resources to helping America win its war.

"You say these newspapers and magazines would not be destroyed by these proposed new laws? You know what would happen—you know that the prices to subscribers would rise, and circulation would narrow—and just who would lose out?

"Why, just exactly the people who must have the reading habit if this is going to be a democratic nation—the small town people, the country people. These publications are printed in big cities; the first zone, the cheapest zone, would be in and near those cities. That means you have shut off education just where it is needed. The cities will read any way; there are many educational opportunities in the cities; but the small towns and the rural districts depend to a large extent on newspapers and magazines.

"You shut out those boys and girls, those men and women, from the reading habit. You shut them out from the freest possible circulation of ideas, just at the time when that freest possible circulation is most essential. I say as a college teacher, a man who has been in the educational profession almost a generation, that in my judgment you could hardly stab nearer the heart of the nation than by stabbing at the country circulation of newspapers and magazines; and yet that is exactly where this increase in second-class postal rates, this Zone System, is directing the knife."

TO MAGAZINE READERS:

It is not too late to have the condition changed. Public pressure will repeal the law. Do your share—but do it at once! Write this to your Congressman: "I consider the zone system postal law, with its increased postage on periodicals and papers, unjust and dangerous to the future welfare of our country. I, therefore, wish you as my Representative, to do all in your power to have the law repealed." (If you don't know the name of your Congressman, secure this information at your Post Office.)

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While "bound out" at the age of 11, W. L. Douglas was frequently required to haul leather and other materials in a wheelbarrow a distance of about two miles. On one occasion he was stopped by a charcoal man who was so blackened up he did not recognize him. It proved to be a relative who reported to his mother the tasks, far beyond his strength, given W. L. Douglas to perform and he was finally permitted to return home.

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man, in fact, proceeded to carry out this highly laudable ambition so that we needs must lay violently friendly hands upon him amid much high-keyed laughter in order to forcibly restrain him from going over the top on his own. He fumed and swore while two of us sat on his chest and face.

The pleasant effects began to leave us and lassitude set in. The loud talking died down; we began to feel cold and miserable again. Our teeth chattered.

We sank clumsily to our knees and crawled wearily into our clammy dug-outs where we lay in half stupor, too miserable to really sleep. Sometimes the indefatigable trench mortar burst so close that the walls trembled and slid in. One's overworked nerves refused to respond to the alarm, so that one lay rigid in the dark with horrified eyes waiting while the loosened mud spattered over the face, for the certain living burial it seemed to promise, too tired to really care, or move; only the heart gave one strangling leap of pure terror in its shell and the muscles quivered.

Radcliffe and his mates had luck with their periscopes that morning. That was another fallacy exploded; that the Germans could not shoot. It would hardly do to tell a man who had been blinded by the flying bits of glass. Shepherd had a good periscope which at the last we set upon and refused to allow out of our own group.

"——you: one soldier, one kit: if you want a periscope, do like we did; go get one."

Our lives we should freely give for one another. In our relative scheme of things lives were the cheapest things we knew of, but these others — kits and comforts — were the rarest.

THIS last remaining periscope was a four-inch oblong fragment of quarter inch thick glass. We had picked it up from a great rubbish heap in the grand reception room of the White Chateau at Kruistraat Huik where it had been part of a mirror that had once weighed up the finer points of the ladies of King Albert's court.

It was now set in between two nails that held it to an angle of forty-five degrees in a yard-long fragment of Polygon Wood.

The sentry of the moment held our precious bit of glass well above his head and higher still above the parapet. If he were wise, and we all became that after we had had all but this one shot out of our hands, he waved it, and not too slowly either, from side to side, stopped a moment for a more certain glance and then jerked it over by a sudden side movement of the wrist in time to foil a searching German volley. Operating thus, he could with comfort, sit on a filled bag of wet mud with his back against the parapet and his rifle handily across his knees and so smoke a restful pipe in all the quiet noontide enjoyment of any other tiller of the soil, talking to his mates while he watched the reflection of his moving mirror unroll like a cinematograph the screen of No Man's Land.

And so the rainy night ended.

Those first few days were the worst, not that so much happened to us but because so much was happening to better men. We were forgotten or could not easily be reached because of their great trial and so we began to suffer, in consequence, for the bare necessities of existence. Our transport was caught on its nightly trip to the dump, a mile back behind the wood, in the ten-mile long barrage of the Ypres salient, and was badly cut up. The rations in the rare intervals of their appearance became very scanty.

The one gun in our immediate rear fired occasionally. It had only a subsistence allowance of a few shells a day, so that the gunners hoarded their small reserve supply against any sudden enemy thrust; which made us say bitter things of army waste and of that British industry which was at that time engaged in wage disputes. Only once this lonely gun served us well. It was nearing dusk and there was the delicious langour of that hour in the air; dug-outs were disgorging men who rubbed their eyes, yawned and stretched up-raised arms. Without warning or apparent cause it sent over our heads at the enemy trench on our left front so accurate an enfilade fire that we tempted Fate and the Germans opposite by peering over the top to check each delightful burst. Our shells passed so close overhead that we ducked involuntarily at each fresh one and shouted joyously as we crouched listening.

"Attaboy!" we cried. The fuses made fiery trails overhead. We bobbed up again to mark each burst. It was good clean work so that we spoke more kindly of the artillery-wallahs. Each shell burst a few feet beyond its predecessor and broke squarely over or in the German trench. This was the real thing. We cheered hysterically in jerky shouts and asked in chorus of the world in general: "Are we downhearted?" and then roared back in unison amid much gusty laughter and slapping of backs and thighs: "No!" and had no thought but a fierce joy in the unnameable things that we knew must be happening to other men over the way. We were relieved though that it was not in the section of our friend, the fraternizer.

We argued much about that trench. There were those who held that it was but lightly manned. They were in the majority. Certainly there was small signs of life in it any time. One thing we knew to a certainty; whether because of the lesser number of men in their trenches or because of their better construction and protection, there was no doubt that their casualties were always much less than our own.

Some placed the proportion as high as ten to one which was probably an extreme figure, but whether that was right or wrong we knew that the arm-chair experts at home, who filled the papers with tales of enormous German losses in comparison to our lighter ones, were sadly amiss and terribly misinforming our own people who longed so ardently for truth. All of this made us very sad, for we knew such stupid deception made for a longer war and meant that the more of them, the more of us would die. The plain fact was, as every soldier knew, that since trench warfare had started, our own losses had greatly exceeded those of the enemy. We longed bitterly that the truth of these things should be told. The reading of the papers that came to us was a tragedy. It was all the same — lies, lies, lies!

Coming in May—"Higher Up" by Arthur Somers Roche. This is the greatest spy story that McClure's has ever published. The War is fought not only in the trenches and across No Man's Land. In quiet, inconspicuous places, battles for the freedom of the world are waged with great effect. This is the story of one of them.

Two Wives — *Continued from page 24*

And though she would have been glad enough to forget the debt, Joe wasn't that kind. So that's my hold on him — perfectly clean and aboveboard. And I need him in my business. There are times when I'm down and need his money, other times when I need his name. But that is all. And if he has been fool enough to marry a giddy young girl like you, that's his own look-out — I won't interfere. I mean I won't interfere with you so long as you don't interfere with me. You let me go on with Joe as before, and he'll never see these papers."

With a sudden fierce impulse, in spite of herself, Ethel crumpled them up in her hands.

"Don't be a fool," said Fanny. "They're only copies. Give them back." Ethel did so, mechanically. "Now what will you do? Which way will you have it? He may be here any minute now."

She waited, but got no reply. She saw the girl shiver a little.

"What's the use of being so solemn and scared?" she impatiently asked. "You're running no more risk than before. So far as I'm concerned, my dear, you can go right on with Dwight if you wish. All I'm asking is a square deal."

"But she'll ask and ask," thought Ethel. "She'll ask of me anything she wants. And she'll get me so tangled in other lies that I wouldn't have even a chance of making Joe see how things really are."

This thought cleared her mind a little.

"No," she said. "You can tell him."

"What?"

Ethel looked down at her hands in her lap, and noticed how tightly they were clinched. She smiled at them.

"Tell him."

"You're sure of that?"

Ethel nodded.

"Very well!"

"She's uneasy," thought Ethel, "and disappointed — not sure of herself. I've done the right thing."

But as in almost perfect silence they sat waiting for Joe to come home, her decision wavered again and again, and it took all her courage to hold herself in. She made occasional trite remarks, and received replies of the same kind. On them both the tension was growing.

"This means everything to you, too, Fanny dear!" Ethel reflected viciously. "If Joe believes *me, you're* done for!"

At each slight stir that Fanny made, Ethel hoped she had lost her courage and was getting ready to go. But Fanny stayed. And as she sat there motionless, what a strong figure she grew to be, moment by moment, in Ethel's eyes — strong in spite of the life she led, of clothes, rich feeding, drinking, dancing, old age swiftly coming on. Strong, nevertheless, in an odious way, in the loathsome point of view of her world toward love and marriage. It had set her to prying and landed her here — with these papers in her hands! That was her way of looking at life, and a mighty strong way it appeared!

Suddenly Ethel's eye was caught by Amy's photograph on the table. By degrees in the last few months Joe had ceased to notice it there. But how he would notice it now, very soon, as soon as he'd read what Fanny had brought! For Amy had taught Joe long ago to be jealous, never too sure of a wife.

"So Amy is here again, after all. . . . I wonder what I shall say to Joe? . . . Oh, rubbish! Use some common sense! All I've got to do is to make him see why I never told him about Dwight. It was only part of that plan I had. But what a fool! Oh, what a fool!"

WHEN at last Joe's key was heard in the door, both women leaned slowly forward, as though the strain were unbearable. And then as Joe came into the hall, Fanny said suddenly, sharp and clear:

"No, I *won't* keep quiet! Joe has got to be told of this!" Ethel wheeled on her:

"How odious!"

"I can't help it — he's my friend!"

And the next moment, with Joe in the room, both women were talking to him at once — angrily, incoherently, almost shoving each other away. But only for a moment. It was too disgusting! Ethel left off and stood rigid there, while Fanny talked on rapidly. She was speaking of how Ethel had cut off Joe from Amy's friends. Ethel heard only bits of this, for it all seemed so confused and unreal. But she noticed how nervously tired he looked, all keyed up from his day at the office. She remembered that his partner was out of town on business, that Joe had been running the office alone. "He will be hard to manage," she thought. He interrupted Fanny in a sharp excitable tone.

"What's it all about?" he asked.

"It's time you saw where you stand, Joe Lanier. Look at this girl. I don't blame her, God knows. Look how young she is, and then look at yourself. Here, take a look at yourself in that mirror. Are you still young? Can't you see the lines, the gray hairs, Joe? They're coming — oh, they're coming! Can you supply all the love *she* wants?"

"Fanny!" He snapped out her name in so ugly a voice that she lost no time. She shoved those papers into his hands and began to tell him what they were. But Joe refused to read them and grew each moment angrier.

"Joe!" cried Fanny, sharply. "When you brought Dwight to dinner here, he met your wife as though for the first time. Did you know they had been friends for months?" And at his startled look, she added, "If you didn't, you'd better read all this!" There fell a sudden silence.

"I'll explain everything — when we're alone," Ethel managed to put in. How queer and thick her own voice sounded.

Now Joe had gone into the hall with Fanny. Curtly he said good night to her. The door closed, and there was silence again. Why didn't he come? He must be standing there in the hall trying to get hold of himself. "Oh, how terribly hurt he must feel!" But she checked the sudden lump in her throat. "Remember now — just common sense!" This was a time for keeping clear! But Joe had come back into the room and, passing the gilt mirror into which Fanny had told him to look, he stopped a moment.

"Don't do that, Joe!" In an instant, in spite of herself, her love for him rose up in a wave, with fear and pity and anger, too. She came to him, and her voice was shaking. "Oh, Joe — Joe! Can't you see it's all lies? It's so loathsome — every word! And so cheap — so cheap and mean!"

As she spoke, his eye was rapidly scanning the report he still had in his hands. Again she noticed how tired he was. He looked up at her:

"I know it is! But why didn't you treat it like that? Why did you try to make her keep quiet? *Weren't* you trying, when I came in?"

"No! No! It was just her odious trick — her pretending!"

[*Continued on page 60*]

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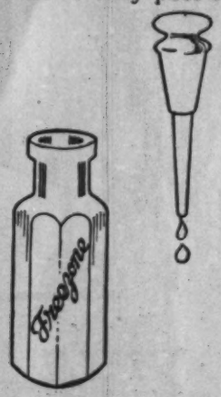

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Here is work which seems particularly adapted to "My America" Leagues all over the United States, work they can do which will mean big results for the cause we are trying to serve today.

Interest your children in saving their pennies for these War Savings Stamps. They will feel proud of doing their share when they understand.

Then, there are the school children of your town or village. Let your "My America" League appoint a committee to talk the matter over with the school trustees, and suggest that they allow someone to explain the plan to the children and rouse their patriotism toward carrying it out.

Have the school shown a Thrift Stamp and the card to which it must be attached. Explain that when a child has saved twenty-five cents he can go to the post office or bank, and receive one of these cards with the Thrift Stamp already pasted in place. Then show the school child one of the five dollar War Savings Stamps he will receive in exchange for his Thrift Card filled up, plus the few additional cents (ranging from twelve to twenty-three cents) to be paid according to the month when the exchange is made.

These War Savings Stamps earn interest. For a maximum outlay of four dollars and twenty-three cents you will be paid by the Government on January first, 1923, the sum of five dollars. Therefore, patriotism aside, it is to your own advantage to invest your savings in this way.

But your country asks you to buy these stamps, and we know that for "My America" members this is all that is needed, and that you will respond, and work toward inducing others about you to do likewise. For more information about this, write to us.

Eyes for the Navy

THERE is a strange little expression that we have all used at times and now we hear it frequently: *"I'd give my eyes to help my country win this war!"*

We cannot do that, of course, but we can do the next best thing — we can help the navy get more "eyes" by giving our binoculars, spy-glasses and telescopes to those boys who, on every American ship these days, are keeping a sharp lookout for the enemy. The navy must have these "eyes," and it must have them quickly. The great channels of supply which hitherto furnished such articles are now closed to us. We must give of our private stores. Surely such a gift will appeal not only to our patriotism, but to our sense of romance.

All binoculars, spy-glasses, etc. (and let us add here that sextants and chronometers are also required) — should be securely tagged, giving the name and address of the donor, and forwarded by mail or express to the Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, care of Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C., so that they may be acknowledged by him.

If anything you send is suitable for naval use it will be accepted and recorded in the department and every effort will be made to return it with added historic interest at the termination of the war. The navy, however, does not guarantee against damage or loss. And, to conform with the government rules, one dollar will be paid for each article accepted.

Think this over, just for a moment. Suppose the lookout on a certain ship, using your glasses, discovers in time the approach of a submarine, and thus saves his boat. Would not that be a marvelous return for your act of generosity! This call is urgent — let all McCLURE readers and "My America" members lend their "eyes" to America.

THE "My America" League, which was organized nearly two years ago in the other McCLURE *publication, "The Ladies' World," has grown into a nation-wide patriotic movement.*

In taking the League's headquarters over into the pages of McClure's Magazine we hope to increase its helpfulness, and its already large membership. We have Leagues in every state in the Union — in Alaska, Canada, Cuba, the Canal Zone and Hawaii, where earnest workers are spending their best efforts for their country.

Is there a League in your town?

Are you and all your family members?

There are no dues and no obligations. Write today for information, a membership button and circular of organization. Address

The "My America" Editor, McClure's Magazine,
25 West 44th Street, New York City.

Our Balls of Wool

WE ALL remember the old fable about the foolish man who locked his stable door *after* his horse was stolen.

On the same principle it is infinitely better to prevent illness than to cure it, and here is where the "My America" Leagues and their busy knitting needles come in.

If we equip our soldiers and sailors with plenty of warm knitted sweaters, helmets, socks, wristlets, etc., we, by just so much, lessen the danger of pneumonia and colds for them. We are at least doing all that is humanly possible to prevent illness and suffering.

Don't think for one moment that because spring is here you can relax your efforts along these lines. It is always cold at sea, and usually both cold and damp in the trenches. The men need the knitted garments now just as much as they did last winter.

If you don't know how to knit, or haven't time to give to this work, send a donation (no matter how small) to the Comforts Committee of the Navy League, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for their free wool fund. This fund enables the Committee to give out wool to those who have the time for this work, but not the means to purchase the materials.

If you want the newest knitting directions for the things our men need most, write to us and we will see that you receive a copy.

But remember, no matter what else you are doing—knit! knit!! knit!!!

Four Minute Men

DO the Four Minute Men speak in your favorite motion picture theatre? If they do not then here is a task waiting for your "My America" League. Write to your State Chairman and have him appoint a Local Chairman in your town. The latter will then proceed to enroll volunteer speakers who will act in accordance with instructions issued by the Director of the Four Minute Men at Washington. There must be both young and old men in the community who have a gift for public speaking, and will be glad to use it in this way to help win the war.

The speakers selected by the Local Chairman speak at the motion picture theatres in each town for exactly four minutes, with the object of informing their audiences upon various subjects of national importance at the present time which the Government is anxious the people shall thoroughly understand.

The value of these four minute talks cannot be overestimated. We quote from President Wilson's letter indorsing this special work:

"The spoken word may light the fires of passion and unreason or it may inspire to highest action and noblest sacrifice a nation of freemen. Upon you Four Minute Men who are charged with a special duty and enjoy a special privilege in the command of your audiences, will rest in a considerable degree the task of arousing and informing the great body of our people so that when the record of these days is complete we shall read page for page with the deeds of army and navy the story of the unity, the spirit of sacrifice, the unceasing labors, the high courage of the men and women at home who held unbroken the inner lines."

If you do not know the address of your own State Chairman of the Four Minute Men write to the "My America" Editor, and it will be sent to you by return mail.

Let our "My America" Leagues be the pioneers in their towns who shall help to blaze the trail through ignorance and prejudice toward the high goal of a united and steadfast country standing shoulder to shoulder intelligently, understandingly, sympathetically back of the Government and our men on the firing line across the seas. The post of honor is not at the front alone, but right here at home, in city, town or lonely farming community, wherever a patriotic duty is to be done by patriotic men and women.

Only Three Pennies!

AT the time this magazine went to press it was too soon for us to know the result of our appeal for little Hélène Thibault, the "My America" League's French baby.

However, we know the big hearts of our "My America" members, and as we have asked you each to send us just one new three-cent postage stamp for her, we are expecting a generous response. A three-cent stamp may seem a small thing by itself, but enough of these stamps can lift this brave little girl from misery and want up to safety and warmth and loving care.

Mail your stamp today to the "My America" Editor!

"Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers?"

Fatherless and homeless children rescued from ruined villages

SOMEWHERE behind the firing lines in France a tiny village was bombarded a short time ago, and when the big guns had finally ceased a rescue party went out to search among the wreckage remaining.

In the ruins of what had been a few days before, a pretty French cottage, the searchers heard a pitiful little crying. The officer in charge, who probably had babies of his own, lay down on the ground with his mouth to an opening between fallen and twisted roof beams, and called anxiously: "Can you hear me?"

Very faintly came the response, "*Oui, Monsieur.*"

"Can you knock to show us where you are?"

A feeble rapping sounded somewhere down in the ruined heap. The men redoubled their efforts and their care — it took them three hours to clear a passage large enough to lift a bruised, frightened little five-year-old girl up to light and safety again.

She had been there alone in the dark, pinned under fallen timbers, for *three days and two nights.* But she is being taken care of now, and she is going to live.

This is only a single instance. Things like this — or worse — are happening every day in war-stricken France, and terrorized Belgium. In one little Belgian town which lay directly in the line of the German shell fire, the inhabitants were ordered to evacuate, and in the darkness and alarm many families were separated. Food and warm clothing had in most cases been forgotten in the first panic, and the hardships they endured on the way were terrible.

It isn't easy to picture a whole village in flight — old people, who had done no more than sit by the chimney corner for years — sick people — little crying children — all running here and there to find each other, and listening with straining ears over their shoulders for the bursting of Boche shells among the ruins of their homes.

The old curé of the village was the last man to leave, and he came slowly along behind the fleeing villagers (his coat riddled with bullet holes, they said afterward, but through some miracle unhurt himself) and looked for the little lost children left behind on the road. Some of these he was too late to save, but dozens of others he took by the hand, and brought away with him into safety. Some of the mothers, too ill to stand the cold and long tramping, died on the way, trying before they died to tell the names of their babies to the curé into whose care they committed them. Many of the children he found were so terrified that it was hours before they were able to speak, and most of them even then, had entirely forgotten their own names.

But they are now safely housed in an old convent which has been turned over to their use, and they will be kept there until the war is over.

McClure's is deeply interested in the work of caring for these fatherless and homeless French and Belgian children.

Every tot we save will help to restore to these suffering countries the strength the swords of the Huns have drained.

Americans who love France and Belgium can do no more noble work than to assist in saving these innocents.

McClure's has a plan by which it becomes easy for its readers to share in the support of these tots.

McClure's "win-the-war" pledge to donate not only its editorial space, but also its resources to the common cause of our nation and its Allies, makes it possible for McClure's circulation department to contribute a portion of its receipts to the work of saving and caring for these homeless children. McClure's is doing its share of patriotic work in other lines and can not assume the full burden of this task, but it will carry it on if its readers co-operate.

Will you help — just a little?

For every five yearly McClure subscriptions we receive at $1.50 each we will provide for a fatherless French and Belgian baby for one week; therefore the amount we set aside out of *your* subscription provides for one of these tots for more than a day. Remember, the subscriptions of other subscribers will prolong the care of a child for weeks and months.

You can send 50 cents with the coupon and $1.00 within thirty days or you can send the entire $1.50 in cash. Probably you can secure the subscriptions of several of your friends to further this work.

We hope the response will be so great that we can adopt scores of these babies at one time and keep on providing for them during the war.

Can't you imagine how happy the person was whose money paid for the rescue of the girl mentioned above? You can share his or her happiness by joining hands with McClure's now.

Due to the money McClure's has invested in other lines of patriotic work, we can carry on this special undertaking only as far as our readers will help.

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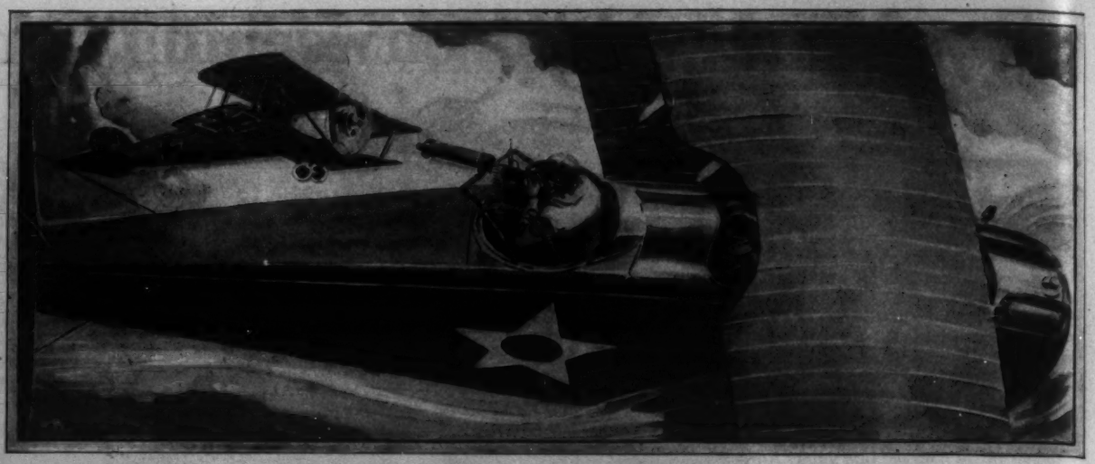

Winning the War with an Engine

by Waldemar Kaempffert

Editor of McClure's Automobile Department and Editor of "Popular Science Monthly"

Heading by F. J. Casavant

BIRD-LIKE though it may seem as it sails along far, far up among the clouds, an airplane is mysteriously stiff, lifeless, unnatural, mechanical, as it rests on the ground. Can it be that these rigid, outstretched surfaces for all their wing-like look, these surfaces which we call "wings," although they never flap — can it be that they will really support a man in air — mere gas? Can it be that this vertical rudder and this horizontal elevator will guide him up and down as unerringly as tail feathers steer a bird? Can it be that these two blades, spinning so dizzily at fourteen hundred revolutions a minute, that they seem a mere haze — can it be that they are the propelling mechanism? And this throbbing engine, on the shaft of which the propeller is carried, this pulsating thing of steel, can it be that it drives this artificial eagle at a speed never attained even by the fastest albatross or petrel?

This man-made bird, with wings ever poised, as if ready to soar up into the clouds, is after all a mere thing of wood, linen and steel, strangely inanimate. It has everything but a brain, everything but life. The pilot climbs into a seat and straps himself tightly in place. At once the creature becomes alive. It has been endowed with a soul and with a brain. He bowls over the green grass — fifty feet, a hundred, two hundred, three hundred. He tilts his elevator ever so little, and the bird of which he is the mind, rises into the air.

What keeps this structure of wood and steel aloft? For all its feathery lightness, it is as heavy as a stone. "You can fly with a kitchen table if you have an engine powerful enough," Wilbur Wright once remarked. A whole sermon on flying might be written with that paradoxical observation as a text. The truth is that the main principles of flying were fairly well understood long before the Wright brothers triumphantly vaulted into the blue. It was partly the lack of a suitable engine that made all the efforts of romantically reckless aviators, from Daedalus down, so tragically ridiculous in the eyes of their fellow men.

The engine of a flying machine is in very truth its heart. Without that engine the plane could never leave the ground. The secret of flight is motion. A flying machine is like a skater who glides over thin ice. Let him halt but for an instant and he plunges into the icy depths below; but let him glide on fast enough, and he is safe. So, you see, a flying machine must move — move incessantly. Everything, then, depends on the engine.

Over four million automobiles whirl up the dust of American highways. Their nearly noiseless engines rarely fail them. Surely, you argue, surely if an automobile which is absolutely dependent on its engine for motion, can be trusted to carry a man to his destination day in and day out, it can be no very difficult problem to make a plane fly. Why not lift the automobile engine into the air? Why not make it drive a flying machine? Why all this adulation of the engineers who gave us the Liberty Motor? Why bother about a special Liberty Motor at all? You ask these questions, and you wonder why one American company spent over a million dollars in developing for American use the Hispano-Suiza engine, conceded to be the best that Europe has thus far produced. You wonder why it cost a great automobile manufacturing company over a half a million dollars to develop its own airplane engine.

It is not until you understand what is demanded in the air that you begin to realize why a modern cavalier of the biplane would no more trust himself to the engine of a motor car than a knight of old would place his reliance on a limping mule. An automobile engine rarely runs at top speed; but the engine of an airplane always develops its maximum power. It was an airplane engine which won a recent record-breaking automobile race; it was made to run constantly at racing speed. An automobile, swift though it may seem, jogs along comfortably, hardly exerting itself; an airplane cleaves the atmosphere at an unslackening breakneck pace. No motor car engine could stand the strain of driving a biplane hour after hour at a rate faster than that attained by the fastest express trains.

Weight is not an important consideration in the manufacture of an automobile; it is everything in the building of an airplane. Fifty pounds, one hundred pounds more or less — what do they matter in a motor car? But the airplane maker will tell you that he must consider ounces, especially in those swift, single-seated fighting-machines in which gallant knights like Guynemer and Ball battled triumphantly time and time again before they came to a glorious and tragic end. If the plane is to skim through the air swiftly, if it is to climb fast, sacrifices must be made to gain engine power. Only so much gasoline is poured into the fuel tank; for each additional pint adds to the engine's task. Only so many rounds of ammunition are served out; for even death-dealing bullets have a weight that must be considered. And then the engine itself, a battery of shaking steel cylinders, it may weigh so much and no more. Who cares if an automobile engine weighs ten, twelve, thirteen, or even fifteen pounds to the horsepower? But an airplane engine may not exceed three pounds to the horsepower by even one-quarter of a pound.

A gasoline engine breathes like a man — breathes life-giving oxygen. Without air it suffocates; it refuses to run. The earth has its hills and valleys; yet, on the whole, an automobile engine breathes only the thick air of the lowlands. An airplane engine — how different! Like a mountaineer, it moves in the higher reaches of the atmosphere. In the space of fifteen minutes it may climb twenty thousand feet. At that cold, silent height the air is so thin that the engine may be said to

The Motor Truck in Business

A Booklet by Waldemar Kaempffert

Partial List of Contents

Which Shall It Be — Gasoline or Electric?
Motion or Money
Fitting the Body to the Load
Do They Pay?
When Trailers Pay
Keeping the Truck in Condition
Watching the Cost

THE new booklet issued by the Automobile Department of McClure's, "The Motor Truck in Business," by Waldemar Kaempffert, will be sent free to any business man who writes to the Automobile Department of McClure's on his business stationery.

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gasp. And yet at this altitude where battles are waged that decide the destinies of armies, at this altitude where the utmost is demanded of piston and cylinder, the airplane engine is at its worst. Victory must obviously rest not alone with the most acrobatic pilot, but with an engine which is marvelously light yet powerful, and which will not cough and splutter consumptively.

Do you see, now, why it is so hard to build an engine for a fighting airplane? Do you realize now why this steel beating heart of a machine which carries a man either to victory or to death must be as light as an engineer may dare to make it? And why it must be nevertheless so powerful that, even at those unthinkable elevations from which a broad river seems like a thin silver thread and a fortress like a mere speck of geometrical form, it may drive a machine just a little, little higher at a time when it is working at its very worst, so that the pilot may swoop down upon his adversary and send him crashing under a hail of machine-gun bullets to a ghastly end four miles below?

AND now let me reveal to you how a scientific enemy has attacked this problem. France was the first and Germany the last great military power to realize that the flying-machine might become a military weapon. And yet the Germans leaped into the air in standardized military machines when the first shot was fired. It was the standardized Taubes that scanned the Belgian terrain when the first unforgivable onslaught came; the Taubes that flew almost unhindered over Paris in August, 1914; the Taubes that saved the Germans at the Marne from utter rout. Yet the Taubes are as extinct now as the dodo. They gave way to the first fast British machines armed with machine-guns. But they proved that the Germans were at least right in the study that they had made of engines.

When France and England beheld their first airplane, they saw in it a new vehicle of sport.

And so Englishmen and Frenchmen arranged sporting contests to learn the airplane's sensation-tickling possibilities. A flying "meeting" was conducted like a horse race.

Turn now to Germany. Of course, the Kaiser offered the most coveted prize. For what? Not for a flight record, but *for an engine*. What a contrast! In France and England thousands and thousands of fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen at Pau or Brooklands, craning their necks so that they might the better see these marvelous new machines which had been copied from the first crude but successful invention of two bicycle makers in Dayton, Ohio. And in Germany, an engineering laboratory with a few roaring engines quivering on solid blocks watched over by a few bespectacled German professors of engineering, reading the dials of recording instruments that measured gasoline consumption and horsepower!

No wonder that England and France had each thirty or forty models of engines and that they launched into the air a collection of flying machines as motley and ill-assorted as the members of a Bolshevik parliament. And no wonder that Germany gained the ascendency in the air in the early days because she had machines that could be grouped as easily as battleships of the same class. Her Kaiser prize, her engineering investigations had given her just five types of serviceable engines. She uses no more today. Do you understand now, why the United States army began its task of sweeping the air clear of enemy machines not by first designing fighting airplanes, but by providing the engine which is destined to pass into history as the Liberty Motor?

When the first Liberty engine was finished it was taken to the top of Pike's Peak and tested in an atmosphere as rare as that which prevails at the elevation at which modern air battles are fought. That was an inspiration. But we will do even more. We will test the engines on the ground, and yet they will be above the clouds. The Bureau of Standards has built a chamber — a chamber from which the air can be partially sucked. Thus, the conditions that prevail far above the Alps or the Himalayas, are artificially produced. And in that chamber the Liberty engine is run hour after hour until at last the director of the laboratory says, in effect: "It is good. It will win the war in the air."

But let us not pat ourselves on the back and assume that our Liberty Motor is astonishingly different in principle from any other airplane engine. We were told that a handful of engineers designed it almost overnight. It stands to reason that a problem with which the ablest European engineers have struggled for ten years is not solved with the stub of a pencil and an old envelope, over a glass of beer and a Swiss-cheese sandwich in a locked hotel room. The wonder of the Liberty Motor is to be found not in any new principle, but in a method of manufacture. Standardization is an American manufacturing conception. And standardization means — ? Simply that cylinders can be combined to produce an engine of any desired power; that the bolts made in Boston will fit the threads tapped in Detroit; that the parts of two engines are interchangeable so that a power plant can be improvised on the spot.

YOU must transport yourself to the battlefield to realize the wonderful heartening significance of this. A butterfly has a life longer than the running life of a flying-machine's engine; biplane power plants must be discarded or rebuilt at the end of eighty hours. By that time the bearings are sure to be scratched; carbonization has set in; other defects appear. New engine parts are constantly substituted for the old, until little of the original construction is left. Even a single sickening dive may mean overhauling. Flames, due to excess of gasoline, and smoke, due to the oiling-up of the front cylinders, pour out of the exhaust. At the outbreak of war it was practically impossible to construct a new engine in the field from the parts of several old engines. How could it be done if a bed would receive only a certain size and type of engine, if this nut would not screw on that bolt, if, in a word, parts could not be interchanged? The men who gave us the Liberty engine, the foremost authorities on metals, radiators, cooling, carburetion and ignition — saw a great light. They have out-standardized Germany, with a standardized army, a standardized police system and a standardized imperial court. It is they who will win the war in the air.

How much do you know about a machine gun? You know, doubtless, what it looks like; perhaps you've seen one in action; also there is a chance you've seen a machine gun in the movies in the hands of the hero. All this is something, of course; but next month Waldemar Kaempffert will make the story of the machine gun sound like a thrilling romance. Be sure to read it

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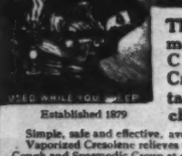

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"AMERICANS TAKEN PRISONERS!"

This photograph is from the "World War," an official German illustrated newspaper, published in ten languages, and shows five American soldiers captured in a trench raid early in November. Note the grinning German officer at the left of the picture.

Do you know?

Do you know why Germany has refused to exchange prisoners?

Do you know what wages a prisoner of war is paid?

Do you know why Germany does not force captured non-commissioned officers to work?

Do you know why Germany treated her Irish war prisoners generously in the beginning and later persecuted them worse than their British prisoners?

Do you know why a war prisoner in Germany working on a farm is infinitely better off than one working in the city?

Do you know the pest camps in Germany? The good camps?

Do you know why the Germans housed their prisoners of war indiscriminately regardless of nationality and race?

Do you know that in parts of Germany the small peasantry had learned to like the good humored Tommy so well that the military staff was forced to forbid all social intercourse between prisoners and civilians?

Do you know that captured officers receive their regular pay while prisoners of war?

Do you know the infirmities that qualify a prisoner of war for exchange?

Do you know what to send a prisoner of war?

Do you know the daily routine of a prisoner of war?

—this book tells you!

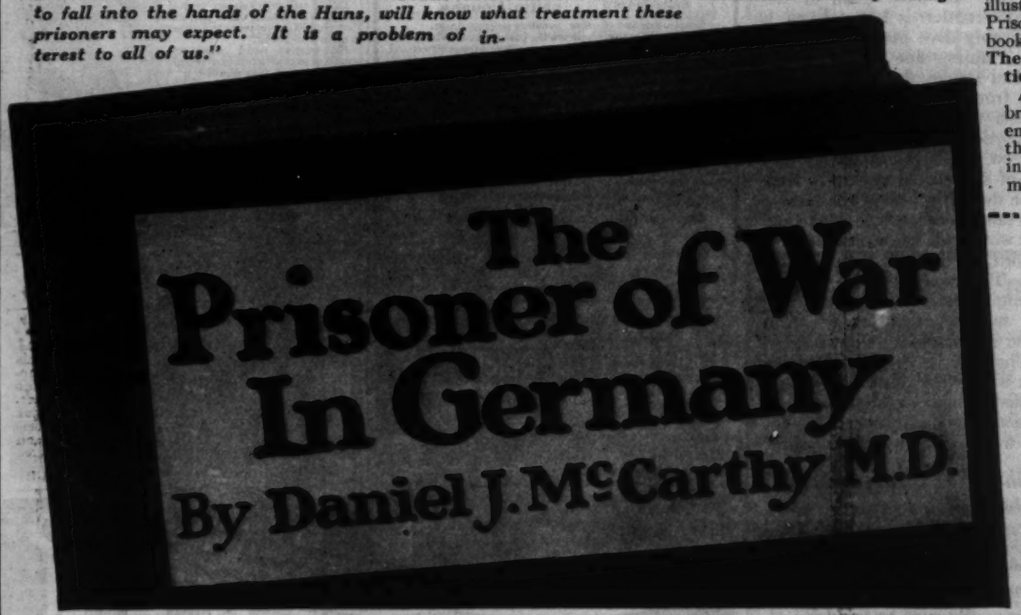
FOR the first time the veil of secrecy is ripped aside and German cruelty and lack of chivalry for a fallen foe are laid bare for the world to see. Underfed prisoners in overcrowded camps and a cold, hard and efficient pounding on their reason, patriotism and morale by a mailed fist that could stoop to the meanest of persecution—that is the indictment Dr. McCarthy nails to the door of Berlin, in his new book—"The Prisoner of War in Germany"—just published.

In a few months, possibly as you read these lines, American soldiers will be going to German prison camps. How will they be treated? What can you do for them? These will be the questions on your lips. For you and every other patriotic American Dr. McCarthy wrote his big vital book.

Dr. McCarthy was attached to the American Embassy in Berlin and officially inspected all the prison camps and hospitals in Germany for the British Government. From these first-hand experiences he has set down in a notable war book, another chapter of German barbarism. It is a sorry tale of a great nation's fall from common humanity.

Rotten Friedrichsfeld, camouflaged with its gardens of geraniums, plague-stricken Wittenburg, that the entire German medical staff deserted, and Limburg, where the Prussian devil took the Irish war prisoners up to the mountain-top and showed them the worlds that might be theirs if they would sell their souls. These stories and dozens of others are set down faithfully and in detail in Dr. McCarthy's great book. It will be most welcome, because of its evident fairness and well-balanced judgment. Where credit is due credit is given gladly by the American Doctor, who, stunned with the jungle cruelty of it all, welcomed the little good, because of its promise that Prussianism had not glutted the last spark of sanity and humanness in the race that gave Kris Kringle to the world.

JAMES W. GERARD SAYS: ***"From this book the friends of Americans unlucky enough to fall into the hands of the Huns, will know what treatment these prisoners may expect. It is a problem of interest to all of us."***



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Washington in Uniform

[*Continued from page 8*]

glance at the interior architecture of the New National Theatre fills you with a desire to put quotes on the "New" National electric sign.

"The facilities of cheap and rapid-transit communications," observes the Encyclopedia, in its witty way, "are abundant." That may be true, but the street-car service is poor. Yet there is nothing in Washington like an 8:30 a.m. trip in the New York subway from Lenox Avenue and 145th Street to Brooklyn Bridge. There is nothing in Washington like a 5:45 p.m. trip in the Third Avenue L from Brooklyn Bridge to Bronx Park. And it is possible for many of us to walk to work. But it is the fashion in Washington to swear at the traction companies, and after all, transportation is a local issue. . . . As to gasoline, it is cheaper than in New York.

The telephone service, however, is worse than in any city I have ever lived in or visited. Sometimes it takes thirty minutes — while the poison of irritation ferments in you — to get a number. Three weeks after my telephone had been installed and was working, I got a letter from the company telling me that they regretted, but they couldn't instal the telephone until Dec. 12, a date two weeks ahead of the date of the letter. And the company is trying to have the rate raised! In extenuation, it must be said that the telephone business in Washington has multiplied many times in the last year. Each business branch has hundreds of extensions, when a year ago it had dozens.

Washington is full of the Athaletic Young Man. He speaks of avviation and datta and SUSpects and the single corps; and everybody but the President, the Secretary of War, and me, speaks of cantonements. But our athaletic young men, heaven bless them! are fine soldiers, and the fire against the enemy is no less effective because the men sending it call it barrodge. What will win the war I am not prepared to say, though I do read the advertisements; but nobody has advanced that diction and enunciation will win the war.

If it weren't for G. O. No. 10, I might write of the persons who are in Washington; but, while that knowledge might interest and amuse you, it is none of the Kaiser's business. If it hadn't been for G. O. No. 10, I could have written an informative piece about war-time Washington. McCLURE'S should have asked a non-army man for the story. Blame McCLURE'S. In the interest of Art, I should have turned the assignment over to someone else, but I haven't time to think of Art these days; and besides, I don't know anyone not in the service; so why, quoth I, not earn that money myself and support my car, proud relic of my days of affluence, for a few more months in the style to which it has been accustomed? So I wrote the piece, and because it is a poor piece, thin and watery, don't blame me, but, as I have said, blame McCLURE'S. And General Order No. 10. For

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are G. O. No. 10.

They are sitting together — a couple of young American war correspondents — in their Petrograd hotel, when a knock at the door comes and — but let Lincoln Steffens tell you the story — "Midnight in Russia" — in the May McClure's

Where Do You Stand?

[*Continued from page 36*]

for which our fathers fought and suffered? Shall this be said of us?

We German-Americans are at the cross-roads. If we go right now, we will be regarded henceforth as Americans and nothing but Americans, loved and respected more possibly than any other element in our population, because we have been put to the greatest test of all and have proved faithful to the Republic; if we go wrong, on the other hand, we will be dug out of the body politic as a worm is dug out of an apple, and there will be mutual bitterness and dissension for generations.

Let us consider, let us consider this!

I WHO have presumptuously taken it upon myself to address to you these words, my fellow Americans of German blood, I am nothing to you, not even a name. I have no position nor influence. There are thousands of German-Americans more widely known and more influential than I.

I appeal to you only because I am one of you. I have been torn as you are torn. I love German men and women and German forests and hills and songs as you love them; I, too, have a father in Germany, I, too, had a German mother; and I, too, have brothers fighting in Germany's armies. For a time my reason as well as my heart was with Germany's cause, and even after my reason would no longer let me hope for Germany's triumph, for a time my heart was still rebelliously thrilled at the news of a German victory.

So, perhaps, I have a right to speak. I have stood on Germany's side, I have walked in the valley of the shadow of neutrality, but I now stand irrevocably with the cause of the Allies which, thank God, is now the cause of America.

And I say to you most solemnly, the time has come for us all who are of German origin to stand forth and publicly declare ourselves:

I, an American citizen of German blood, believe in America, my country, and in the principles of liberty, equality and democracy for which she stands. Therefore, and inevitably, I am against Germany. I wish to see my country victorious and Germany defeated. To the fulfilment of this wish I pledge my life, my fortune and my sacred honor."

In the taking and the keeping of that oath or its equivalent lies the hope, lies the only hope of the happiness and the present and future usefulness of Americans of German blood.

Coming in the May McClure's, "The Highway Limited Freight," by Edward Mott Woolley. This article will stand out as a masterpiece. It is a romance of the war — a romance without a heroine, without a definite hero; still it throbs with human feeling. It has the wonder touch that always attaches itself to a "behind the scenes" story, and we think that this is the most vital glimpse that any of us have had behind the curtain that veils the moving of those great masses of material which go to help win the war

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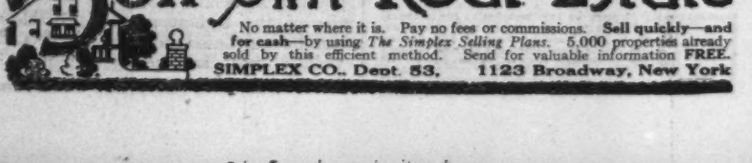
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by Paul Tomlinson

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The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made for this special service. The Financial and Insurance Department cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

IT has taken more than a year for some Americans to realize that their scale of living must be different from what it was in times of peace. As yet not all of us are adjusted to the new conditions. In fact, the remark is often heard that apparently many people do not know a war is going on. Casualty lists are making their appearance with increasing frequency, but our army has been in no great action and as yet we are practically untouched. We have had some experience in supplying our government's financial needs, however, and when we see that its requirements total about thirty-seven million dollars a day, we understand vaguely what a tremendous task it is to raise this amount.

"But," someone will say, "where is this money to come from unless business is continued as usual?" The fact of the matter is that while we must go on doing our business as usual, it should not be the usual business. Those industries which will help us win the war should not only be continued, but strengthened, and their operations increased. Whatever is non-essential to our war needs should either be dispensed with or greatly curtailed. There is business for all, more business than ever, but it is of a different kind.

PROBABLY everyone has some idea of the workings of the law of supply and demand. As the demand increases, the more difficult it is for the supply to keep pace. With brisk demand always go high prices. This is as true of money as it is of eggs. When a large number of people are bidding for money, the rate at which it may be borrowed goes up until it becomes so high it is out of reach. Then demand disappears and interest rates again go down.

We have seen how government loans have affected the money market. No private concern can offer security to compare with that of the government. The result is that in so far as an ordinary borrower is concerned, the price of money is almost prohibitive. Private financing has almost stopped, and the securities of many corporations are selling at prices which would have seemed ridiculous before they were placed in competition with government bonds. Securities of the highest grade can be purchased now to yield a most satisfactory and attractive return to the investor who has been wise enough to save his money.

Government appropriations for this year approximate nineteen billion dollars. It is not possible for private borrowers to compete with anything like this amount of government securities, and, furthermore, they should not attempt to do so. In fact, all municipalities have been requested to abstain from new public works for the period of the war, because to finance them would require money which the government should have. Similarly, the government needs the labor and materials.

IF this state of affairs is true of municipalities it is equally true of individuals. If we refrain from unnecessary expenditures we not only are saving money for the government, but also are releasing labor and materials for its use which otherwise would have been employed in satisfying our individual demands. Our war requirements constitute a demand which the people's money and labor must supply. Surely no one wants it said of him that he did anything to hinder that supply.

The demands of war and individual consumption are more than the industrial capacity of the country can supply. Because of the demands upon railway service and coal, which are probably the two most vital necessities, we have seen already how freight embargoes and "heatless days" have resulted. To remedy matters, consumption must be cut down, but this is a difficult thing to accomplish, for there is an unusual amount of money in circulation as the result of high wages and high prices. It is evident on the face of things, however, that if individual demands interfere with our war needs they must be restricted. Unless the people of their own accord will curtail consumption, it will be entirely proper for the government to step in and take control.

It is stated that our consumption of meat has decreased twenty per cent since last April. The result is that our allies are getting the benefit of this saving and, what is especially creditable, is that this saving has been entirely voluntary. If we can save twenty per cent of our meat consumption and be as well as ever physically, why is it not practicable to save twenty per cent of our expenditures of money and be that much stronger financially? Furthermore, we could then provide the government with the money it needs.

If we must save money, so, also, we must save labor, and as a matter of fact money is easier to find than labor in this country. There are certain numbers of people, but no more, who can work. Just so long as individuals insist upon purchasing luxuries and non-essentials, they are competing with the government for the labor necessary in the production of those luxuries and non-essentials. The government needs that labor, and the result is that it must bid for it against the private manufacturers. Higher wages do not make more labor available. They merely increase its cost, and the more the government is obliged to pay for what it gets, in that same proportion must taxes be increased and more bonds issued and sold.

ON the other hand, if we cut down our consumption of luxuries and non-essentials, the money we would have spent in that way is saved for the government — and incidentally for ourselves. Labor also will be saved, because if the demand for luxuries diminishes, their production automatically will decrease, and men formerly employed in their manufacture will be freed for war-work. Surely any individual sacrifice entailed will be more than counterbalanced by the beneficial results accruing to the country and the world at large. As a matter of fact, probably no sacrifice will be required in so far as the owners and employees of such industries are concerned, for the government wherever possible has adopted the highly satisfactory plan of converting these industries to work connected with the war.

A man was asked recently to serve with the fine or-

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
Bonds, Stocks, and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial-Payment Plan
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
How to Care for Securities and Prevent Their Loss and Destruction
How to Figure the Real Return on Your Money
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Booklet will be sent for ten cents in stamps. See announcement above. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

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ganization engaged in selling the present issue of Liberty Bonds. He was eminently suited by ability and experience for the work, but he refused, because, as he said, it was his duty to continue doing business as usual. He had a wife and children to support, and he considered his first duty to be to them. Now no one can deny that a man is obligated to care for his family, but the government needed that man, and while it asked him to make a sacrifice, it offered him work which would allow him to take adequate care of those who depended upon him. How far would this nation have progressed had all its citizens acted in like manner?

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The Doherty News, published monthly by H. L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City, deals with the improvement and development of public utilities. Sent upon request.

In view of the interest in government financing. The National City Company of New York is preparing a booklet, giving interesting facts, with reference to the financing of the wars of 1812—'64—98, and 1917. Ask for it.

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S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, and Straus Bldg., Chicago, have just issued a January investment list, a booklet, "The Oldest Safe Investment," and a booklet explaining the income tax.

Citizens Savings & Trust Co. will send booklet "D" free on request.

Catlin, Street & Co., 60 Broadway, New York, have just issued a booklet, entitled "Judging the Merit of Oil Investments."

On account of the unusual situation in the copper market a book just issued for free distribution by L. R. Latrobe & Company, 111 Broadway, New York, should prove timely for investors.

The Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., furnishes weekly reports and charts which help to anticipate the larger movement in security, commodity, and labor prices.

Booklet Mc-8, recently published by The F. B. Collins Investment Company, gives valuable information regarding Farm Loans in the Southwest. A copy can be had upon request. Address: Oklahoma City, Okla.

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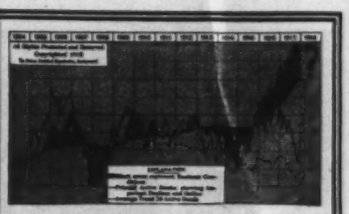

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THE GOLDEN HIGHWAY

By WILLIAM HENRY WRIGHT

SUPPOSE you should meet suddenly a beautiful young lady, who was a total stranger to you, but who was so beautiful and trusting that you poured out to her — fully and without restraint — the love secret that was burning your heart; and then you discovered a few days later, that the beautiful young lady fell in love with you herself to prevent your marriage with the other girl—what would you do? This very interesting heart-problem is cleverly solved in the entertaining story, "THE GOLDEN HIGHWAY," published in

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The remarkable life-story of Mrs. John Hays Hammond, who saved her distinguished husband from execution by the Boers, is one of the interesting series, "THE WIVES OF FAMOUS AMERICANS," written by Nixola Greeley-Smith.

The Latest Photographs of the Great War will be presented as a double page feature. The cover design for April is a beautiful reproduction in four colors from a painting by A. G. Learned, and is in keeping with the return of a most welcome Spring. You will want to frame it for your room.

If you buy the April number of THE PEOPLE'S HOME JOURNAL for no other reason, do so from purely patriotic motives and read every word of a remarkable special article by Lewis and Mary Theiss, describing one of the most important movements ever started toward ending the war — the organization of communities throughout the United States for the production, distribution and conservation of the food products you raise on your waste ground and in your back yards "The culminating crisis of the struggle has come," said President Wilson to the Farmers' Conference at the University of Illinois on January 30th. Read this article, and help to do your bit to end the war.

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Established in 1885

The People's Home Journal

FOR APRIL

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The Woman Behind the Soldier

[*Continued from page 32*]

women will understand. But to call it a war for a certain form of government, when all forms are on trial today, the vital human element is lost for her.

I have said that, from my knowledge of women, the result of our entrance into the war will be three-fold.

First, that the phase of readjustment will pass, to be succeeded by one of whole-souled support and high courage.

Second, there will come increased knowledge of government, its possibilities for good and evil.

Third, there will be the loss of the illusion of peace, and a consequent determination to prepare against future wars, to the end that there shall be none. Women are forehanded. They look ahead. A man finds the present fairly sufficient. A woman lives in her children, and in her dreams of their future. And I believe that the women of this country will demand for their sons universal military training, not that they shall fight, but that they will never need to fight.

Their faith in diplomacy is dead. It has failed them. With every desire to keep out of this war, they have seen the nation forced into it. And they will not be caught again unprepared. They know that with a great body of trained citizens behind us Germany would never have dared her course toward us. They know that, when the Germans were debating whether to enter France by Belgium or Switzerland, it was the fact that every Swiss was a trained soldier that sent them through Belgium instead, Belgium with its small army and its untrained civilians who died by thousands because they had not been taught to protect themselves.

But there is a corollary to all this. It is well for women to look ahead. It is magnificent to find them taking hold of war work, even if in certain cases we find them dramatizing themselves. But the work of the nation must go on. The poor must be fed and cared for, the sick tended. War is not one burden instead of another. It is an extra burden, to be carried on shoulders already bowed with cares.

I have found women who have dropped every previous activity to knit for the soldiers. Knitting for the soldiers is more than laudable. It is well worth while. But to drop other and necessary work which lies at our doors in order to knit is to substitute sentiment for duty. To many women, knitting is purely a mental anesthetic. It is easy and pleasant. It satisfies the desire to do something, that aching anxiety to be of use which for so many finds in knitting its only solution.

Save for the trained nurse and a few other specialists, there is not only no need for women abroad, they are actually in the way. The place for our women is here, keeping the home fires burning, looking ahead with intelligence and vision, preparing for their new place in world government, facing the situation bravely. And above all, by word and act standing sturdily and indomitably behind the men who are fighting for their homes.

If the War Ends This Year

[*Continued from page 8*]

Roosevelt unpatriotic? Was Senator Chamberlain? Or Senator Hitchcock? Was Lord Northcliffe unpatriotic when he revealed the shell scandals in England, causing a reorganization which made Great Britain for the first time effective in the field? If so, why aren't they all in jail?

Criticism? Why, civilization itself is the result of criticism! Freedom is the result of criticism! Magna Charta was wrung from autocracy by criticism. The Declaration of Independence was the result of criticism. So was the French Declaration of the Rights of Man. Our Revolutionary War was a criticism of tyranny. Our Civil War was a criticism of the theory of State Rights and of the institution of slavery. The Spanish-American War was a criticism of Spanish brutality in Cuba. This war is a criticism of autocracy, of brutality, of the doctrine that might is right.

The argument remains unanswered, but the dogma is reiterated: "It is unpatriotic to criticize."

"But remember," we are goaded into replying, "that if you had only listened to those who in the beginning warned you to prepare for war, there would be no occasion for criticism. We should have had a powerful trained army ready to strike at once."

Suppose peace does come before we are well started in the war. What then?

We may say, frankly: "Thank God we have been lucky again in war! The lives of countless American soldiers have been saved, not through any foresight on our part, but because of our almost incredible good fortune. Luck has followed us this time, as in other wars. We have practically never been ready for a war. We weren't ready for the Revolution, but we got help from France and played in luck. We weren't ready for the war of 1812, but while we were fighting England and making a sorry mess of it, England was fighting Napoleon — and even at that the War of 1812 was not a victory for us, but at best a draw. We weren't ready for the Civil War, and the fact that we weren't ready caused it to drag on through four years. We weren't ready for the Spanish War and only the incompetence of Spain saved us from defeat. We weren't ready for this War, but here we are, retiring in the guise of victors, from a fight which has been largely if not entirely won for us by others."

Shall we forget the oceans of blood shed by our friends, the French and British, that the world might be made safe from autocracy? Shall we forget that for more than forty months they defended us while defending themselves? Shall we trust the German gangsters who, in violation of their oath, leaped upon the world and sandbagged it in the dark? Shall we ask them for new promises, and when new promises are given, shall we say: "These promises are better than the old. The entire nature of Germany has now been turned inside out. There will never be any more wars. We need not be ready. We must all disarm. We must let Germany see that we mean what we say" — shall we go in for twaddle of that kind?

We who wish our country to be safe, hope that the United States will not lapse back after the war into a condition of garrulous impotence. Yet there are those among us who will not be surprised, but only regretful, if presently she falls off the war wagon and takes again to the primrose path of pacifism.

Extravagance *vs.* Economy— *Continued from page 22*

"A penny saved is a penny earned? Maybe so. But who the Billy blazes wants to bother with pennies?

"A fool and his money are soon parted? Right every time. He's just the guy I'm looking for.

"And so we've gone along, like a flock of cow-punchers in a frontier town, hooting and howling and squandering our substance in riotous living with no thought of the morrow beyond an occasional vague premonition of the head we're going to have.

"And the trouble has been not that we haven't any sense but just that we've been too busy to use it. The game has been too big, and too swift, and too exciting. Where one lad is riding around on a horse and shooting off a gun, who wants to sit home on the front porch and knit antimacassars?

"When everybody else is staying up and having a party, who wants to go to bed at seven-thirty? When all life is a horse race, who wants to sit home in the kitchen playing cat's cradle with grandma?

"When everybody you know is riding around in automobiles, it takes a lot of moral courage to walk; especially when you've got more money in the bank than they have, and know it, besides.

"It comes back to the old idea of mob psychology. Mobs will rise to greater heights and sink to greater depths than individuals. Look at all the women you see knitting nowadays. Is it because women like to knit now any better than they did a year ago?

"Not at all. It's because some women decided that knitting was the thing and began to knit. Whereupon, mob psychology got in its work, and now they're all knitting. It's like a lynching. A lynching isn't pulled off because a lot of men make up their minds they're going to hang somebody. It's because a few do, and the rest are borne along in the current of their excitement, until, feeling that excitement, they become a part of that current themselves. Mobs will go into a saloon and get peaceably pickled; or they'll stand outside that saloon and chuck rocks through it, according as the psychology motivates them.

"AND so it is with extravagance. A lot of people making darned fools of themselves inspire a lot of other people to do likewise. When everybody is blowing in his money for a party, everybody else wants to do the same.

"Come back to the cow-punchers again. On the range, they are sober, saving, industrious. That's because everybody on the range is similarly sober, saving and industrious.

"But turn said bunch of cow persons loose in a town where everybody is drinking, gambling and fighting, and said cow persons are in the middle of it in a minute!

"To be led is to be human. To be easily influenced is to be human. To be more easily influenced by the attractive and the pleasant than by the difficult and the dutiful, is also to be human. It is easier to be foolish than to be wise. It is easier to be dissipated than ascetic.

"Yet, on the other hand, it is really not so much more difficult to live cleanly, straightly and intelligently if one will only try. And it is much easier to do this, if one's friends and neighbors and acquaintances are doing it. If all men are honest, to be honest is not hard. If all men are hard-working, to work is no effort. If all men are clean, and straight and moral, cleanness and straightness and morality become the normal daily existence.

"And considered as a straight business proposition, there is no comparison between the two modes of life. Looseness, laxness, and folly are a sucker play from start to finish. The little that you get is more than offset by all that you lose. It's like putting up a hundred dollars to win a rotten apple. If you win, you win nothing of value; if you lose, you lose, anyhow; and there you are. It's a crooked game, and there's no way to beat it.

"LOOK at the thing clearly.

"Here, on the one hand, you see that well-known and widely-admired gentleman, Mr. Philbert J. Extravagance. To the eye, he looks great. He's all dressed up like a birthday cake, and as he rolls along the boulevard distributing largesse to the populace, you'd think nobody was more favored of fortune than he. In your heart, you envy him. You think it must be wonderful to have so many friends, so many motors, so many rich and beautiful wives, so many splendiferous jewels, a mansion on Main Street, and money in every pocket!

"And yet, after all, is it? Is he, actually, to be envied, or to be pitied with a pity as deep as it is real?

"Like you, he has only one brain. It's full of worries. He has only one stomach. It's full of aches. He has only one body to be carted around in all his expensive motors. It hurts and would like to stay at home, only the discontent of his worried brain won't let it. His success is what? The empty fawnings of sycophants. His happiness is where? Burnt to the ground and no insurance. His health? Gone where the woodbine twineth. He's a hollow shell suffused of vain regrets; a bird in a gilded cage, and liable to be thrown out any minute.

"And it's all because his foundation is bad. Living beyond his means makes him worry as to how he's going to settle up when the time comes. Worrying as to how he's going to settle up ruins his digestion. His ruined digestion makes him so peevish that nobody can stand him except those that do it for business reasons. And there you are.

"On the other hand, consider that staunch old citizen, Mr. Amos P. Economy.

"As he strolls pleasantly down Washington Street and nears the corner of Maple Avenue, we see the vigor of his step; the clearness of his eye; the firmness of his lips; the pleasant smile about his mouth.

"Has he troubles? If any, they are not of his own making; hence he wears them lightly. His rent is paid, and his taxes. No creditors dog his footsteps. He hasn't sat up late nights trying to spend money he hasn't got on food that isn't in the cook-book; hence is his digestion good and his stomach like a child's. His friends are his friends not because they think they can get something out of him; but because they like him. His brain is free of worries because he doesn't do anything to worry it. If he rides in a motor, it is because he can afford it; and not because he thinks it will make other people think what he thinks they'll think. He fears no man; and no man fears him. He sleeps well; eats well; feels well; thinks clearly.

"And it is all because his foundation is good. He has builded not like an ambitious adolescent with a box of dominoes, but well, and carefully. His foundation is firm. Hence the structure of his life rises solidly and stands securely. Passing winds shake it not; nor do winter's frost and summer's droughts crack or warp.

"And now that the Government has decreed that these two gentlemen shall enter the ring together, which one are you, personally, going to back? Which way shall we, the mob, go? Which fighter shall our psychology favor? For, as the country was ruled for a time by the psychology of economy, then for a time by the psychology of extravagance, so now must it be ruled by either the one psychology or the other.

"Are we for Extravagance? Or for Economy? It's a clear issue, ladies and gentlemen. One or the other must win.

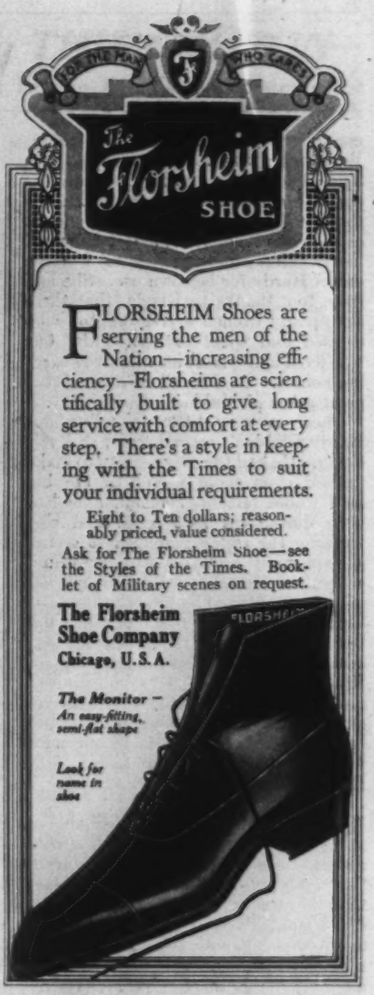
"EXTRAVAGANCE has lived through all the years and all the ages. And it has always meant national, as well as individual, disaster. For Extravagance is the crumbling corner-stone that makes for the downfall of human edifices, even as Economy is the solid block that makes for permanence. Extravagance stands for waste, both human and material; for looseness of living and of thought; for the propagation of vice and the stifling of virtue; for the breeding of folly and the race-suicide of wisdom; for watering the weeds, and plucking the flowers. Extravagance, by and large, is a national lemon, and a sociological quince, and never done nobody nothing but harm nowhere.

"Take it from one who knows, there is no pleasure so evanescent, so fleeting and so hollow, as is that selfsame extravagance. It is like the pleasure that comes from other forms of dissipation. Great for a few minutes, but, fooey! what a head it leaves!

And Economy is the right road. It is the right road not so much that it is the road itself that is right. It is because of the right things to which the road leads. Extravagance, as a road, might not be so bad were it not for the bitterer evils that lie along its winding length. But as it is ——

"Economy makes for happiness. Extravagance makes for unhappiness, and worse. And when you've said that, you've said it all."

Anna Steese Richardson has written a wonderful article on the camps of our country, and the great work the Y. M. C. A. is doing. She calls it, "This Is the Life!" and it reveals, as nothing else has, the very hearts of our boys who are now in training. Mrs. Richardson, herself a mother, with a son in camp, knows the soldier psychology, and interprets it sympathetically. This, the first of a series, will appear in the May number. Watch for it. Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty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Without the Last Act — Continued from page 18

ever convinced that Rhoda was right — Washington was the only place to live. The Gliddens went to Mrs. Schroeder's again, because Eve thought that since they couldn't live grandly, they might as well live economically and there would be, therefore, more money to wheedle out of Hardy for her own use. She had seen, too, thanks to Rhoda, that there were many women in Washington who dressed and spent extravagantly, but who lived in the most inexpensive boarding-houses. It was all a part of the great game of Making a Good Show.

There is very little to tell about Hardy Glidden's second term, or Eve's either. He had the opportunity to make himself even more useful to the big men whose faithful henchman he had been during his first term, and she, knowing the ropes, managed to secure a good many invitations for large and general social affairs, and to get her picture published twice. She also learned how to use a touch of rouge and where to put a beauty patch to the best advantage, but not from Rhoda, for Rhoda was not at Mrs. Schroeder's now — she had muleted her relatives and her in-laws of a generous sum and had flitted back to the Continent, which better suited her taste. But Eve did not need her.

FOR instance, she was now capable of sizing up her husband with a cold accuracy she had never before displayed. She saw, without blinking, the fact that he was doomed always to be a small man. Even so, she thought, he might make money in certain devious ways which are open to practically all men in public office —but here Hardy developed a stubborn streak of honesty. I can hardly call it honesty — say, rather, caution. He was afraid to make money dishonestly for fear he would be caught — that was the long and the short of it. With neither boldness nor deftness, he knew he was safer in remaining poor, and, with despair in her soul, Eve owned to herself that he was right. But all this gained nothing for her. So, instead of going home with Hardy when he made his third campaign, she decided on a bold stroke. She packed her trunks and went to spend a summer abroad with Rhoda. You can imagine whether or not she returned home with improved ideals. But she certainly did return home with improved figure. There is — or rather was — a corsétière on one of the little side streets of Paris who could make a sylph of a dumpling.

No one looking at that trig and tailored little woman, with assured smartness in every twist and turn and line of her, would have imagined her the same Eve Glidden who had worn the pink silk and the patent leather slippers at the lodge reception in Smallville, only a few years ago. They say our American women are the most adaptable in the world — and I believe it. If Eve had had good jewels, she might have passed as a millionairess anywhere.

You may have noticed that I have said nothing about the presence of any man other than Hardy Glidden so far in Eve's life. It is exactly as I have told it — there were none. Not that other men had not admired her and that she had not had plenty of chances to carry on all the usual sort of Washington flirtation, ranging from mild coquetry to furtive passion. But Eve was for none of them. At first she was too busy finding out what she could make of herself. And later, she was too clever. Eve had the reputation, among all the people who knew her, of being above intrigue. Scandal had looked past her. She was very well satisfied that it had — but all the time she was keenly on the lookout. Rhoda had said: "An old man is what you want — one with heaps and heaps of money."

For the final time and in a spirit of desperation she took stock of Hardy Glidden, but her observations profited her nothing except to confirm her belief that he would never, by any turn of chance, be a money-getter. To be sure, he had won his third campaign and he was to be rewarded with a place on the Ways and Means Committee, and there would be important tariff legislation before Congress during the next session. It would be a splendid opportunity for any man with itching palms. The tariff is the one great romance of American politics. Fortunes have been made and lost by the machinations of every tariff bill we have ever framed. What the layman sees as dry lists of commodities with cabalistic figures attached, becomes to the manufacturer industrial life or death.

Well, here you see us set for the second act. The scene is still Mrs. Schroeder's. Our hero and heroine have become, respectively, a near-statesman and a lady of fashion. Our serpent has done her little turn and disappeared, which is very bad playwriting — but I warned you that life cannot be stage-managed by the rules of the theatre.

Eve had picked up the threads of her Washington life discontentedly enough and Hardy had found his usual little niche and was perfectly happy. He was of no more use on the Ways and Means Committee than a fifth wheel on a wagon, but the prospect of mingling on a plane of equality with the experts and the men of real ability made him swell up like a pouter pigeon.

NEITHER of the Gliddens noticed at first an old couple who had come to stay at Mrs. Schroeder's — a Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch from an up-state New York city — a delightful, silvery-haired old man, dressed in exquisite fashion, and a rather plain, dowdily gotten-up old woman, who had very little to say for herself. Old Mr. Murdoch made himself agreeable to everyone, especially the women, and he seemed to take a great fancy to Eve. She paid no particular attention at first, then her eye was suddenly intrigued by some wonderful old lace on Mrs. Murdoch's collar.

Then she took note of the long fur cape that Mrs. Murdoch put on each day when she went to drive. Another surprise — it was the softest, richest sable, though old-fashioned in cut.

Her curiosity was aroused about the two and she saw what she had been too indifferent to see at first — that both the old people spent money lavishly, and that they were surrounded with all sorts of luxuries. The car they drove in came from Washington's best garage. Old Mrs. Murdoch had a personal maid, and the old man a secretary. Special dishes were served them at every meal. And yet the two were such an unassuming, quiet old pair. Mrs. Schroeder's sister completed her information.

"The Murdochs are just as rich as rich can be, and they've always gone to The Towerton, but Mrs. Murdoch's taken a dislike to hotels and so sister got them, and lucky she was — for they took the front room and bath and that room that's between the front room and your room — they use it for a sitting-room — and then a room upstairs for Mrs. Murdoch's maid. They're a perfect godsend, I tell sister."

"What's Mr. Murdoch's business?" asked Eve, interestedly.

"My heavens, didn't you know? — he's Murdoch, of Murdoch's Elixir. Why, he's worth millions, and yet they don't put on any airs. Between you and me, I think Mrs. Murdoch bores her husband to death. I expect it was one of these marriages where the husband outgrows the wife, you know."

When Miss Jason had finally taken herself and her chatter to her own room, Eve Glidden sat still for a very long time, thinking harder than she had ever thought in her life before. She could hardly believe her good fortune. That right here in this quiet boarding-house the game should be dropped right down into her hands! Everyone knew Murdoch's Elixir. It was one of those dope-and-booze medicines that are so popular in strictly prohibition communities.

SO Eve sat there and thought five full reels of what she was going to do with the opportunity that had been miraculously arranged for her. She knew that she must move cautiously. She knew she must make no mistakes. And now we are ready for the third act and our climax.

It would make our third act far too long if I were to go into detail of the stalking of old Murdoch by Eve Glidden. He responded eagerly to her kindnesses. It was pretty dull for him, he told her. Ma didn't like to go to the theatre, and he did. Maybe Eve would humor an old man by going with him sometimes? He was quite wistful about it. Eve hesitated prettily — suggested that Mrs. Murdoch might not wish to be left alone in the evening. Mr. Murdoch pshawed that. "Ma goes to sleep right after dinner every night," he said. "She don't care about anything, so she don't have to stay up and dressed after eight o'clock."

So Eve, at her most charming, presently became Abel Murdoch's constant companion. At first — quite openly. A little later, when she thought it would arouse his sympathies, she told him that the people in the boarding-house gossiped about their being so much together and that they must be cautious. Murdoch assented to this in just the way Eve had hoped he would. He was quite the usual married-man-with-a-pleasant-little-liaison-that-must-be-kept-quiet. And with this keeping it quiet came a new element into their friendship.

Old Murdoch began to talk to Eve freely, bitterly. Here he was, not so very old, with a great wish to enjoy life. He wanted to have a big house, and entertain, and go about, travel, make friends. But Ma wouldn't hear to it. She was all for living in the way they had started, thirty-five years ago. She wouldn't hear to a big house — wouldn't dress up and do him any credit. He painted the saddest kind of a picture of his married life. She'd never understood him — they'd never been companionable. He'd stuck by her and done his duty by her and — and — well, he'd never talked like this to anyone in the world before, but Eve was such a clever, bright little woman and so understanding!

In return Eve assured him that she could, like the immortal Mrs. Hauksbee, "be trusted to an infinite extent." She was enormously sympathetic, but pleaded Mrs. Murdoch's cause eloquently She told him that he must be brave and fine and true, for it would no doubt kill his wife if she discovered the true state of his feelings.

"Kill her!" said Murdoch indignantly. "She'd be glad of it. She's told me a thousand times that she'd be glad to get rid of me."

"Then why — why — " demanded Eve, "have you stayed with her for so long?"

"I never had any motive to do anything else — before now," said Murdoch, boldly.

But that was as far as he went — that—day.

Another day he talked to her plainly of Hardy Glidden. "He's never going to be able to give you what you ought to have. Why, you ought to be queening it in one of the big houses down on Dupont Circle. You ought to be wearing a diamond tiara and ropes of pearls. You ought to have your automobiles and your riding horses. You and I have tastes alike."

Eve flashed him a meaningful glance. "Yes," she said, "I — I believe we have."

"It is almost too easy," she said to herself, in sincere congratulation, later.

"I might just as well be making ten thousand a year and no more, for all the good it does me. I don't get any real fun out of my money — and I've wanted fun all my life."

"So have I," said Eve, in real ingénue style.

"I wish — I wish I could give it to you," old Murdoch ventured.

"And I wish I could give it to you," flashed back Eve. "Ah, Mr. Murdoch, we're two people who have taken the wrong turning in life. It's too late now to change."

It was not so very long after this that they arrived at a real understanding. Dialogue of this kind naturally leads up to a climax. They sounded each other out until they knew pretty well where they stood, and after that there was no special use in subterfuge, or pretense. Oh, they kept it all on a high plane, of course. They were wronging no one, they assured each other. Hardy Glidden cared nothing for Eve — according to Eve; and old Mrs. Murdoch would be perfectly happy with a generous settlement. There would be a disagreeable little wait — six months it takes at Reno — but after that California, Japan, India, Egypt, Italy, France, England — a wonderful luxurious trip around the world, and they would settle somewhere — preferably in Washington, for Eve wanted to triumph where she had been so long obscure.

THERE was just one little hitch, and that was so small as to be negligible. "You see," explained Murdoch, "I'm really in Washington to watch this tariff bill. I've got to find out what they're going to do to opium. It's been rumored around freely that they're going to just about double the present duty, and if they do I've got an option on a dozen big cargoes that I can cable to have rushed over here to get in before the law goes into effect."

He went on to explain that though the whole patent medicine business was maintaining an expensive lobbying force and a high-class publicity bureau, they had been able to make precious little headway. And he felt as though he ought to stay in Washington until they knew something definite — he wasn't going to have the Elixir's prosperity smashed by a lot of flop-eared, jaw-wagging legislators without making some effort to save it. Eve listened attentively. At the last, though, she had a brilliant idea.

"Why, see here," she cried, clasping

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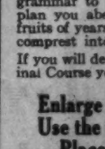

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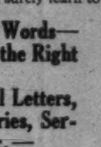

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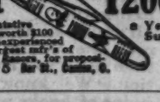

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her small hands, "Hardy's on the Ways and Means Committee. *He'll* know what they're going to do to opium in the bill. I'll find out from him and tell you."

No, Murdoch wouldn't hear of it. It might place her in a bad position afterward — it might make Hardy suspect something — it might — oh, he had ever so many good reasons why she should say nothing to Hardy.

But Eve persisted. It was such an easy way to find out — and wasn't it her duty to help Murdoch (she talked as if she was already his wife) and she was sure there wouldn't the slightest suspicion attach itself to her. And so on! And so on and on. Yes — and so on.

In the end she had her way. She asked Hardy and it was just as simple as she had foreseen. All she said was:

"There's an awful lobby of patent medicine people around, isn't there, Hardy?"

"Yeah," laughed Hardy, "and they're going to catch hell, though they don't know it. You know most of these patent medicines are just sweetened dope. And the duty on opium's only going to be doubled — that's all. It'll send a lot of 'em to the wall, and serve 'em right."

"You're so clever, Hardy," murmured Eve, irrelevantly. The habit of flattering Hardy was so much ingrained that she held to it even at this moment, when she was betraying him. Sometimes I think Eve Glidden ought to have been named Delilah — but Hardy Glidden wasn't much of a Samson.

As soon as Hardy had gone out, Eve took a bit of paper and wrote on it: "The duty on opium is to be more than doubled," signed her initials, sealed it in envelope and slipped it under the Murdoch's door. She knew Ma Murdoch was out driving, and that Murdoch was waiting word from her. It rejoiced her that she was able to give him the aid he so much desired. She spent the rest of the time before dinner looking over her clothes and deciding what she would take to Reno. There were so many things she didn't want, she thought she'd give some of them to Miss Jason. She felt that she owed something to Miss Jason. And after she had made up her mind about the clothes, she began a letter to Rhoda Wynne. While she was writing, she heard a bumping and clattering outside the door as if trunks were being taken down-stairs.

Then she had to dress for dinner. She made a somewhat hasty toilet, for she had wanted to finish her letter, but there were so many things to tell Rhoda that she finally despaired and threw it back into her desk and hurried into an old dress that was easy to put on.

On the other side of her door she paused, for down the hallway stood old Mrs. Murdoch. Her heavy old face lightened at sight of Eve. "Oh, Mrs. Glidden," she said, "could I see you for a moment?"

EVE followed her wonderingly and when they were both inside her room, Mrs. Murdoch closed her door. "Sit down," she said, nodding toward an easy-chair.

Eve sat down, still wondering, but not impatient. It was impossible for her to be impatient with anything or anybody tonight. Mrs. Murdoch sat down near to Eve and looked at her doubtfully. The poor old creature had on one of her everlasting black silks, and a scarf of point-de-Venise was puckered askew around her throat, and pinned with a pin of pearl and jet.

"You'll be surprised at what I've got to say to you," she said, at last. "I suppose you don't think I know all about how you and Abel's been going on, but I do ——"

"What do you mean?" demanded Eve, indignantly jumping to her feet.

"Sit down," went on the old lady calmly. "You better take it easy. I was saying you didn't think I knew about how you and Abel's been going on and what you're planning to do. But I do. And here's something more you don't know — it was all a put-up job, Mrs. Glidden — *and I put him up to it.*"

Eve had dropped back in her chair and sat staring at her, speechless now.

"Abel's a great favorite with the ladies," went on Mrs. Murdoch, smiling a little, "but he's not much of a hand for business. He don't run the Elixir works — he never did. I'm the real head of it and always have been. And when this tariff bill come up I knew we had to find out what was going to be done about opium, or we'd have to reconstruct the whole Elixir business. So we sifted out the Ways and Means Committee, one by one, and got private reports on 'em and everything, and the only one that seemed likely to be bribable was your husband. So that's why we came here to this boarding-house. Pretty soon I saw that Mr. Glidden, though he's not much for brains, isn't anybody's bought man, or likely to be. But the minute I laid eyes on you, I felt sure we could work it. So I told Abel what to do, and he did it. I'm much obliged for the information about the new duty, and so's he. He's gone back to Buffalo — and I'm going tomorrow. I don't like night traveling or I'd have left when he did. Now, Mrs. Glidden, you got all the facts. I wasn't for telling you at first, but Abel thought I ought to, for he said you ought to have more sense."

"You — you can't get away with this sort of thing!" said Eve, sharp anger coming to her rescue. "I'll — I'll speak to Hardy — I'll tell him you have the information — I'll tell him what you're going to do ——"

"No," said Mrs. Murdoch, "you won't do anything like that. You were foolish enough to write down on paper what the duty's to be, and you signed your initials, and you put it in an envelope and addressed it to Abel. I kept that note — and the envelope. How you going to explain that to your husband? Now, you listen here. You just better swallow your disappointment and say nothing to nobody. I'm sorry and ashamed that a pretty young thing like you should want to run after a man as old as Abel, and try to get him away from his wife. Not that you could do it for Abel, though he's not overly brainy, he's got a true heart. He's been pretty near sick over having to make up to you so much of the time, but I kept him to it, sharp. He says you swallowed everything whole. I should have thought you'd have more sense. If a daughter of mine was so to conduct herself it'd just about break my heart and — " but she was talking to empty air. Eve had escaped. She had fled back to her room in a perfect tempest of humiliated, disappointed tears. Mrs. Murdoch heard her rush along the hall and bang the door.

DEVEREAUX paused and lit another cigarette.

"Well," said Tommy Barber, "what did your little adventuress do? Did she go back to hubby and be a good and dutiful wife ever after, or did she get hold of some old Moneybags who didn't have a clever wife to tell him what to say?"

Devereaux, having lit his cigarette, got up and put on his coat and picked up his hat and stick. He turned and faced us quizzically.

"I shall let you write your last act to suit yourself," he said. "As I said an hour ago, the great trouble with life is that it doesn't run true to dramatic form. Of course, if this were a popular melodrama, Eve would repent and rush back to Hardy's arms; if it were a tragedy, I have no doubt she'd take prussic acid, provided she could find a chemist who would sell her some; but since this is real life, isn't it quite likely that she'd seek adventures new — and in the end, pull off something worth while? Think it over?"

He turned and left the room. Tommy Barber looked round at us excitedly. "Say," he began, "say — isn't Devereaux's wife named Eve? And — and wasn't there some talk about her being an awfully rich widow — and divorced before that — and — well, there was *something* queer, I know. Say, what d'you suppose made him tell that story? I wonder ——"

Two Wives — *Continued from page 47*

"Pretending? How about you? Why did *you* pretend, when I brought Dwight here, that you'd never laid eyes on him before? Had you or hadn't you? Careful now! Fanny says it is all here!"

"I'll explain in one word!"

"What's the word? Say it, please — and for God's sake clear this up!"

She was breathing hard, frightened, her mind in a whirl. Oh, to be able to think clearly! Use a little common sense!

"Just a minute!" she gasped. "You'll see in a minute ——"

"I see a good deal! It's right in your eyes! What are you looking so scared about? And what did she say about my being old! I *am* old — and you're young, young! And a beauty — just the *kind* for Dwight! Don't I know of his love affairs? Wasn't he at it way back in Paris? Hasn't he been — ever since?"

"Be careful, Joe," she cried, angrily. But in his condition, nerves on edge, he paid no heed and went rapidly on:

"I'm just a business man! And you've made me feel your contempt for all that! And he's a musician, he's different — he has exactly what you want! So you went to his studio twice a week — for months and months — without letting me know — although he was a friend of mine! And you went to the Ritz and the opera! And then I brought him here to dine! God, how you two must have smiled at each other — when I wasn't looking!"

"Joe! Joe!"

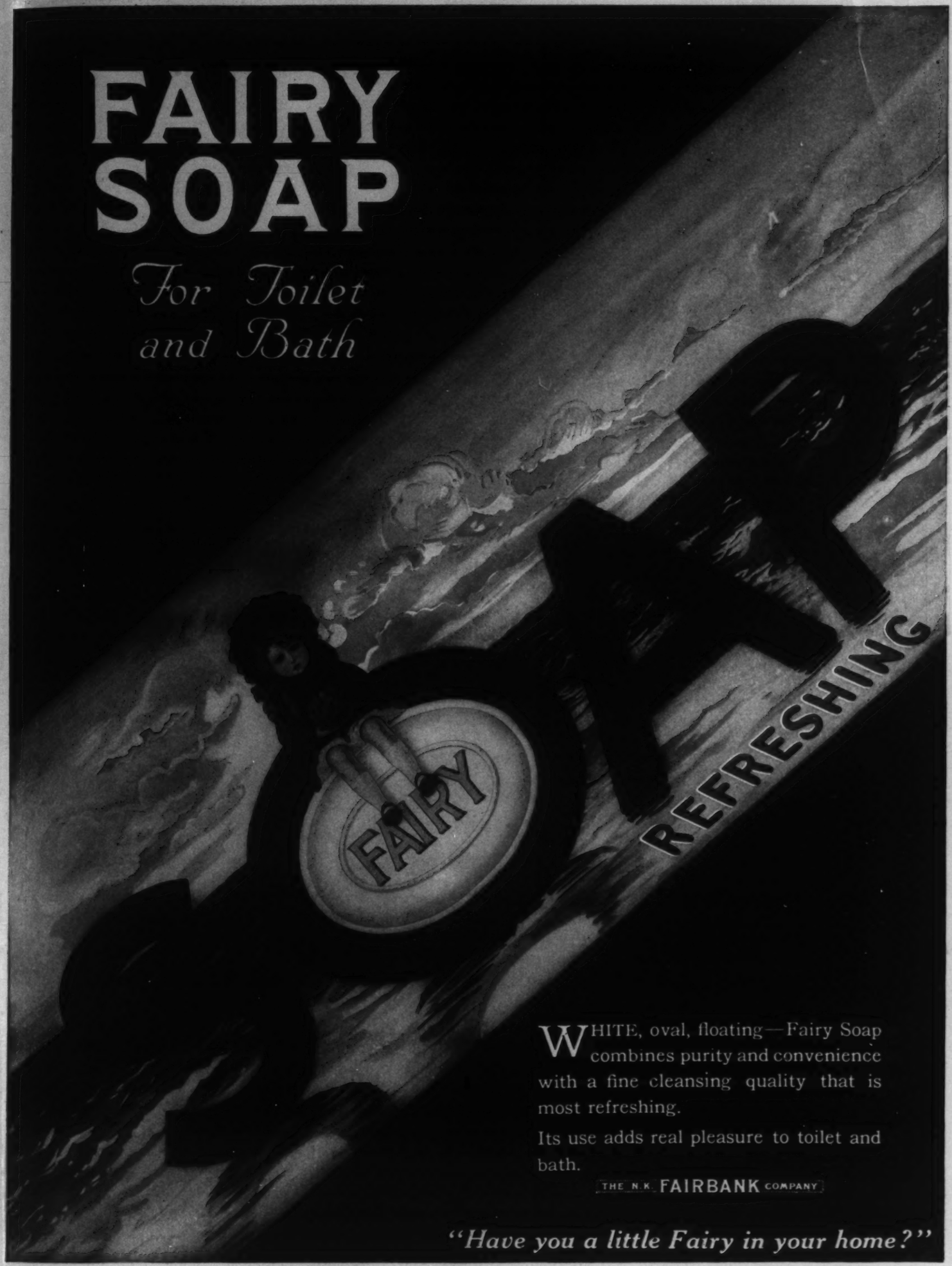
"You lied to me, didn't you, when he came? You say you'll explain it in a word! Well, what's the word? I'm waiting!"

"There isn't any!" Her face was white. "I don't care to explain to you now!" she cried. He looked at her. She could see he was trembling, and she nearly changed her mind. But her anger came again. "I won't!" she thought. "Not to-night!"

"Then you and I are through, you know," he said very huskily. He turned and went into the hall, and a moment later the outer door closed. Ethel sat down and stared blankly.

"I acted like an idiot!"

[*To be Continued*]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